



WALTER A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY



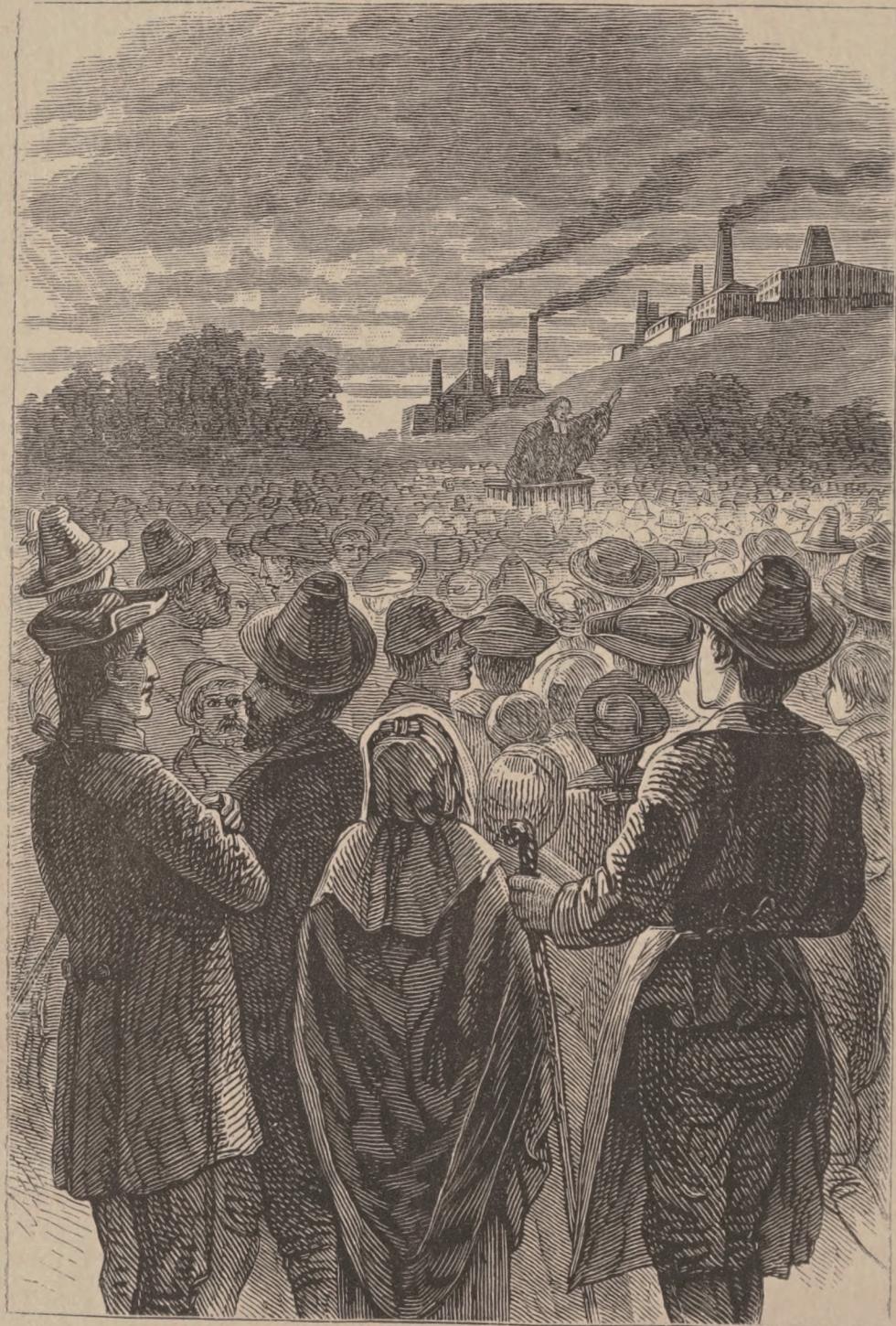
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Wesley Preaching at Cheltenham.

See page 125.

WALTER:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY.

BY EMMA LESLIE,

AUTHOR OF "LEOFWINE THE SAXON," "CONRAD," ETC.

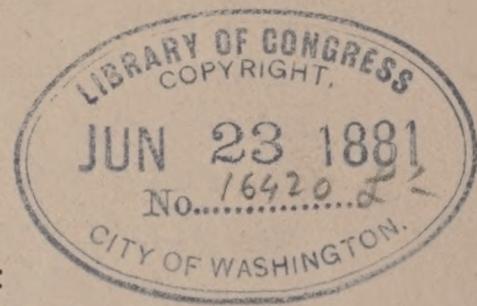
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PREFACE.

I HAVE but few words to say by way of introduction to this fifth volume of the second series of Church History Stories. It brings us to the prosaic dead level of the eighteenth century—the age of elaborate apologies for religion, and exhaustive treatises written in its defense and as “Evidences of Christianity”—very useful books in their way, but bearing unmistakable proofs of being written in an age when the living spirit of Christianity had well-nigh departed from every branch of the Church, until John Wesley arose, a father in Israel.

The previous century had witnessed the grand protest of our Puritan Fathers on behalf of religion, and many of them had left the shores of Old England, to found a new and mighty empire beyond the seas. The reigns of the two Charleses saw England denuded of some of her best and noblest sons, and those who remained as dissenters from the established religion were glad to hide their heads and be left in peace; for though there was a certain freedom allowed to men to worship God after their own conscience, which no Archbishop Laud or bigoted king could rob them

of, still it was burdened with so many restrictions as to be hardly worth the name. A dissenting chapel was a very modest little building in those days, generally hidden out of sight for safety's sake, and scarcely daring to hang a feeble oil lamp at its door, for fear of calling attention to its existence, and provoking an attack from those who were ready to make Dissenters the scapegoats for every thing. To expect any thing like a general revival of religion to spring from Dissenters was, therefore, out of the question, when the Church had purged itself of every trace of nonconformity by ejecting two thousand of the best and most learned of her clergy. The Church then sank to the dead level of sloth and ignorance that made apologies for its existence a necessity, since it had ceased to exert any vital influence on the world, until the genius of Wesley roused it into life again.

My chief authorities for the facts narrated of Wesley and Whitefield are Southey and Tyerman's Lives of Wesley, and for the rest—Newton, Cowper, Wilberforce, Watt—various authors have been consulted.

That my story may bear with it a message of warning and encouragement, as well as historical instruction, and that some souls may be edified and built up in their most holy faith, is the constant prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

Historical Persons.

WESLEY,

WHITEFIELD,

NEWTON,

COWPER,

ASBURY,

FLETCHER,

WILBERFORCE,

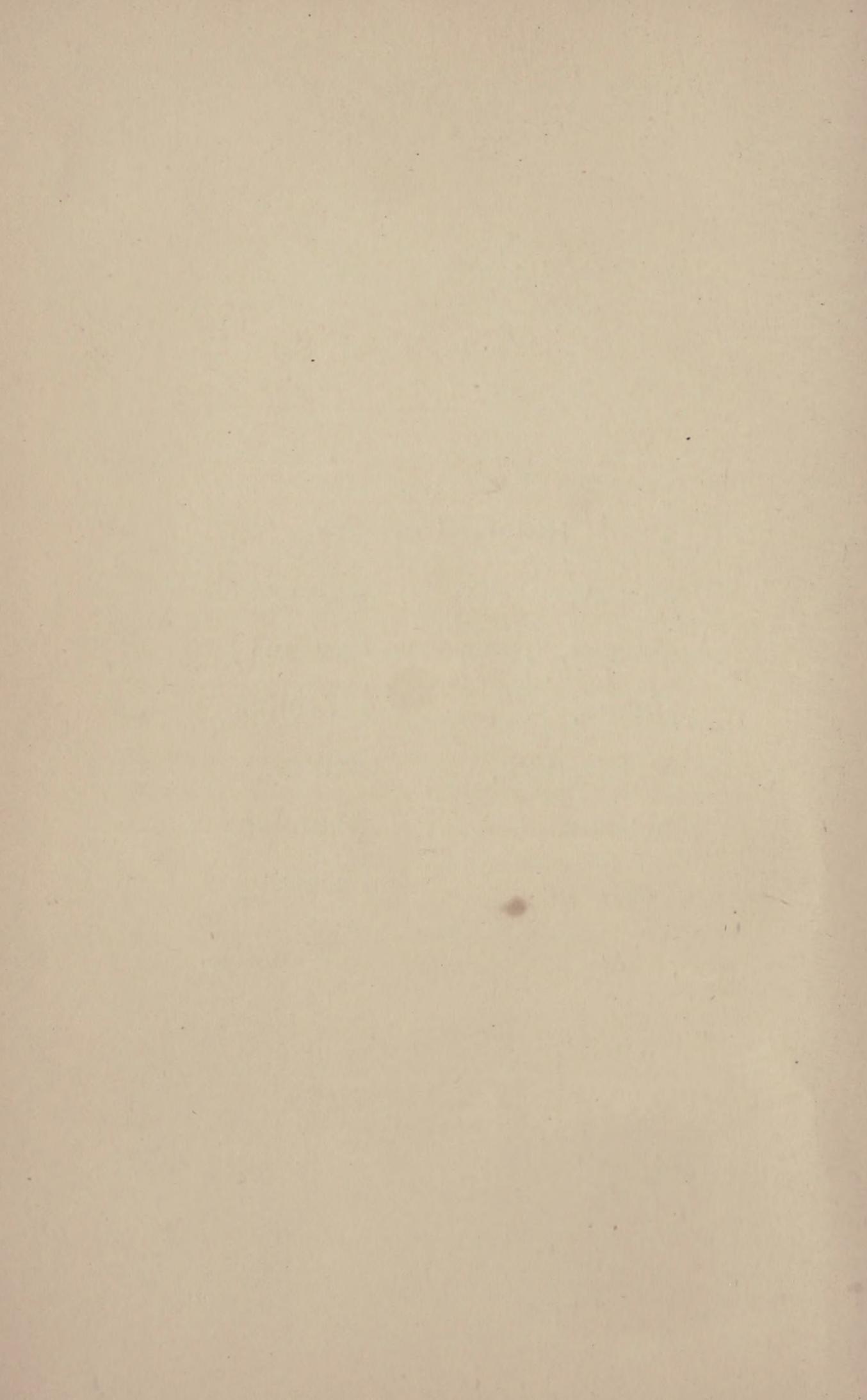
RAIKES,

BENEZET,

WOOLMAN,

WATT,

DR. JOHNSON.



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WALTER:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.

WHAT a delightful old room it was! The children's room it had always been called, although the children had, for the most part, forsaken it now, and the parent nest, too—all but the youngest, a boy and girl, who were still spared to the old folks, and loved the old room, with its incongruous litter of school books and playthings, tools and broken furniture, and all the odds and ends of hobbies that had been bequeathed to this younger brother and sister by their elders.

The boys had all shown a turn for mechanics, and here stood the embodiments of some of their ideas, or, rather, the fragments of them, for nothing had been perfected; and so this younger scion of the old family might have profited by his brothers' failures, and given up

trouble can come of it, unless it is very soon stopped."

"Ah, ah! it's Mary, then, at the bottom of this," chuckled Mr. Maxwell. "I thought it was not like you, good dame, to begrudge them the last bit of their childhood. Walter is only sixteen and Lucy a year younger; why should they be turned out of the children's room yet?"

Meanwhile the subjects of this discussion were as busy as two of their father's work-people in the neighboring foundry, elaborating some of Walter's schemes, when the door opening into the garden was suddenly darkened, and a hand was laid on Walter's shoulder. "Come, tear yourself from those gimcracks; there is to be a splendid fight on the green; for Will Carson has bought another game-cock, and Tom Beavis is to bring his out again. Come, Mistress Lucy, get your hood, and come with us; we have not a minute to lose."

But Lucy looked at her brother doubtfully—not about the witnessing such sport; that was one of the "manly" games of the time, and, of course, a favorite with most boys; and, as Lucy always shared in her brother's amusements, it was no uncommon thing for her to go and see a cock-fight on the village green—but Walter

was more than usually absorbed in his work just now, and needed her help. So before accepting Philip Golding's invitation she looked to see what her brother thought about it.

"I'd like to see the fight," debated Walter, looking critically at his work; "but, you see—"

"O, no buts, an it please you, but come now, and leave that gimcrack for another day. That can wait, but the fight will begin whether we are there or not," said Philip impatiently.

But Walter shook his head. "You must go without us this time, Phil; I've got an idea, and want to work it out. Did you find the string, Lucy?" he asked, turning to his sister.

Lucy could not help feeling disappointed, for to help blindly in the carrying out of another's idea is different from working with the enthusiasm born of the idea itself; and so, while Walter turned joyfully to fashion a new wheel, Lucy went rather reluctantly to look for the string that entered so largely into the construction of their models at this period. But Philip was not to be put off quite so easily.

"Comie now; there has not been a fight worth looking at for more than a month; I am sure you can leave that thing alone for an hour to see such good sport. No one will touch it while you are gone."

"O, I'm not afraid of that; but—but, you don't understand about these things, Phil; when I have an idea like this—"

"Tell us when you haven't had an idea about some gimcrack or the other. What a bonfire your 'ideas' would make!" laughed Philip, looking around at the clumsy models scattered about the room.

"O, they're not all mine," said Walter; "my brother John and the rest have had a turn at working out their ideas, and those I have made are not perfect. I've got on with them, you see, and then I've seen where they could be improved, and to do that I've had to begin again."

"Well, come with me now, and give your idea time to work itself out," said Philip; "it will save you time and trouble, too. Never mind the string, Lucy, but go and get your hat or hood."

"I suppose we shall have to go," laughed Walter, reluctantly putting aside the model he had been working at, and preparing to go out. He tossed aside the long, flowing curls that hung over the braided collar of his coat, and took his cocked hat from the peg near the door, while Lucy ran to her own room to change her quilted petticoat, and draw the

skirt of her gown more neatly through the pocket holes. Then there was the jaunty little hat, with its bundle of cherry-colored ribbons, to set right, at the top of her roll of hair, and her long gloves to draw on; so that before all these arrangements could be made the boys' patience had become exhausted. When Lucy bounced into the room she saw, to her surprise, only her elder sister, Mary, who was on a visit at her old home. Lucy stared, and Mary looked confused as she said, "Walter has gone out with Philip Golding. Are you going with them?"

At another time the young matron would have protested against her sister being allowed to run about with the boys, declaring she was never allowed such liberty; and, anxious as Lucy was to escape this lecture and catch up with the boys, she could not help wondering what had happened to Mary, as she ran down the garden path and out into the road.

The boys were walking very slowly on ahead, for Walter could not have enjoyed any pleasure that his sister did not share, and it was more for Lucy's sake than his own that he had left his precious model and come out this afternoon; but he did not like to be kept waiting, and so he said, "What a long

time you have been, Lucy!" as soon as she joined them.

"We thought your sister must have set you to your lace-work," said Philip, who knew Lucy's hatred of lace-work.

"Mary is playing cards with mother and Miss West, I presume," said Walter, "and did not see us come out."

"O yes, she did; she was in the summer parlor when I came out, and told me you had gone on," said Lucy.

The "children's room" was occasionally called the summer parlor, because it had a door opening to the garden as well as the ordinary door connecting it with the rest of the house, at the end of a long passage. It was an out-of-the-way room, and rarely visited by any of the family; and so to hear that his stately elder sister had deigned to visit their quarters caused Walter no small surprise.

"Dame Mary in our room!" he exclaimed, laughing; "why, surely the sky will fall. What was she doing, Lucy, to let you escape so easily?"

"Nothing, only looking at one of your models," said Lucy lightly; and then the conversation drifted into another channel, and Mary and the models were soon forgotten in

the excitement of watching the fight, which had just commenced when they reached the village green.

The boys elbowed their way through the crowd to secure a good place for Lucy. She was as eager as any body to see the poor birds spurring, and picking, and clawing each other; and the cheering and swearing and cursing inseparable from such a scene was altogether such a common, every-day occurrence that she did not notice it. Nay, in the eagerness of the sport she herself used a few genteel oaths, for the habit of swearing was so general in those days that even those priding themselves on their good birth and genteel breeding did not hesitate to use profane language occasionally, if not generally.

The village ale-house was, of course, close to the spot where the cock-fight took place; and, as drunkenness was as common as swearing, and men prided themselves in being called three-bottle or four-bottle men, according to their capacity for drinking this quantity before rolling under the table helpless and insensible, it may be imagined that few among the crowd of men gathered there were quite sober when the fight was at an end; but Lucy was by no means discomposed by the reeling, drunken,

quarrelsome men; for her own father was disposed to be quarrelsome when he slipped under the dining-table at home without having taken quite enough to render him insensible, and his wife and servants attempted to carry him to bed without giving him either wine or brandy.

Morality was at this time at so low an ebb in all classes of society, that it seemed as though the commonest instincts of nature were blunted by the contact, or a gentle, well-trained girl, like Lucy Maxwell, could not have stood near a crowd of coarse, brutal, half-drunk men without a shudder of the keenest pain and repulsion; but as it was, Lucy was troubled with no such qualms, and laughed, and chatted, and discussed the fight, and the odds and ends of gossip that she overheard, or was told by one or two friends she had met on the green.

Among the latter were a young lady and gentleman who had just returned from a visit to London, and, of course, full of the news of the Court and the Parliament, and what was going on in the great city. Among other things was a story about the Methodists.

“Who are the Methodists?” asked Lucy. “I overheard Deb Potter talking about them,

but could not make much out of what she said."

"Of course not, my dear, you could not be expected to understand any thing so low and vulgar as these canting, blaspheming Methodists," said her friend.

"But who are they, and what do they do?" asked Lucy.

"Well, they are a lot of half-crazy people, as low as Deb Potter and those miserable people that live on the waste—not a braided coat or brocaded gown ever to be seen among them; and as for what they do, no one, I vow, could tell you that, except that they sit up all night to pray, and sing, and then fall into fits, and howl like Bedlamites."

"And that is not the worst of the matter, as I conceive it, Mistress Lucy," put in her friend's brother; "for the leader of this mad rabble is himself a respectable gentleman, and, as some say, a clergyman of Oxford."

"O, fie upon him! What would my Uncle Rawlins say if he should hear this story?" said Lucy.

"You may be sure he will hear of it; but so long as these praying madmen keep away from his parish he need not let it trouble him," replied her friend.

“I don’t think he would let it disturb him much even then, beyond setting him off on a new study among his books, to find out the cause of such an outbreak, and at what date in the world’s history it had previously occurred, and what we might expect to happen next from what preceded it,” said Walter.

“My uncle is a very clever man, far too clever for preaching sermons and such common things,” said Lucy, with a touch of pride in her tone. “He hires a curate to do that work; for he rarely leaves his study and his books, except to hunt now and then with the squire and some of the quality, when they happen to be staying in the country.”

“I wish the Methodists would come this way; they would soon find they could not do much here,” said Walter, laughing; “we are not to be trapped into praying and singing hymns at unlawful hours. Church is the place for that, and it should be kept to the church, I say.”

“And I say the same; this Mr. Wesley, the leader of the Methodists, teaches his followers that they may sing and pray anywhere and every-where. Was ever such blasphemy heard of before?”

“O, let the Methodists alone,” said Philip,

in a tone of disgust and annoyance. "Tell us about the speech of the last highwayman that was hung at Tyburn. Did you go to the hanging, Mistress Dolly?" he asked.

"No, but my Cousin Ted brought me a broad-sheet of the man's last speech, and mighty fine it is, I can tell you. They say he was a very pretty fellow, and wore the finest of French lace frillings to be hanged in. You shall have the broad-sheet, Lucy, when my mamma has read it."

"Wont you lend it to me as well?" asked Philip.

"O no, the Methodists will do you most good," said Dolly, with a meaning laugh.

The lad looked at her for a minute with a searching, grieved look in his face, and then turned away.

"What has offended Phil, that he has walked off like that?" exclaimed Lucy.

"Hush; haven't you heard the news about the Goldings?" whispered her friend.

"About the Goldings? What can the news be? for Phil is up at our house nearly every day, and he has said nothing of news," said Lucy, half offended that her friend should be in possession of a secret that she did not share.

“O, Phil would not tell you ; it is nothing to be proud of, but still true enough, I feel sure now—although my aunt would have it that it was nothing but gossip and scandal ; for Master Phil would not have turned away so huffy if it had not been true.”

“But what is it ?” exclaimed Lucy, impatiently.

“My dear, haven’t you heard that Harold Golding has turned Methodist ?”

“Harold Golding turned Methodist—one of the mad rabble you were talking about !” said Lucy in a tone of scorn. “Dolly, I don’t, I *wont* believe it !” said she the next minute. “I’ve known Phil and Harold as long as I have known my own mother and father, and, besides, Oxford is not like London ; there is no mad rabble of Methodists there, and somebody must have made a mistake, or told a lie ;” and, saying this, Lucy walked away with the air of an offended duchess.

CHAPTER II.

A HEAP OF WOOD ASHES.

LUCY tried to forget what she had heard, and walked on with her brother and Philip, chatting and laughing; but the memory of what Dolly Reece had told her remained like the smarting sting of a wound that would make itself felt the more she tried to hide and forget it. They went for a long walk before returning home, but Lucy took care not to ask any more questions about the Methodists, or to be left with her friend that she might have the opportunity of telling her any more about Harold Golding; for although she was impatient to hear all that was known about her old playmate, she did not wish to hear it from Dolly, neither would she ask her brother any questions while Philip was with them, and he seemed in no hurry to leave them to-day.

But at last they reached their own garden gate, where Philip bade them good-bye. The moment he was gone Lucy began questioning her brother: "Walter, have you heard any thing about Harold? Did Phil tell you

he had turned Methodist? Has he been turned out of Oxford?"

"Any more questions? Go on; let us have a few more," said Walter, laughing at his sister's impatience.

"It's all very well for you to laugh," exclaimed Lucy angrily; "but it is shameful, disgraceful, for a young gentleman like Harold to join with such a rabble, and I'll never speak to him again."

Walter was in a teasing mood, and would not satisfy his sister as to whether he had heard the report or not; but his face and banter gave way to alarmed surprise when he opened the door of the old summer parlor and surveyed the altered aspect of the room.

"Who has been here?" he exclaimed, as he looked round upon the clear, tidy table, and missed the litter in which his soul delighted.

Lucy forgot her own indignation as she stepped in behind her brother. "O Walter, where are your models and things?" she said, rushing forward to take a closer inspection; for in the gathering dusk of the summer night part of the room was in darkness, and Lucy groped about in search of the things which she thought might have been put out of the way while the room was being cleaned.

But not one of their old treasures could she find, and she went back to where Walter was standing near the door, silent as a statue, but with such a look on his face as would have frightened Lucy if she could have seen it.

“Don’t tell me; I know it, Lucy; I know they are all gone,” he said hoarsely.

“But—but who can have done it?” said Lucy wonderingly.

“Who did you leave behind when you came out? That was what she had come to do! I see it all now; it’s Mary’s doings, and I’ll never speak to her again,” said Walter, bitterly.

“O, don’t say that! It may not be so bad as you think. Perhaps Molly has been cleaning, and packed all the rubbish, as she calls it, in a corner. Wait a minute, and I will get a light;” and Lucy ran out of the other door and up the passage, returning very soon with a candle. But the desolation of the room was only made more apparent, and it was needless to search in corners or on shelves, for they had all been cleaned of every model and wheel that had previously crowded them; but in the wide-open fire-place there was a heap of wood ashes that had not been there when they went out.

The meaning of this was plain enough: some one had carried out Philip Golding’s suggestion,

and made a bonfire of all the embodied ideas of Walter and his brothers; and this was what remained of them. He stepped across from the door to look at the black and gray fragments that lay in a heap in the fire-place. They were still warm, but not a vestige remained to tell what it had once been. Walter turned them about with his foot, Lucy watching him and wishing he would speak; for this dreadful silence and the hard look in his face were worse than any passionate outburst.

At last Lucy could bear it no longer, and, bursting into tears, she sobbed, "O Walter! do scold me, or something; it's all my fault; for if I had not wanted to go you would not have gone out this afternoon, and then no one could have touched your things."

"Yes, she would have done it some other time; Mary always did want to make people do as she wished, and always hated models. I hate her now, and always shall," concluded Walter. He felt too miserable himself to attempt to comfort Lucy beyond telling her not to cry, while she felt that if she had not been so eager to go and see the cock-fight their models might have been saved. So she blamed herself very bitterly, almost as much as she blamed Mary.

Walter sat down, and, resting his elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands, and Lucy, feeling she could do her brother no good just now, crept out of the room and went to the oak parlor, where she expected to find her mother and sister, and hoped she should find them by themselves. In this, however, she was disappointed, for her father and a large party of friends were also there, playing at cards, and it was evident that more than one of the party had already drank too much.

But Lucy was not to be deterred by the presence of friends, and, walking up to her sister, she said: "How dared you do such a mean, spiteful thing to Walter?"

Mary looked at her sister and crimsoned, while every body paused in their play to look first at one and then the other. But Mary soon recovered from her confusion, and said, "Don't come worrying me about your rubbish; I know nothing of your models."

"Yes, you do; you watched Walter out this afternoon, and burned every one; and I say you are mean and spiteful, and I will never own you for a sister again." Lucy stamped her foot in her impotent rage, and actually raised her hand to strike her sister, but was held back by her father.

With a loud oath he exclaimed, “What does all this mean! How dare you come here talking to your sister as though she were a girl like yourself?”

“No! she is not a girl like myself,” said Lucy; “for I would scorn to do what she has done to-day. She is—”

“Now, now, Lucy, no hard names,” said her father; “but just tell us what Mary has done.”

“Burned all our models, and broken Walter’s heart!”

Some of the guests laughed at the idea of Walter’s heart being broken; but Mr. Maxwell, though he smiled, did not laugh, for he knew it was no light matter to the lad; and he said, rather severely, “Did you do this, Mary?”

But the young matron was by no means disposed to be taken to task for what she might do now, even by her father. She was the great lady of the family; had made a wealthy marriage with the squire of Harewood in the neighboring county, and was received by all the quality. Her own family had come to look up to her, and seldom questioned what she thought right and proper to be done; so that Lucy’s outburst was the more surprising and unpardonable in her estimation. Now, that her father should support this chit of a

girl in her daring was still worse, and so Mary replied haughtily, "I decline to answer Lucy's unmannerly charge."

"But you cannot deny it," retorted Lucy; "and it would be more honest to answer my father's question fairly."

But Mrs. Maxwell, who stood in considerable awe of her elder daughter, now interposed and ordered Lucy to leave the room, or sit down quietly and not interrupt the game—a command that her father enforced by a look that Lucy knew she dare not disobey; and so she sat down as far away from her sister as she could, but near enough to watch the rising anger in her face.

Her sister's anger, however, was soon forgotten in the interest with which Lucy listened to the conversation that was going on. It was not often that Lucy took the trouble to listen to the talk that went on between her father and his guests, but the word "Methodist" was mentioned, and Lucy was all attention.

"A rascally set of Jacobites and traitors, sir," said one of the guests. "I knew one who heard this Wesley pray that the Lord would call home his banished ones, but when publicly accused before the magistrates for praying for the return of the Pretender, he struggled out

of the charge by saying we were all captive exiles who are absent from the Lord while present in the body ; we are not at home till we are in heaven."

"Mean and cowardly, as well as traitors!" muttered Lucy to herself.

"I heard of these Methodists when I was at Bath," said her sister, "and Beau Nash boldly went to Mr. Wesley and demanded by what authority he was preaching, hoping by that means to drive him out of the town ; for people were being frightened out of their wits by what he told them in his sermons."

"And did he rid Bath of the pests, Dame Harewood?" asked one of the company.

"No, indeed ; this Wesley was not to be daunted so easily. He told the king of the pump room that he had received his authority from Jesus Christ, conveyed to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid his hands upon him and said, 'Take thou authority to preach the Gospel.' "

"And did not Nash invite him to the pump room to preach to the quality?" asked one. At which joke a laugh went round the whole table, in which Lucy herself joined, though she muttered, half aloud, "Mary need not laugh ; she is as mean as a Methodist, playing such a

sorry trick upon our models, and then refusing to own it."

This reminded her that Walter was still sitting alone in the summer parlor, and she slipped out of the room to persuade him to join the company in the oak parlor.

"What! sit down at the table where *she* is!" exclaimed Walter bitterly.

"Well, we must do it, you know, to-morrow, if we don't to-night," said Lucy, "and father is properly angry with her, I can see. Come along; we shall have to do it, you know."

"Don't be too sure," said Walter moodily.

But Lucy would not notice this. "Come; they are talking about the Methodists. Do you know that the leader, Mr. Wesley, is really a clergyman? Isn't it shocking!"

"There are a good many shocking clergymen in these times. It was one of this set that caught poor little Maggie Winter when she was walking near the Fleet, and married her to a rascally fellow she had never seen before, for the sake of the fees and the bribe they knew old Winter would pay the man to keep away from his daughter."

"O Walter, when did you hear this? Is that the reason Maggie comes out so little now?"

“Yes, I presume so. Her husband is some low, gambling fellow, nearly always in prison. He thought to get a good round sum out of old Winter to give up his wife. That was all he married Maggie for; but Mr. Winter was too sharp, and agreed to pay him so much a quarter so long as he left Maggie alone; for the poor little thing is frightened out of her wits at the sight of her husband.”

“O Walter! and Maggie is not much older than I am! Did the Methodists do this?”

“No. We were talking about shocking clergymen, and I told you that it was not surprising that the leader of the Methodists should be a clergyman; for they are capable of almost any thing, and marriages like poor Maggie’s are common enough in London, where, it seems to me, these debased clergymen must mostly live.”

“But—but I thought clergymen were like uncle—rich, learned gentlemen,” said Lucy.

“Uncle is rich not because he is a clergyman, but because he has private property of his own,” said Walter. His stipend is hardly enough to pay Todd, the curate, I have heard father say.”

“But there are some rich clergymen who

have no property of their own, surely?" said Lucy.

"Well, there may be a few—the Bishops, for instance; but I have heard that many vicars are troubled to keep themselves respectable and feed their children, and are not half so well off as some of the servants of the quality. This hinders many from becoming clergymen, and so the ranks are filled up from those who are fit for nothing else; and then they go as chaplains in the houses of the quality to teach a little, and play cards a little, and hunt a little when they are wanted, for about half the sum that is paid to the butler. But the ease and luxury suit them, and they are unfitted for any honest work; so when they fall out of a situation they sink lower and lower, until they go to London and get into some of those places where they are a sort of half-prisoners for debt, but can perform these shameful marriages by which they live."

"O Walter, is this true?" said Lucy.

"True! to be sure it is true! I heard uncle talking about it the very last time he was here."

"Then you may be sure this Mr. Wesley is one of these clergymen, for Dolly heard of him

in London," said Lucy, who was ready to believe any evil of the Methodists.

"I never heard that he was. Not that I think him any better," Walter hesitated to add: "for he seems to delight in making people miserable and frightening them out of their wits; and I am of uncle's opinion, that we ought to take things easy and comfortable, and be as happy as we can in our own way, and not interfere with other people. I wish Mary had profited more by uncle's sermons, and she would not have burned my models," concluded Walter, returning to the old grievance.

"I did not know that people were expected to understand sermons. I am sure I never could," said Lucy with a yawn.

"Well, it seems as though people could understand Mr. Wesley's sermons," said Walter.

"But—but you would not compare this leader of a mad rabble with a learned man like uncle?" said Lucy hotly.

"Well—no, of course not."

"I should think not either. I suppose I, or any other silly chit, could understand this man, who talks in the open air to a rabble mob; but I should not presume to try to understand a learned man like my uncle."

“But I say, Lucy, don’t you think we ought to understand sermons? or else what is the use of preaching them? That is what uncle says. People don’t understand him, and that is why he preaches so seldom.”

“I don’t think he would be pleased if any body told him they did understand him; but now, when any of the farmers meet him, and say, ‘Mighty fine sermon that you preached last Sunday, parson—mighty fine words they was, a deal above poor creeturs such as we,’ uncle looks pleased, and says, ‘Never mind, Farmer Stubbs, about the understanding it; you come to church and listen, as you always do, and I shall never complain of you.’”

“Well, uncle is a clergyman, and, of course, he knows best about that sort of things; only it seems to me if it is worth while preaching a sermon at all, it is worth while making people understand it.”

“But if they can’t, what then?” said Lucy.

“O, but they could if it was made plain enough. Mr. Wesley has done that much good, if he has done nothing else—convinced people that even the rabble can understand sermons, if they are only spoken plainly enough.”

“I am sure you cannot say that uncle does not speak plainly. He has a beautiful voice.

I always like to listen to him, though I cannot expect to understand him."

"I did not say any thing about his voice, though for that matter they say Mr. Wesley has a fine voice—as fine as my uncle's, I should think; it was the words he spoke that I meant; the simple, plain words, such as people use every day, and therefore easy to be understood. That is how Mr. Wesley preaches, I am told."

"Who told you? Who do you know that has heard this Jacobite traitor preach?" demanded Lucy eagerly.

"Hoity-toity! who are you calling a Jacobite and traitor?" said Walter, in some astonishment.

"Mr. Wesley. He prays for the return of the Pretender, which means that he is a Jesuit, and would bring back popery, but he has not the courage to own it."

"I should not think the man was lacking in courage, whatever else may be laid to his charge," said Walter. "Who told you he was a Jacobite?" he asked.

"They were talking about it in the oak parlor. O, he *is* a Jacobite, sure enough," concluded Lucy.

"But I am not so sure. They used to say

my father was a Jacobite, because his name was Maxwell, and the Scotch favored Prince Charles; and about the time the battle of Culloden was fought, when you and I were little children, the mob threatened to pull the house down."

"But we are not Scotch, and my father is no Jacobite," said Lucy.

"Some of our ancestors were Scotch, for ours is a Scotch name, and that was enough for the mob, especially as one of them heard him say he pitied the poor young prince. It may not be any more than this that Mr. Wesley has said, if we only knew the truth of it."

"I should say you are going to turn Methodist, taking Mr. Wesley's part like this," said Lucy in a half-offended tone.

"Not a bit of it; only I am an English lad, and like to see fair play. Good-night, Lucy; don't dream about the Methodists if you can help it," and Walter went up to bed, his sister soon after also retiring.

CHAPTER III.

OLD TIM'S STORY.

SOUR looks and short, crooked answers to each other were things so unusual in the Maxwell household that no one could get used to the order of things that followed upon the burning of Walter's models.

Mary had come upon a long visit to her old home to recruit her health, and could not well leave just now; but Walter and Lucy resented her interference with their usual occupation so bitterly that it was at last decided that they should go on a visit to their uncle, Dr. Rawlins, who was vicar of the adjoining parish, and would have this niece and nephew always with him if he could, in spite of his love of books; so that there was little fear of their not being welcomed at Whitemead.

They were as glad to go as their mother was to send them, for there had never been much sympathy between them and their elder sister, as Mary considered it her duty to set them in order and find fault with them generally whenever she came on a visit. Her

presence, therefore, was dreaded rather than welcomed in her old home by her brother and sister at least.

But at Whitemead they were left very much to their own desires ; might wander about the village, and talk to the men and women—criticise and applaud the cock-fights that were usually got up for their amusement—order what they liked for dinner, and on wet days amuse themselves in an old lumber-room that was second only to their own summer-parlor for its litter of odds and ends, its general untidiness, and consequent comfort to the brother and sister.

It happened to be wet the day after their arrival, and so the lumber-room was subjected to an exhaustive search for something new—not that they expected to find much to reward their search, but they liked turning over the old things and asking each other if they remembered this or that, as they disinterred clumsy toys made for them by the housekeeper or gardener when they had been staying here on previous visits.

To-day they dived deeper than usual among the accumulated rubbish, and Lucy at length discovered something she had never seen before. “ O Walter, come here and look at this

funny thing ! Why, it's something like one of your models, only ever so much better."

Walter left his own particular search and flew to the spot instantly. "O Lucy, it is a model ! Be careful now. Let me lift it out ;" and Walter lifted the dirty, dusty, clumsy looking thing on to the table as carefully as a mother would lift her baby. He wiped it with his pocket-handkerchief, Lucy watching him and expatiating on its beauty and perfection ; while Walter, if he talked less, was the more rapt in eager admiration and curiosity to understand it in all its parts. After spending an hour in examining its wheels and cylinders and piston-rods, Walter decided to fetch his uncle to see the treasure of which he was the possessor.

"My boy, I had quite forgotten it," said the vicar, as soon as his eyes fell upon the model.

"O, uncle, how could you forget such a beautiful thing as this ? How does it work ?"

"I quite forget now ; it is so long ago since it was all explained to me. But you know what it is, I suppose," he added, laughing.

"I know it is an engine of some sort—just the sort of thing I have been trying to make for ever so long."

“Well, now, you see you are not so clever as you fancied ; for some one else has thought of the same thing before you. This is rather a clumsy model of Newcomen's atmospheric engine.”

“What is it for, uncle ?” asked Lucy.

“To pump water by steam, my dear. This has been much improved upon, I hear, by Mr. Smeaton, who—”

“Has he made it to turn wheels as well as pump water ?” interrupted Walter, eagerly.

“Not that I have heard of, my lad,” replied the vicar.

“I am sure it could be done if some one could only find out the way to do it.”

His uncle laughed. “Just so, my boy, but it is finding out the way. Apples might be made to grow on gooseberry bushes if we only found out the way to make them do so.”

“Now you are laughing at me, uncle. But if somebody found out that water can be raised by steam, why should we not go a step further, and turn wheels with it ?”

But the vicar shook his head. “The world is as wise to-day as ever it will be, and no one need think of surpassing our great Sir Isaac Newton ; so don't attempt it, Walter.”

“I don't want to be thought a wise man—I

don't care what the world thinks of me, but I want to make steam turn wheels."

"Well, I can tell you what the world will say of you, if you go mooning over such impossible things," said the vicar.

"O yes, the world always calls people fools or rogues if it cannot understand them. It calls this Mr. Wesley a rogue, but I don't believe he is," said Walter, with some warmth.

"You are right there, my boy; the man is not a rogue, but, as my friend Warburton says of Whitefield, he is a hot-headed fanatic, who has no business to call himself a clergyman."

"But he has been ordained, uncle, has he not?" asked Walter.

"Yes, my lad, and therefore owes obedience to the Bishop. I dare say if any one asked him, he would say he was as much bound by the laws of the Church as I am; and yet he openly sets all at defiance who seek to restrain him in his wild enthusiasm. Why cannot he let things alone? We are not Papists, nor is he a Luther, that he need seek to bring about another Reformation.

"But—but the Reformation was a good thing, was it not, uncle?" said Lucy in some surprise.

"Yes, my dear, but it is over and done with

now; we have had enough quarreling and calling hard names in the Church as well as in the world, and clergymen ought to labor to build up the Church in quietness and due order and decorum; whereas Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitefield are for upsetting every thing, with their field-preaching and psalm-singing at all hours of the day and night."

"But, uncle, if the work they are doing is not bad of itself, does it matter so much about the noise that is made in doing it?" said Walter, looking up from his work of dusting the model engine.

"My boy, a greater than Mr. Wesley has said, 'Let all things be done decently and in order;' and this is the complaint I have to bring against him: he breaks the divine command in this matter, as well as disobeying his spiritual superiors."

"Then it is quite clear he cannot be a good man, and I wonder that any should care to follow him," said Lucy. "Who is Mr. Whitefield, uncle?" she asked; "is he another Methodist?"

"He does not call himself a Methodist; but there is little difference between them, except in some question upon the doctrine of election."

“What is election, uncle?” asked Lucy.

“Bless the chit! Does she expect to hear me preach a sermon here in the lumber-room? Come to church next Sunday, Mistress Lucy, and listen to your old uncle instead of looking at all the new hats in church, and then you shall know what election means; for I have a fine sermon written upon it that I have not read above three times in the last two years, and I will read it again next Sunday for the profit of my little niece;” and, with a parting word to Walter about the model, the vicar went down to his study again.

“Wouldn’t you like to hear this Mr. Wesley preach, Lucy?” said Walter, when they were left to themselves.

“No, indeed I should not; I should be afraid he would bewitch me as he has so many others. Is it really true, Walter, about Harold Golding being a Methodist?” asked Lucy eagerly; for this important matter had quite slipped her memory until this talk about the Methodists brought it back to her mind.

“Well, now, what am I to do?” said Walter, looking up at her; “I promised not to tell you.”

“You did not tell me. It was Dolly Reece. I only asked if you knew whether or not it

was true, and now I know that it is," rejoined Lucy.

"I wish Dolly Reece had been in London instead of on the green that day," said Walter, with a muttered oath.

"Why do you wish that?" asked his sister.

"Because Harold did not wish that you should be told by any one but himself. He is coming home next month, and then he will tell you all about it."

"No, he will not; for I will not hear him," said Lucy, with flashing eyes. "I wonder he dares to come near the home he has disgraced, and you may tell him what I say if you see him," she added. And, lest she should betray her emotion before her brother, she went to her own room for a time, and then went in search of her uncle's black servant, Timothy, or Tim, as he was called by the household. Tim was a simple, kindly soul, who had been bequeathed to the vicar with some other property left him by his brother, who died in the West Indies. By an oversight of the vicar's in not giving directions for him to be sold, he was transmitted to England, and here he had been ever since, ostensibly "Massa's own man;" but as the vicar had never been used to a valet before, he found Tim's officious good

nature rather troublesome. So he had been told to make himself generally useful in the house, which he did when he felt disposed, or his fellow-servants chose to employ him. But Tim was always ready to attend the young Maxwells, and so when Lucy was heard calling him Tim grinned from ear to ear with delight, as he answered, "Yes, missie, ole Tim coming."

"Tim, I want to see some of your funny things," commanded Lucy, when he reached the hall.

"To be sure, missie. Long time since missie want to see Tim's things," said the man slyly.

"Yes, but I feel tired and out of sorts, and I know I used to be delighted with the things you had in the pantry drawer."

She followed him to the pantry as she spoke, and Tim meekly turned out all his treasures for her inspection; but Lucy only yawned as she turned them over critically. The few shells and bright-colored beads, and dried beans and cloth pincushion, that had seemed of such costly worth before, were mere rubbish to Lucy now, and she soon pushed them aside to stare out of the window at the fast-falling rain.

"Can't you tell me a story, Tim—not about the Methodists; I never want to hear about them again, for they have robbed me of my dearest friend."

Tim's round eyes opened wider in astonishment, and the shiny black face looked grieved as he said, "Tim nebber goes wid robbers, missie."

"No, no, of course you don't," rejoined Lucy, with some impatience. "Do you know where you came from?" she asked.

Tim almost jumped at the suddenness of the question; but at last he said, "I don't just 'member much about it, but I've heard my mammy say she was took from her father's hut in a far-away country—men stole her—the same robbers, maybe, that missie was 'feared I knew."

"O no, I wasn't thinking of that kind of robbers," said Lucy, with a smile. "But, was your mother really stolen from her home?" she said.

"Yes, raly. I 'member mammy talking 'bout de palm-tree near de well, where she played when she was a gal, 'fore de white thieves stole her and carried her to de big ship."

"But—but wasn't she a slave before she was stolen?" asked Lucy.

"No, missie; no slaves in de ole country where my mammy lived, before bad men stole her."

"Then you ought not to be a slave, Tim," said Lucy. "You ought to be free and go back to your mother's old country, wherever that was."

But Tim shook his head. "Me always Mr. Robert's man; me neber free."

But Lucy was not satisfied with this reasoning, and after some further talk with Tim she went to the vicar's study.

"May I come in, uncle?" she said rather timidly, peeping round the door as she opened it a little way.

"Come along. What is it now, Lucy? Has Walter found another model, or do you want a new doll?"

"No, uncle, I've come to talk to you about Tim. Do you know, uncle, you ought not to keep him? He ought to be free, and go back to the old country where his mother was stolen from."

"Bless me! what next? What dangerous, revolutionary little people you and Walter are growing! We old folks can't keep pace with you at all; one wants to drive wheels by steam, and the other desires nothing less than to abol-

ish slavery! Why, Lucy, do you not know we own thousands of slaves in our plantations of America and the Indies?"

"Where did we get them? Did we steal them, as Tim's poor mother was stolen?"

"I suppose we did," said the vicar, feeling rather amused and a little uncomfortable at Lucy's direct question.

"Then we ought to set them free—don't you think we ought, uncle?" said Lucy.

"Well, my dear, I don't know what to think. I have thought about it, and talked about it; only last year, just before my dear friend, Bishop Butler, died, we had a long conversation upon this very subject. By the way, I will lend you a book my friend wrote on the 'Analogy of the Christian Religion.'"

"Thank you, uncle; but what did Bishop Butler think about slavery?" said Lucy, who was not to be turned from her point by the offer of a book.

"Well, my dear, we have the evidence of the Bible that slavery always did exist, and it seems nothing short of presumption to attempt to abolish it now."

"You are afraid it would make a noise and fuss—disturb the order of things generally?" said Lucy.

“Just so, my dear. Really, Lucy, you are not quite the thoughtless chit I believed you to be, and you shall have Warburton’s ‘Divine Legations of Moses’ to read, if you like.”

That was not the age of story-books, and the vicar thought his niece could not fail to be interested in the books he found so all-absorbing, and was, therefore, a little disappointed that Lucy showed so little eagerness to sit down and peruse these learned apologies for religion.

She thanked her uncle with all due politeness for his kind offer, but declined them for the present, saying she preferred talking to him just now, if he was not too busy to be troubled with her.

“When you trouble me I shall send you home, Mistress Lucy,” he said.

She laughed at this old threat of her uncle’s, and at once renewed her attack upon the question of slavery, which the vicar parried with all the old arguments of divine sanction and human necessity, and the benefit of the slaves themselves; though in what this consisted, beyond being brought into contact with a race superior in strength and intelligence, but below their captives in many of the sweet domestic virtues, even the vicar was puzzled to

state, since no effort was made to educate and instruct them.

So Lucy went up to the lumber-room to discuss the matter over again with her brother, feeling no little mystified by her uncle's learned arguments, but by no means convinced of the fallacy of her own deductions and conclusions that the whole system of holding men and women in bondage was wicked, cruel, and dishonest.

Walter was still rubbing and cleaning the model engine, and she had to listen to his raptures, and conjectures, and explanations, so far as he had been able to puzzle out the uses of the different parts, before she could say a word about Tim and his mother, and the whole question of slavery. Even then Walter failed to look at it from her point of view. "Suppose Tim was free now, what could he do?" said Walter. "He could not work for his living; he has no idea of the value of money; he could hardly take care of himself, and would be begging in the street to-morrow if uncle set him free to-day."

This argument proved almost unanswerable, but Lucy fell back upon the fact of Tim's mother being stolen from her home, which was not in England, but in Africa, and, therefore,

though Tim might be useless and helpless here, outside of the home provided for him, he might be able to live his life in happiness and freedom if he were back in his native country.

But Walter shook his head. "The world will never believe in your argument, Lucy," he said. "There always have been slaves, and always will be. Hark! what was that?"

"Only uncle's bell," said Lucy.

"But he never rings it like that;" and Walter opened the door and went outside to listen. There was an unusual commotion down stairs, in the hall the servants hurrying to and fro, and the housekeeper giving orders at the study door.

"What is it? What can it be?" said Lucy in a frightened whisper as she joined her brother on the landing.

"Stay here, Lucy, I will go down and see. I am afraid uncle must be ill;" and Walter ran down stairs, closely followed by his sister.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

“**G**O back, Mistress Lucy; the master is very ill. Tim has gone for the doctor, and he will be here directly.”

“But what is the matter with him?” asked Walter. “He was quite well an hour or two ago.”

“Well, 'tis something of a faint or a fit. I think the master was taken all of a sudden and fell off his chair, but he seems a little more himself now.”

In vain Walter pleaded that he might go into the study and see his uncle. The housekeeper would not hear of it until the doctor had come; and when he came he issued orders that no one but the housekeeper was to go near his patient, and suggested that Walter and Lucy should be sent home at the first convenient opportunity.

The fact was, the vicar had at last fallen a victim to his own let-alone policy. Summer after summer had the village been visited by ague and fever, and the doctor had said it was

owing to the dirty, close, undrained hovels in which the inhabitants lived in rather less cleanliness than the parson's pigs; but they were ready to resent any interference with the existing state of things, and the vicar disliked noise and fuss too much to help to force it upon them; and now the periodical outbreak had commenced again, the vicar being the first to succumb to its attack.

The village was panic-stricken when it heard of the parson's illness, and gossips gathered at their doors, standing ankle-deep in mud and garbage, which the pigs and children alike rolled in, to discuss the direful news. As the doctor passed on his way home from the vicarage he stopped to say a word to some of them: "Now, Gammer Stubbs, get your good man to clean out those pigsties, and bury all these rotting vegetables; and fill up this muddy hollow with a barrow load of gravel from the pits, and do you use plenty of soap and water about the house, and get the windows open."

Gammer Stubbs stared and nodded, but did not look quite pleased at the advice tendered her; but she asked kindly enough after the vicar.

"We shall never see another parson like him, so kind as he be, sending to help us with broths;

and meat, and food, ale if we be ill, and never interfering with us as some other folks be with their new-fangled notions."

This was a sly hint at the doctor, who was always trying to persuade them that pure fresh air and plenty of soap and water would do more for them than all his medicine, or even the parson's strengthening broths. But he had preached the gospel of cleanliness in vain to these stolid peasants, who could not see the connection between dirt and disease, and, therefore, would not believe in it; but he resolved to attack them on another side.

"The parson is very ill," he said; "very ill, indeed. He wants what I can't give, and that is pure air; for he gets the smell of all this filth in at his chamber windows, and it does him more harm than I can do him good."

"There! see now what comes of having windows to open," said Gammer Stubbs, triumphantly. "The pigs do smell bad, of course. Poor brutes! they can't help it, and it's no good being angry with them; but we can shut out the smell, thank goodness! for our windows don't open; and I'll take care to stuff up every crack in the door, doctor, so as to keep the fever out."

"Would you do any thing for the vicar as

well as yourself?" said the doctor, despairingly.

"Wouldn't I? Gammer Stubbs aint the one to forget such kindness as parson's."

"Yes, I believe you can be grateful," said the doctor, "and so do for his sake clear away all this filth and lay down some clean gravel. If every one of you would do it we might ward off the worst of the sickness, and bring the vicar round again."

"Bless you, doctor! what would be the good of taking all that trouble? If we did all that to-night it would be as bad as ever to-morrow, for where can we throw the slops and the rubbish but on the ash-heap at the door?"

The doctor had talked over his favorite hobby of draining and supplying the cottages with clean water, and been laughed at as a dreamer and enthusiast, if not an actual atheist, in ascribing the visitation of disease to the neglect of sanitary laws; so that he understood the woman's difficulty before she stated it, and had a remedy to suggest.

"If one of the men would dig a good deep hole it could all be thrown into that, and I would provide some lime to put over it until it could be filled in. It is not the best way to keep the village clean, but it is better than

every house being surrounded with filth, as it is now. Tell your goodman what I say. I cannot stay longer now, for I must make up the parson's physic." But the doctor did pause once more before he had gone many steps farther. "Molly Green, your children will be having the fever next if you let them roll in the mud and eat that rotten fruit. Get a tub of water and give them all a good wash."

Molly Green did not dare to answer the doctor as Gammer Stubbs had done, but once he was out of hearing her tongue was loosened. "Wash the children, indeed! Much he knows about children, wanting to rob the poor things of their little bit of fruit!"

"He wants to starve us all!" exclaimed another angry woman. "What would become of all the pigs and ducks if we buried all the good cabbage leaves, and never had a puddle of water or a little mud for them to dabble in? It's my belief the doctor just envies us our few comforts, and begrudges us our bit of rest and gossip, as though we didn't work hard enough to get a bite and sup to keep body and soul together."

At the ale-house much the same argument was going on among the men. They had left off work for the day, and were now gathered in the close, stifling tavern, drinking as hard as

they had worked, and swearing as hard as they drank. By and by they would roll home to their filthy hovels and lie down as they were on the beds, if they had the sense to get there, or outside the doors if they were too far gone to lift the latch.

This was the preparation made for the fever in Whitemead, and the doctor knew that in a week half of them would be down with it, and there would be little rest for him day or night. It would be all the harder this year for the vicar's illness, for he had always been at hand before to help where he could, and to say a word of comfort to the bereaved; so that the poor, hard-worked doctor may be forgiven for indulging some gloomy reflections, and suggesting the next day that Walter and Lucy should be sent home at once, for fear he should have two more patients on his hands.

So Tim was dispatched with a message to Mr. Maxwell, who came the day following, in no small perplexity as to what he should do with his son and daughter; for it was as dangerous to take them home as to leave them here, for Mary and her mother had both been taken ill with the fever, which threatened to become more widespread in its ravages this year than ever it had been before.

After a consultation with the doctor it was decided to send them in the vicar's coach to a cousin, who lived at Gloucester. Here they would be out of all danger; and, although Lucy begged to go home and help nurse her mother, and Walter pleaded to be allowed to stay with his uncle, the coach was ordered out, and Mr. Maxwell drove away with them as soon as the matter was settled, the doctor accompanying them on the first stage of the journey to try and get the help of another physician for the task that awaited him.

The two gentlemen had met before, and now had some discussion upon what was considered the doctor's hobby, which Mr. Maxwell, like so many others, was inclined to laugh at as a wild, hare-brained scheme, which, if it could be carried out, would only give the peasants notions above their station, and lead to all sorts of evils.

“ But what evil could be greater than the present reign of dirt brings upon us? To say nothing of this fever with which we are periodically visited, and which sweeps off nearly a third of the population each time, visiting alike rich and poor for their neglect of the laws of health and decency—to say nothing of this, see how it drives the men to the ale-house to

drink away the few senses God has given them, while the women and children are half-starved and ill-used to pay for the men's indulgence."

"And where would you have them go, if not to the ale-house?" said Mr. Maxwell, when he had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to be able to speak. "What are the poor men to do if they cannot drink their mug of beer and have some manly sport when the day's work is over?"

"Well, I would have them do something for the making home more comfortable and home-like, if such a thing be possible," said the doctor.

"But it is not possible, sir; and if you will take a word of advice from a friend and an old man, you will be careful not to mention these revolutionary notions of yours to every body, or you will be charged with being a Jacobin, and that may bring your house down about your ears some fine morning. What do the peasants themselves say to your idea of comfort for them?"

The doctor shook his head. "They are too dull and besotted to be expected to adopt them, and half the popularity of my good friend, the vicar, is because he will not interfere with them or their prejudices."

“To be sure, my dear sir, my brother-in-law is too wise a man to knock his head against a wall that would give him nothing but the blow for his trouble. Leave the peasants alone to go their own way, and—”

“My dear sir, I must differ from you in this opinion about the vicar’s wisdom in letting things alone. This policy is the curse of the Church in this age, and if half of the ability spent in writing apologies for the Christian religion were directed to fighting the enemies of Christ—the ignorance and prejudice and irreligion that abound every-where—there would be no need to apologize for its presence in the world. But now I fully acknowledge the consistency of our present theology and preaching being apologetic, and striving to justify by words its presence in the world; for now it has ceased to fight the enemies outside itself; now, when there is no longer any need for watchfulness against the Pope and Jesuits, it has laid aside the sword and gone to sleep, instead of using it against the enemies that are rampant in every age—sin and Satan—who are more powerful than the Pope, and more deceitful than the Jesuits.”

“My dear sir, I cannot follow you in this argument, for I do not pretend to under-

stand theology," said Mr. Maxwell, with a slight yawn. "I have enough to do to look after my own work-people, to see that they do their work—a fair day's work for a fair day's wage."

"But don't you think you have something more to consider than the amount of labor your men can expend for you—that you have a right to consider their interests as well as your own, and show some consideration for their welfare?"

"Well, well, I can meet you there; and I may tell you that my work-people live round about the foundry and the house, and there is not much goes on among them but my dame knows all about it. She helps to provide all the christening feasts, and gives the lasses a trifle when they marry, if they are deserving wenches; and I will say this for them, there is not a man or woman among them but would serve me and mine by night or by day."

This was no idle boast of Mr. Maxwell's. He lived as a friend, as well as a master, among his work-people, and they were true and loyal to him, giving him faithful service without grudging, and ready, as he said, to serve him day or night. It was not the age of big factories, where men made colossal fortunes, that proved but walls of gold to separate them from

those who had helped to make it. The master's dwelling and the workmen's cottages were close to the factory, or foundry, or mill, and the near neighborhood of rich and poor gave opportunity for those little acts of kindness and neighborliness that are such strong silken threads in binding man to man, and bridging over the gulf of social difference that now threatens to rend modern society into two opposing camps. There were no trade disputes in those days; and men thought more of their duties and less of their rights—both masters and men. So Mr. Maxwell could hold his own with the doctor in this part of the argument, though doubtless the seed that has since borne such bitter fruit was then being sown by this very let-alone policy that the doctor was denouncing.

Walter and Lucy listened, as well as they could, to the talk going on between their father and the doctor; but the jolting and bumping along the ill-kept country roads did not make listening very easy, unless they were two eager disputants, who put their heads as close together as they could with safety, without knocking each other.

Ten miles brought the doctor to his destination, and our travelers to the end of the

first stage of their journey. Here they changed horses, rested for an hour at the inn, made themselves acquainted with the best road to take, and then went on again a few miles farther, where they put up for the night. They were on the road again early the next morning, for Mr. Maxwell was anxious to get back to his wife and daughter; but, early as it was, it seemed as though the whole town was awake and up before them; for crowds thronged the road along which they were driving, making it impossible to get at any speed, until at last they were stopped altogether by a dense mass of people, who were singing a hymn with wonderful enthusiasm and in accurate time.

Such a sight as this Mr. Maxwell had never seen before, and he jumped out of the coach to learn what could be the meaning of it. Walter and Lucy soon followed, and found themselves in the midst of a crowd of people of all sorts and ages. But they and their coach were alike unheeded, for the eager gaze of the multitude was fixed upon a tall, slender-built man, whose fair hair was just waved by the morning breeze, and whose light blue eyes added to the sweetness of his expressive face. But they, like the rest, were soon too much absorbed in listening to the preacher's words to

notice his looks or criticise the tones of his rich melodious voice.

The first words Walter consciously heard came like a thrill of sweet music from another world: "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the Holiest, by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us—that is to say, his flesh; let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." Then followed an invitation to enter into the "Holiest," even God himself, through faith in the all-atoning blood of Christ, and an exhortation so fervid in its impassioned eloquence that most of the assembly were moved to tears, and many cried aloud upon God to have mercy upon them.

For nearly an hour Mr. Maxwell stood at the side of the coach, listening to the sermon, and making no effort to proceed on his journey. They were at the edge of a common; and with a little bustling and threatening on the part of the coachman a way could soon have been cleared through the crowd, but master and man were alike too enthralled to think of any thing but the preacher before

them, and the words of life he was uttering in such sweet, pleading tones of persuasion, as though his whole soul was throbbing with the thought that he was an ambassador for God, pleading with them for Christ's sake to be reconciled to God.

Any thing more unlike the cold, dry preaching of the orthodox Churches of the day could not be imagined ; and Mr. Maxwell was visibly moved, though he tried to hide his emotion from Walter and Lucy.

When the service was over Walter asked a woman standing near who the preacher was ? She stared at him for a moment in surprise, and as if pitying his ignorance, and then said : "Have you never heard Mr. Whitefield before?"

Walter shook his head. "I have never heard any thing like this before," he said.

"Then you have never heard Mr. Wesley?" said the woman.

"No, never. Does he preach like this Mr. Whitefield ? Do people listen to him so eagerly?"

"Ah, that they do ! men hang upon his words as though an angel were speaking. God is doing mighty works by Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitefield."

As the crowd began to move, the Maxwells got into their coach and drove on their way, too deeply moved to talk of what they had heard just yet, though Lucy contrived to whisper to Walter, "I am glad that Mr. Whitefield is not a Methodist." Her brother made no reply.

CHAPTER V.

THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE.

OUR travelers were three days upon the road, and by the time Gloucester was reached they were thoroughly tired of their journey, and heartily glad to reach the unpaved, undrained, and not over-clean town.

The drive through the streets of low, projecting houses, swarming now with girls and boys just leaving one of the pin factories, to the Cathedral Close, was any thing but inviting; for a party of men were being publicly flogged as rogues and vagabonds, to the evident amusement of the young factory hands, who had collected to see the sight.

But the precinct of the cathedral once being gained, the noisy shouts and oaths were left behind, for every thing was eminently respectable, as only the clergy and their families lived here.

Mr. Maxwell's sister was the widow of a canon, and she had lived under the cathedral shadow for nearly forty years. She had no family of her own, and had often desired that

her niece and nephew might come and stay with her ; for increasing age and the perils and fatigues of traveling made it almost impossible for her to visit them. She therefore welcomed them now most warmly, and declared that they should stay with her until Mary came for her winter visit to Bath.

Mr. Maxwell was anxious to return home at once, and so would only stay long enough to rest himself and his horses before he commenced his homeward journey ; but, short as the time was, he told his sister of the wonderful sermon he had heard preached by Mr. Whitefield.

“ I hope you are not touched with this Methodist craze,” she said, looking keenly at Walter and Lucy.

“ No, no, Euphrasia ; we are not Methodists ; we do not take to new-fangled ways very quickly,” said her brother ; “ but we could not help hearing Mr. Whitefield, and it seems a pity that a few more parsons cannot preach as he does.”

“ Cannot ! ” repeated the dame hotly ; “ would you have well-born clergymen preach the rude fanaticism of a tapster ? I remember George Whitefield as a dirty little rascal who robbed his mother’s till. She kept an ale-house in

this town and sold good ale—I will say that for her ; and when our own home-brewed was out or turned sour, we sent to Dame Whitefield for a supply, and young George would often bring it. I remember him being ordained, too. The Bishop had heard of his labors among the poor and the prisoners at the castle, and sent for him one evening to tell him he would ordain him at once, though he was two years younger than he usually ordained young men ; and if he had been content to do his duty as other clergymen did, Dr. Benson would have helped him to a good living ; but, you see, he had met with the Wesleys at Oxford, and joined their Society of Methodists, and that has ruined him.”

“ Then you think Mr. Wesley is answerable for Whitefield’s departure from the beaten track ? ” said Mr. Maxwell.

“ Yes, to be sure ; for he taught him this doctrine of a new birth, or conversion, and now, forsooth, no one can be saved unless he is converted, according to Mr. John Wesley. He makes little or no account of the sacraments or the Church, but a person must have the Spirit of God, whatever that may mean. But, then, as I used to say to Dr. Benson, it is in the blood. Wesley’s grandfather was eject-

ed from his living for nonconformity, and though his father was a good enough clergyman, the old rebellion against the laws and rules of the Church has broken out, as we see, in the grandson ; and though he may deny it, he is nothing less than a Dissenter and schismatic, troubling the peace of the Church as he does."

The lady had almost talked herself out of breath, but her audience were eating as well as listening, and Walter, at least, was interested. "Do you know Mr. Wesley, aunt ?" he asked.

" I knew him when he was a boy. My husband's first curacy was near Epworth, in Lincolnshire, and we sometimes went to see Parson Wesley and his wife. They were a worthy couple ; he as learned and devout a parson as any in the country, and she was a worthy helpmeet, helping him in his parish work, as well as teaching and training her children in the ways of godliness. Dame Wesley went beyond me, and caused some scandal herself at one time ; for when her husband was absent and there was no afternoon service in the church, she took the office upon herself and read the lessons and prayers in their own kitchen, at home, to all who liked to come, which savored

too much of the ways of the Dissenters, in which she had been brought up ; for she, too, was a Dissenter, you must know—Dr. Annesley, her father, being an ejected minister, as well as Wesley's father."

"He comes of a good stock, though," remarked Mr. Maxwell ; "and if he would only take things more quietly he might be an ornament to the Church."

"To be sure he might. Sometimes I think he must be a fool as well as a fanatic, for he might be made a Bishop, instead of strolling about the country preaching more sermons in a month than he need to preach in a year, and trying to set the world to rights, whether it likes it or not."

"I hear he has been woefully set upon sometimes," said Mr. Maxwell, setting down the silver-rimmed horn of ale he had just filled.

"Set upon ! The mob have more than once well-nigh pulled the house down to get at him. Once, when I was at Bristol, there was a riot about him, and I thought the people would have torn me to pieces or trodden me to death, for they were like wild beasts in their rage against him. It was not until the peace officers had arrested some dozen of the ringleaders that quiet was restored. Nothing could

be more disgraceful or more scandalous than the scenes John Wesley has contrived to get into. I do not wonder that the curate of Epworth should refuse to administer the sacraments to him, or allow him to preach in the church; and, though they say Mr. Romley was stupidly drunk when he did it, what can we think of Wesley's preaching on his father's grave, the church-yard being full of people? O, the mischief that man has done to the Church no one can calculate!"

"But if he has made the world a little better, aunt?" objected Walter.

"My dear, you know nothing about it. The Church has nothing to do with the world, or clergymen either," and Dame Summerlin waved her hand majestically, as if to sweep away all objections to her statement.

Mr. Maxwell had grown tired of her discourse about the Wesleys, and took up the local paper—the "Gloucester Journal"—which was considered a wonder of excellence in its day, though scarcely larger than a sheet of foolscap, and containing little or no parliamentary news, reports of debates being forbidden at this time. Mr. Maxwell had often seen this newspaper on his visits to Gloucester, and he knew that its spirited editor, Mr. Raikes, had

got himself into trouble more than once with the House of Commons for reporting their debates. But if he could not keep his readers informed upon parliamentary matters, his newspaper was a noble exception to most of those of the time, which pandered to the low tastes and frivolous, often vicious, pastimes that were the prevailing fashion of those days. "I see Mr. Raikes has another appeal here for the poor prisoners in the castle," said Mr. Maxwell. "What a horrible account this is of the prison! God save us from ever getting into debt, and through that into Gloucester Castle! The printer says: 'Persons imprisoned for debt, of whom there is always a large number, are huddled together in a miserable cell, fourteen feet by eleven, without windows, and with no provision for admitting light and air save a hole broken in the plaster wall. No provision is made to keep them alive. No allowance was granted them either of food or money, nor was any opportunity given them of earning any thing. For food and clothing they are entirely dependent upon the charity of the benevolent.' Dear heart, was any thing so shocking!" exclaimed Mr. Maxwell. "If Mr. Wesley, or somebody else, would only think it worth his while to get the prisons amended

and the poor prisoners cared for, the world would not grumble. Walter, you shall go down to Palace-yard and take the good printer a guinea for the prisoners ; and now let us see what he says about some of the quality."

But his sister shook her head and laughed. " You will find no personal scandal in Mr. Raikes' paper, and as for Walter taking the guinea, I expect young Robert here to-morrow, for I sometimes lend the lad a book that would not otherwise come in his way. A likely lad is young Bob, as kind-hearted and as upright as his father. He is about your age, too, Walter, or a trifle older ; so you will be companions for each other."

Dame Summerlin had no children's " summer parlor," or delightful old lumber-room, such as they had at home or their uncle's parsonage, and before they had been long in Gloucester they began to wish their visit was near its end, in spite of their aunt's laborious efforts to amuse and interest them ; and but for the intimacy that sprung up with the printer's family it would have been almost unendurable. It was hard enough for Lucy now to stand at the window, watching for any chance visitor to the Close, or looking over her aunt's library of theological books in search of some-

thing more entertaining than Hooker or Til-lotson could supply. Sometimes she was allowed to go for a walk with her brother, or to make a formal call upon some of the families of the clergy with her aunt, and occasionally go to see the printer's family with Walter ; but Dame Summerlin was of opinion that her niece had been allowed far too much liberty in running about with her brother and sharing his amusements, and determined to curtail it ; so while Walter was allowed to go and spend hours with Robert Raikes, watching the printing machine and the setting up of the type, or talking about his models with his new-found friend, his sister had to sit and read to her aunt, or work at the detested lace-making, varied only by a little idle time spent at the window, and a little furtive gossip with Walter about what he saw and heard at the printer's, and what he thought of young Robert Raikes.

“ You would like him, Lucy ; he is as full of hopes and plans as we are, only I don't see how he is going to get the things done that he wants, for I suppose the prisons here are not worse than others, and how can one man get so much changed ? And then, how are the children—all the poor children who work in the pin factories—to be taught to read ? ”

“Of course they cannot. But surely Robert Raikes has no such wild notions as these. Why, they are worse than yours about making wheels go by steam,” laughed Lucy.

“Or yours, that you were talking about while we were at uncle’s—setting all the slaves at liberty,” retorted her brother.

“O, if I were only a man, I would do something for that,” said Lucy, earnestly; “but now tell me about what you have heard in the town to-day; for we are little better than dormice or cabbages here in this dull Close; the only change is going to the Cathedral sometimes. I do wish Christmas was next week, and we were going to meet Mary at Bath. But, now for the news.”

“Who told you I had any news, Mistress Lucy?” asked Walter with twinkling eyes.

“I know you have; I can see it in your face. Come, tell us what it is,” said Lucy impatiently.

“Guess now.”

But Lucy shook her head. “If it is a party of strolling players, I don’t believe aunt will let us go; she has such notions about things. I’m not sure but she would let us go to a bull-baiting or a cock-fight,” said Lucy.

“She wouldn’t keep me away from any

manly sport, I know," said Walter defiantly; "but I haven't heard of strolling players, or a cock-fight either; only five men are to be hung next week, and I think aunt will let us go to the sight. But mind, you are not to say a word to her about it; leave me to manage it, and I think she will let you go."

Walter did not say how he was going to manage it, and Lucy did not inquire. She was in an ecstasy of delight at the prospect; for, although the hanging men in batches was of weekly, almost daily, occurrence in some part of the country or the other, the isolated little town where they lived was not privileged to hang its own criminals, and Mr. Maxwell had never found time to take a long journey that they might witness a sight that most of the people looked upon as affording them a public holiday.

Gloucester would take holiday to see the sight: some few moved with pity for the condemned men—condemned, for the most part, for some trivial offense; for the Draconic laws punished with death many offenses then that a few months or years' imprisonment would expiate now.

It mattered little to Walter what the men's offenses might be; he was determined Lucy

should see the sight ; and so, to secure a good place, they set off early in the morning from the Close, before Dame Summerlin made her appearance ; for the fact was, Walter had taken care not to say any thing about the hanging to his aunt, for fear she should refuse to let them go.

But, early as they were, a crowd had assembled near the scaffold before them, and as they drew nearer they saw that some one was preaching. It was not Mr. Whitefield, but an old man, who was telling his audience that he had been a soldier, and as near death as the poor wretches he had visited in the castle the day before, but God in his mercy had saved both body and soul, and given him a message to deliver to every man he should meet—a message of mercy, of salvation by faith.

Some of the crowd listened, and some jeered, for, earnest as the old man was, he had none of the persuasive eloquence of Whitefield, or his easy grace of manner ; his voice was harsh and coarse, and his appearance decidedly vulgar.

If it had not been that she would have lost her chance of seeing the hanging, Lucy would have turned back again. “ What a pest these Methodists are ! ” she said aloud to Walter ;

“I think if Mr. Wesley could be hung one of these days, it would be a good thing for every body.”

“Hush, hush, Lucy; Mr. Wesley may be here—this may be Mr. Wesley himself,” said Walter, who was listening to the preacher with a good deal more reverence than his sister.

But Lucy shook her head. “He is one of Wesley’s Methodists, but I don’t believe Mr. Wesley can be coarse and vulgar, or—or—” Whatever Lucy was going to say she thought it better to leave unsaid, but went on grumbling against the Methodists, much to Walter’s annoyance, who was deeply interested in listening to the old man’s sermon, despite his personal appearance.

After preaching nearly an hour a hymn was sung, and then the old man said: “My young brother here desires to say a word to you, good people, and I hope you will listen to him with as much patience as you have listened to my poor words.”

“Can’t we get away before he begins?” said Lucy, turning her back upon the preaching-stand, which had been placed near the scaffold, that the Methodists might have an opportunity of saying a few words to the condemned men.

“Look, look, Lucy!” said Walter, stretching himself as high as he could to gaze over the heads of the mob.

“No, I wont look,” said Lucy, resolutely turning her head the other way. “How long will it be before the prisoners leave the castle, I wonder?”

“They wont be here just yet, mistress,” said a decent-looking woman at her elbow: “but ‘tis mighty civil of the Methodists to come and amuse us while we wait.”

“I don’t want to be amused,” said Lucy, turning from the woman with some haughtiness, and so facing the preachers once more.

The young man had begun to speak now, and as the first tones of his voice fell upon Lucy’s ears she started and turned pale.

“Walter, who is it?” she whispered, seizing her brother’s arm and leaning upon him for support; for she felt as though she were falling to the ground.

“Hush, hush! don’t you hear? Look, you can see him now;” and Walter pushed her forward toward an opening in the crowd.

But instead of looking Lucy buried her face in her hands, and shrieked aloud, “Take me away, Walter—take me home! I cannot, will not see him disgrace himself like this; only

tell me, is it—is it really Horace Golding?" she said, dropping her voice into a supplicating whisper.

"Hush, Lucy, he will hear you. Yes, it is Horace, of course; but don't talk of going home now. We will go and speak to him when he has finished preaching."

Lucy looked as though she did not understand her brother. "Go and speak to him!" she repeated—"speak to Horace Golding, the Methodist preacher! You must be mad, Walter. I will never speak to him again—never see him again if I can help it," and with a haughty gesture she turned away, determined to lose the sight she had so often wished to see, rather than risk a meeting with her old friend.

CHAPTER VI.

METHODIST MADNESS.

WALTER walked home with his sister as far as the Close, but he would not go indoors. They had not spoken since they left the crowd, but as Walter stopped he said, "Have you any message to send to Horace, Lucy? I am going back now, and I shall try to speak to him."

"You may tell him he has disgraced himself and all his friends. I have nothing more to say," replied Lucy, haughtily, and she turned away, but watched her brother out of the Close.

"Where have you been, Lucy?" asked Dame Summerlin, coming upon her as she still stood looking after Walter.

Lucy looked at her aunt for a moment as if trying to recollect the object of her walk that morning, and at last she said, "We went to see the men hung, aunt, but the Methodists were there preaching, and so I came home again."

"Quite right, Lucy, quite right; I am glad Whitefield has not turned your head, as he

does most people's," said Dame Summerlin, in a satisfied tone; and in her fierce invectives against the Methodists she forgot to scold Lucy for going out without permission, and seemed to think she was in less danger of moral contamination from the sight of an execution than from listening to a sermon preached in the open air.

But although Lucy was vexed and hurt at the part Horace Golding had taken, and was prepared to turn her back upon him, she was not pleased with the wholesale denunciation dealt out by her aunt against all the followers of Mr. Wesley, and with a strange perversity felt half offended at it, wishing some one was there who could say a word in their defense. But none of Dame Summerlin's friends were likely to do this. They each had something to say—some story to tell about the Methodists and their vulgar zeal, and the low, ill-bred mob that followed them, either as friends or foes; but Lucy could not but notice that no one accused them of any thing beyond this.

They paid a long round of visits that day, she and Dame Summerlin, and arranged to go with some of them to Cheltenham during the King's visit, that they might see him and the royal family walking about the fashionable

promenade; for Cheltenham was at this time almost as fashionable as Bath. Of course, Lucy was delighted at the prospect of such a treat, and as soon as Walter came home she ran to tell him the news, expecting he would be as anxious to go and see King George as she was. But, to her surprise, Walter received her news very coolly, merely remarking, "I don't know whether I shall be able to go, Lucy."

"Not be able to go!" repeated Lucy. "Don't you want to see the King?"

"I've only just learned to see myself," replied Walter; and, with a groan, he rushed past his sister up to his own room.

Lucy was greatly alarmed, and followed him at once, fearing he was ill; and she was scarcely less assured when, after knocking for some minutes at the little bed-room door, she opened it, and saw Walter lying upon the floor groaning in anguish, "Lost! lost! lost!"

"What have you lost, Walter?" asked his sister tenderly, kneeling beside him, and trying to take his hand, feeling sure he must be very ill.

"I am lost, ruined; my soul is given up to the devil," groaned Walter.

Lucy was more alarmed than ever, and ran down-stairs to fetch her aunt. "It's the fever,

aunt, I am sure," she said, after giving an account of how she had found her brother.

"It's Methodist fever," snapped Dame Summerlin, as she toiled up the stairs to Walter's room. He still lay upon the floor in a state of semi-unconsciousness, groaning out his soul-anguish, and not noticing his aunt or sister.

"Come, come, Walter," said Dame Summerlin, shaking him by the shoulder; "get up and tell us what ails you. Are you ill?"

But Walter only groaned, "Lost! lost! My soul is in hell already!"

"I thought so!" exclaimed the old lady, angrily. "It's a Methodist fit. Was there ever any thing more disgraceful? Walter! Walter! do rouse yourself and be more sensible. Remember, you are in the Cathedral Close, living among the clergy."

But Walter was deaf alike to his aunt's scolding and Lucy's pleading, except as he said, "I am a lost sinner. I am disgraceful and ungrateful, and God has cast me off forever."

"O aunt, he must be very ill. I never heard him talk like this before," said Lucy, the tears running down her cheeks as she spoke.

"I dare say not; but *I* have heard of these

fits before. It all comes of running after the Methodists, and I should like to whip him."

"Aunt, you are unkind!" said Lucy indignantly, trying to soothe Walter's distress.

"Pray for me, Lucy; pray for me. I am too wicked. God will never hear my prayers," begged Walter.

"Aunt, if you don't send for a doctor, I will. I am sure Walter has caught the fever, and is going mad," said Lucy, turning upon her aunt with hot indignation.

Dame Summerlin hesitated for a moment, but at last, thinking it would perhaps be better—would endanger the respectability of the Close less—to treat this as a physical ailment, and ignore the Methodism altogether, she resolved to send for a doctor at once.

So, with a hint to Lucy not to say a word about where they had been in the morning, she sent her elderly maid-servant with a message to say she feared her nephew had been seized with fever—for fever was less dangerous than Methodism, she thought, and far more respectable.

The doctor was a plain-spoken old gentleman, and very soon discovered that Walter's ailment was mental rather than bodily; and, with a huge pinch of snuff and a slight pre-

liminary cough, he said, “ You have sent for the wrong person this time, madam ; there may be a little disorder of the stomach and liver, but that is not the first thing that requires attention. The young gentleman has been with the Methodists. They were preaching this morning, as you may have heard.”

If the doctor had said Walter had been with a band of highwaymen Dame Summerlin could not have been more shocked. This was worse than all—to have the doctor know what had happened—and in her helplessness she said, “ Dear heart ! doctor, what am I to do ? ”

“ The lad is certainly very unhappy, but I have known wonderfully speedy cures among the Methodists, where the case was properly understood.”

“ To be sure, doctor ; that is what I want. I want him cured of this ailment, whatever it may be,” said the old lady, in a confidential whisper, thinking that the doctor might certainly dose his patient into a reasonable forgetfulness very soon, and then in a day or two she would take him and Lucy to Cheltenham to see the grand sights there, which might be expected to drive all serious thoughts out of his mind.

The doctor thought he fully understood the

lady's meaning, and, with a re-assuring nod, he said, "Be sure, madam, I will be very discreet. Let my messenger see your nephew alone for an hour, and I think I can promise he shall be better in the morning. I will send some one to him without delay, and do you leave them to themselves for awhile, and we shall see how my cure works ;" and, with another nod, he took up his silver-headed walking-stick and went out, never dreaming but that he fully understood Dame Summerlin and her difficulty, while she, with equal confidence, gave orders to the servant that when the doctor's messenger came he was to be conducted at once to Walter's room.

She and Lucy were going to a card-party next door, and she determined to go now, although Lucy pleaded very hard to be allowed to stay with Walter.

"No, no, my dear ; the doctor is going to send him a sleeping potion, or something of that kind, and the messenger will stay for an hour to watch its effect, so that you could do nothing in here, and we may want you to take a hand at whist."

But it so happened that Lucy was not wanted at the card-tables this evening, and so, after seeing her aunt quietly settled to her game,

she wandered to the window to look out upon the quiet Close, and wonder what could be the meaning of Walter's curious illness.

She had not stood here very long when, in the gathering dusk, she saw a figure that struck her as familiar, and, looking more intently as he passed close to the window, she recognized Horace Golding, and, to her astonishment, saw him go to her aunt's house, and walk in as soon as the door was opened.

She was in such a flutter of astonishment that she could not move or speak for a minute or two, and did not hear herself called until a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and her aunt said rather sternly, "Lucy, are you asleep?"

She started then as though she had been caught in the commission of some crime, but her aunt would not see her confusion. "Come, we want you to take a hand at whist," she said, leading her to the card-table; for one or two more visitors had come in, and another party was being made up.

Lucy sat down and took the cards as they were handed her, and tried to take some interest in the game; but her thoughts were with Walter, and she was wondering why he had asked Horace to visit him, knowing, as he did,

how much her aunt detested all Methodists. It seemed as though the evening would never come to an end ; for Lucy had never felt so tired of playing whist in her life before, and never was there a more provoking partner than Lucy proved that evening.

Her aunt grew so cross, at last, that she suggested Lucy had better go home and go to bed, if she was too sleepy to play ; a hint Lucy was glad to take, and she said, " Thank you, aunt. I am very sleepy to-night. I shall be glad to go indoors," and, bidding the company " good-night," she hurried away.

" Kitty, who has been here to-night ? " she asked as soon as the servant opened the door.

" Only the young doctor to see your brother, Mistress Lucy."

" The young doctor ! " repeated Lucy. " How is Walter now ? " she asked.

" Better, I think. I heard him singing a little while ago."

" Singing ! Where ? where is the young gentleman, the doctor, who came to see him ? "

" He's gone—been gone about ten minutes. Shall I light the candles in the wainscoted parlor, Mistress Lucy ? "

" Not for me ; I am going to bed after I

have seen my brother. Good-night, Betty ; ” and Lucy took her bedroom candle and hurried up stairs to her brother’s room.

“ Walter, may I come in ? ” she called as she knocked at the door.

“ Yes, yes, come in, ” he said, opening the door for her. “ O Lucy, Christ has saved me ; saved *me*, a poor, miserable wretch like me ! ” He did not notice how Lucy recoiled from him as he attempted to take her hand, for in the gladness of this new revelation of Christ’s love to lost sinners he was so oblivious of all outward facts that he poured out the rapture of his soul as though it was necessary to its very life, while Lucy stood and stared in blank amazement and consternation.

“ Then—you—are—a—Methodist ? ” she managed to say at last, hissing out the words, and holding up her hands as though if her brother touched her she would be contaminated.

“ Yes, yes, Lucy, and I glory in the name. I am a believer in Christ—and in Mr. Wesley, ” said Walter in a triumphant tone.

“ A believer in Mr. Wesley ! ” repeated Lucy, “ the mean, cowardly Jacobite ! I might have known it ; I might have known you had turned Methodist, or you would never have

deceived my aunt, and told Betty that lie about Horace Golding being a doctor."

"I tell a lie to bring Horace Golding here! Lucy, you ought to know me better. I assure you—"

But Lucy would not listen to her brother. She turned proudly away, saying, "I thought a Methodist might keep one spark of honor; but since you can tell a lie, and Horace Golding act it, to deceive my aunt, you are worthy followers of the man who prayed for the return of the Pretender, and then denied it."

"Lucy, Lucy, you are unjust. I—"

But Lucy had hurried to her own room and shut the door, and, though Walter begged and pleaded for a few words of explanation, Lucy would not condescend to answer him or say another word, and Walter returned to his own room, feeling very sorry Lucy could so grievously misjudge him, but with no shade of bitterness in his heart against her. "Dear, kind-hearted Lucy! she will feel hurt and disappointed at first, but by and by she will learn the same wonderful truth, and we shall be dearer to each other than ever;" and, whispering this to himself, Walter kneeled down to pray that his dear sister might be led to Christ—taught to see herself as a lost, ruined

soul, but one for whom Christ had shed his precious blood. Then with the new, sweet “peace of God which passeth all understanding” shed abroad in his heart, he crept into bed and soon fell asleep.

He was sleeping soundly when Dame Summerlin—a little anxious as to the success of the doctor’s dosing—came and peeped into his room before she went to her own chamber. She went afterward to Lucy’s room, and Lucy, hearing her, shut her eyes; but there was little sleep for her that night. She lay tossing on her pillow, and wondering what Walter would do, and what she ought to do—whether she should tell her aunt about Horace’s visit, or let Walter keep his secret; for she did not doubt but that the whole affair had been planned between the two during the day. Perhaps Horace had adopted it as a means of seeing her, and a little feeling of triumph and disappointment mingled with the other conflicting thoughts that passed through her mind.

Toward morning she fell into a troubled doze, from which she was shortly awakened by her aunt’s voice calling to Walter, while at the same time Walter was solacing himself with singing something Lucy had never heard in

her life before. She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes and listened, while Walter sang, clear and loud :—

“O what shall I do My Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, So good to redeem
The weakest believer That hangs upon him.”

“That must be a Methodist hymn,” muttered Lucy, springing out of bed, and opening the door just as her aunt appeared.

“What does this mean—Methodist hymns being sung in my house?” demanded the old lady, turning upon Lucy as though she had been the offender.

“I never heard it before, aunt,” said Lucy, while Walter’s voice rang out :—

“For Jesus, my Lord, Is now my defense ;
I trust in his word — ”

“Walter, Walter, open the door this minute!” called his aunt ; and Lucy, who had run back to her own room to put on a petticoat, now came, and seized the handle and shook it; for Walter, to prevent any intrusion from his sister while he was praying, had slipped the bolt of the door and forgotten to push it back.

“How dare you bolt the door?” said his aunt, catching at this as the first cause of offense, while Lucy said, reproachfully, “Walter,

you were never ashamed of what you might be doing, or tried to hide any thing before."

"Well, I don't think I am now," said Walter, with a smile. "I suppose you heard what I was doing. I was only singing."

"Only singing!" repeated Dame Summerlin; "only singing disgraceful Methodist hymns in a respectable house, and under the very shadow of the Cathedral! Walter Maxwell, I am ashamed of you—ashamed and grieved that you could forget yourself and the honor due to your father and mother, and that—"

"Aunt, you are mistaken, indeed—"

"Will you deny that you are a Methodist?" demanded Lucy, angrily interrupting him.

"No, I do not deny it; I glory in it;" said Walter, forgetting all the resolutions he had made to be calm and temperate in what he said.

Dame Summerlin lifted her hands in amazed scorn. "You are a Methodist, and dare to own it in my house!" she said.

"Yes, aunt, I cannot but own it; for, thank God, it is the truth. I deceived you yesterday morning and went out to see the hanging, and God sent a message to me there—a message of mercy and—"

“Stop, stop! I’ll listen to no preaching. Wait until you get home before you begin that. I shall send a letter to your father by the king’s next post; and until I hear from him, or he comes to fetch you home, you shall not leave this room!” and, saying this, the old lady marched down stairs again.

CHAPTER VII.

WILL HE YIELD?

DAME SUMMERLIN kept her word, and wrote a letter to Mr. Maxwell, and Lucy and she went out immediately after breakfast to inquire when the post would leave Gloucester, and how soon they might reasonably expect a reply; for postal arrangements were by no means regular in those days, and the sending and receiving a letter was an event to be thought of and arranged for with a good deal more care than we can well imagine in these days.

The letter dispatched, Dame Summerlin began to think of her other threat as the day wore on, and Walter remained quietly shut up in his room. Betty had taken his meals up to him, and came down with the request that his aunt would lend him a Bible to read, which was at once refused, as being likely to strengthen his Methodism, while at the same time Lucy sagely remarked that he was not likely to forget it, as he had nothing else to think of while he was shut up there.

“ That’s true enough, Lucy, and I’ve been thinking your father will blame me for letting the foolish boy take to this distemper while he was with me ; and so I must do something to rid him of it, I think. Suppose we go to Cheltenham at once ? ”

“ O yes, aunt, do,” said Lucy. “ I am sure Walter will like to see all the grand sights, for we have never been to Bath.”

“ Very well, then ; you may go and tell him we shall go to Cheltenham to-morrow, and he can practice dancing a minuet with you this evening ; for we will have a gay time, my dear, and you shall both go to the dancing parties as well as the card parties, though I am past dancing myself.”

So while Dame Summerlin went to give her orders to Betty about packing and preparing for their journey, Lucy went up to Walter to tell him the news of their prospective journey, and ask him to practice the dancing steps with her. Lucy was determined to be magnanimous, and forget and forgive her brother’s Methodism, knowing it was the only way he could be sure to forget it too ; and she thought Walter would be only too glad to do this after spending so many hours alone without a model steam-engine or books to amuse him.

But Walter was neither cross nor dull, as she expected to find him, and did not seem to stand in need of her cheering up; neither was the news she brought so eagerly welcomed as she thought it deserved.

"What is the matter, Walter? Are you really ill, that you don't care whether you stay in this room or go to Cheltenham?" said Lucy.

"No, dear, I am not ill; and I shall like to go to Cheltenham, of course, if you and aunt are going," he said in a pleasant tone.

"You really would rather go to Cheltenham than stay in this poky old house for a fortnight?" said Lucy.

"I should not like to stay here for a fortnight, of course, unless I had some books and models, and you and Robert Raikes to come and see me. But tell me why we are going to Cheltenham so suddenly?" he asked.

"Our health requires it. Aunt is ordered to drink the waters again. You understand?"

"No, I don't understand," said Walter. "Aunt seems quite well. Father said he never saw her looking better. Is it on my account that we are going in such a hurry?"

Lucy nodded. "Aunt thinks it will do you good," she said.

"Then, Lucy, we may as well stay at home, for it will not do me good in the way she thinks, and I will not have a lie told on my account. I am a Methodist, and I don't care who knows it, and—"

"You don't care who else is disgraced by it," interrupted Lucy, passionately. "You talk about lying, too, and pretend you don't like it, after what happened last night. Walter, I will never own you for a brother again if you don't give up this hateful Methodism."

"Lucy, you are unjust to me and Horace, too. He was sent by the doctor that came first. My aunt knew he was coming, and—"

"Walter, how dare you utter such a thing? You know how much aunt hates the Methodists. Is it likely she would send for one? Listen now; I will keep your secret, and never let any one know the mean deceit you and Horace have been guilty of, if you will promise never to see him or any other Methodist again."

Walter looked at her for a minute or two, and Lucy thought he was balancing the proposal in his own mind; and she, thinking to make it certain, hastened to add: "No one shall ever know about this Methodist fit either. We will take care to tell every body that we

are going to Cheltenham for the benefit of the waters, and my aunt will write another letter to father, telling him that he need not come to fetch us just yet."

"Then, Lucy, you would not mind telling a lie to hide what you think is my disgrace?" said Walter rather sadly.

"It would not be a lie, exactly," said Lucy, flushing, "for we shall drink the waters when we are there, of course."

"But that is not why we are going. O Lucy, I wish you could see things as I do now—that even this small lie, as you think it, is a sin against God—sin, Lucy, that drags our souls down to hell, that nailed the Lord Jesus Christ to the cross. Lucy, Lucy, I can't let you do this for me. You love me, I know, and I love you; but I can't sin for you, and you sha'n't for me if I can help it."

Lucy stared at her brother in blank amazement. He was talking a language she could not understand. She had heard the word "sin" in church sometimes, but it had no meaning for her more than the other strange learned words that it would be presumption for her to try to understand, and so she could only say, "What do you mean? What are you talking about?"

“Come and sit down, Lucy, and let me try to explain ; and we will pray that the Holy Spirit may enlighten your mind, and---”

“Come, come, you are a long time beginning your minuet,” said Dame Summerlin, suddenly appearing at the open door. “Come, Walter, you and Lucy must practice your dancing-steps this evening, or you may feel awkward when we get to Cheltenham.”

Walter looked confused. “I don’t think I can dance,” he said.

“Nonsense, lad ; you have learned the steps of a minuet, surely,” said Dame Summerlin ; and she lifted the sides of her stiff, quilted petticoat, and went through a few slow stately steps in the door-way, by way of reminder.

“O we know that, aunt !” said Lucy, who was really very fond of dancing, although polkas and waltzes had not then been heard of. “You know it too, Walter,” she said. “Let us show aunt how well we can go through it ; and if we have forgotten she can tell us where we are wrong, I dare say.”

This was a delicate piece of flattery on Lucy’s part ; for she was so pleased at the idea of going to Cheltenham and joining in the gay doings there, that she was willing to do any thing to please her aunt now. But Walter, in-

stead of taking his place opposite Lucy, to join in the minuet, said, rather slowly, "Aunt, I wish you would not go to Cheltenham on my account."

"Bless the boy! who said I was going on your account?" exclaimed Dame Summerlin, while Lucy frowned threateningly at him. "Come, come! now for the dancing," said Dame Summerlin, impatiently.

"I will dance a minuet with Lucy here, if you like, aunt; but I cannot and will not go to the dancing-parties at Cheltenham."

"Hoity-toity! who said you would be asked to go? Cheltenham can exist without Walter Maxwell, I should think, especially as the King and the young princes and princesses will be there in a few days. Your vanity, young sir, needs some check, I fancy. Come, Lucy, come with me. I want you to choose a new cap and ribbons for yourself," said Dame Summerlin, sending Lucy on before her, for she had heard something of what Walter was saying as she came up stairs, and foresaw fresh trouble in leaving the brother and sister together by themselves—for there might soon be two Methodists in the family, as she whispered to herself. So Lucy was carried off to her own chamber, and Walter was left to himself, to

think over what he ought to do in the unexpected circumstances before him. He felt sure this trip to Cheltenham was in some way connected with the change in himself; that it was designed to make him forget his new thoughts and hopes and resolutions; and he resolved to be upon his guard. Of the rules laid down and particular amusements forbidden to those professing Methodism he knew nothing. He was but a babe in Christ, and he knew and feared his own weakness and ignorance; but he also knew that the Lord Jesus had promised his Holy Spirit to those who seek it. This was the distinctive teaching of Methodism in those days—the new birth first, which Walter now believed in from his own experience, and then the enlightening and guiding influences of the Holy Spirit given to all who seek it earnestly and prayerfully. This had been the subject of Horace Golding's talk the previous night, when Walter was at last able to grasp the promise of divine forgiveness in Christ.

“What shall I do? How shall I know what is right or wrong for me to do? for I may never see you again, Horace,” he had said, and his friend had replied, “It matters little, my dear Walter, about human teachers, if, feeling you are ignorant and sinful and helpless, you

seek the help and teaching of the Holy Spirit. Flee to Christ in every difficulty, in every perplexity, and he will lead you into all truth, and you shall know what you should and should not do."

So while Lucy and her aunt were discussing ribbons and laces, and Betty was packing her mistress' box, Walter was seeking that wisdom that cometh down from above, to meet the temptations that he knew would assail him in the gay circle at Cheltenham.

Dame Summerlin, however, was too wise and too wary to invite Walter or urge Lucy to go to dancing or card parties at first. There was enough to amuse them in walking on the promenade and watching the gay company, or sitting in the pump-room, drinking the mineral waters and listening to the band. And so the first week passed, and not a word had been said about Walter or his Methodism, and each began to wonder whether the others had forgotten it. Dame Summerlin congratulated herself upon the success of her plan, for Walter had been willing to accompany them in all their walks, and had gone with them to church on Sunday, and read a chapter from the Bible aloud afterward, as she had suggested, and Mr. Wesley's name had not once been mentioned.

Lucy, however, did not feel so satisfied and confident as her aunt. She knew her brother—knew that he had always been fond of having his own way in every thing, and she did not like this sudden change in him—this giving up, as he often did, some little plan of his own, to walk with her aunt up and down the promenade, which, however much as it might amuse and interest her, she knew by past experience was rather irksome to Walter, and yet he never complained. If he would have only grumbled a little, or gone off and left them after a little temper had been shown, she could have understood it, and would have liked it all the better; but now she was puzzled, and Walter's easy compliance with all her aunt wished made her cross at last.

“Walter, how is it? I can't understand you a bit now,” she said, one day, after they had been at Cheltenham about a week. They had been sent to promenade up and down the pavement while Dame Summerlin sat and rested near. She would not trust them out of sight or hearing many minutes together, for fear Lucy should be drawn into talking about the Methodists and their ways; but constant vigilance was beginning to weary her now, and she thought there could be no harm done in their

talking to each other for a few minutes in such a public place. There could be no praying or preaching here, and so, for the first time during their visit, the brother and sister were left to themselves.

“What is there about me you cannot understand?” asked Walter, with a pleasant smile.

“I don’t know. Tell me this? Do you like walking up and down here, looking at the ladies’ brocaded dresses and the gentlemen’s fine laced coats?” said Lucy.

“I don’t know that I see them—at least I don’t notice them much,” said Walter.

“Then what do you come for?” she demand.

“To please aunt and you,” he replied.

“But you don’t please me,” said Lucy, petulantly. “I don’t like your coming with us one bit.”

“But you have always asked me to come,” expostulated Walter.

“I know I have, but I didn’t expect you, and I didn’t want you,” said Lucy passionately. “I wanted you to say you wouldn’t, or something like that—something like you used to be; you are not like yourself; you are trying to be a hypocrite and to deceive aunt; I know you are.”

“What do you mean, Lucy?” said Walter, with a touch of his old temper in the tone.

“Just what I say. I never thought you would be deceitful; but you are—you are deceiving aunt; but you can’t deceive me, for I know you are only trying to make her believe you have forgotten your Methodism, while all the time you are thinking of it secretly.”

For a moment Walter had to battle with his rising anger before answering this unjust speech; but at last he managed to say, quietly, “You and aunt would not like me to think aloud about Methodism, Lucy. I want to talk to you about some things, but I never get the chance of speaking to you now.”

“You want to make me a mean, canting Methodist, like Walter Golding.”

“Hush, hush, Lucy, do not talk so loud; that gentleman in the sky-blue laced coat heard you, I am sure. See, he is stepping back to us.”

The gentleman stood in front of them and raised his gold-laced hat. “Let me give you a word of warning, my dear young lady. A party of Methodists have just arrived in the city; beware of being drawn into listening to them, even out of curiosity, for it would be a

shame to see such a fine young creature as you drawn into their clutches."

"Thank you, sir; but I am able to take care of my sister; and we are not without friends in the city to judge what is fit and proper for us," said Walter, a little sharply. "Have you ever seen that man before, Lucy?" he said, turning to his sister, as the dandy replaced his hat upon his powdered wig and walked on.

Lucy laughed. "Now you are like your old self, Walter," she said; "but you need not ruffle your feathers like an angry old hen because I was spoken to."

"What business had the man to speak to you? Do you know him?"

"Yes, and so ought you. Why, where have your eyes been, Walter? What could you have been thinking of, not to recognize the master of the ceremonies? Why, he has often spoken to aunt in the pump room; he knows her quite well."

Walter looked rather less angry, but still not quite satisfied, as he said: "What right had he to interfere with us while we were talking?"

"Did you know the Methodists were coming here?" demanded Lucy.

"Don't speak like that, Lucy. I have no

doubt there are hundreds of Methodists always living here—quiet, noble Christian men and women; doing God's work in their houses and their business; working honestly and truly, and all the better for being Methodists. What that man means is, that some of Mr. Wesley's preachers are coming to speak, and if they do, I should like you to go and hear them," avowed Walter.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to say such a thing—to think of going yourself or of asking me to go, when you know aunt brought us here on purpose that you might forget all about that nonsense, and she thinks you have; but I was not to be deceived with your quiet, hypocritical ways."

"Lucy, you don't know what you are saying. I have not tried to deceive you, or my aunt either: I have simply tried to please you by doing as you wished. It could not be much pleasure to me to saunter up and down here day after day, and, as to forgetting, why I have nothing else to do but think of what I heard from Horace and his friends, or what I have read in the book of hymns, written by Mr. Charles Wesley, which he gave to me the evening he came to see me."

"I knew you were not forgetting. Poor

aunt, how disappointed she will be! I think you ought to tell her, Walter."

There was no need to do this, for when they walked back to the seat where she was sitting, she said, "Now, young people, I have a treat in store for you. Lady Dashwood is here, and has invited you to her dancing party next week, and, of course, you must both go."

"I cannot, aunt," said Walter, firmly. "I told you before we came I would not do this."

"And why not, pray?" demanded the lady. "Where is the difference between walking here, and stepping through a minuet in a room? The same company are with you, or some of the same."

"No, aunt, it is not the same, and I cannot and will not go," repeated Walter; and neither his aunt's or his sister's persuasions could move him.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MORNING SERMON.

THE King and Court arrived at Cheltenham, and Lucy was both gratified and disappointed by having a close view of his majesty, King George II. He was a little old man, pinched in face, and miserable-looking in spite of his kingly surroundings, which only made the contrast the more striking.

“My father in his working clothes looks much more of a king than the King himself,” whispered Lucy, as the royal party passed them.

“Hush, hush, my dear!” said Dame Summerlin, reprovingly; for to her mind such a speech savored of Jacobite and Methodist tendencies, if not of actual treason. The King is the King, you know, and no common man like your father can be compared with him,” added the old lady.

“But my father is not a common man,” said Lucy, indignantly; “and I don’t see why I ought to think the King better than he.”

She wished Walter had been with them, but

since Walter had refused to join the dancing and card-playing parties, he had been left to do very much as he pleased; Dame Summerlin's chief care now being to keep him away from Lucy as much as possible. A letter had arrived from Mr. Maxwell, and he might be expected at Cheltenham any day now, but they were rather surprised to meet him on the promenade a few minutes after the King had passed.

“Where is Walter?” he asked, almost before the first greeting was over; and then hastened to add, “I suppose it is needless to ask, as I hear Mr. Wesley is to preach here to-day.”

“Wesley here!” repeated Dame Summerlin; “I never heard of it.”

“Did not Walter tell you? He knew it, I suppose, if he is a Methodist.”

“If he is a Methodist! Do you doubt my word, John Maxwell? or do you care so little for the honor and welfare of your family that it is a matter of no importance to you?”

“A matter of no importance, Euphrasia? Do you think I should have left home at this time if I had not been most anxious to save the boy from this mad fanaticism?”

“How are mother and Mary?” asked Lucy.

“ Better, my dear. Mary is almost well again; but your mother does not mend so fast.”

“ And uncle, how is he? ” asked Lucy, who really felt as anxious about her uncle as about her mother and sister, but had tried to comfort herself during this long silence by the thought that if either of them had died they would have received a letter telling them of it.

“ He is getting better, too, but not so fast as the doctor would like. Now tell me about Walter. What is this about his turning Methodist? ” said Mr. Maxwell, in a lower tone, to Lucy; for Dame Summerlin chose to consider herself very much insulted, and had walked on alone.

“ He met Horace Golding and some more Methodists who were preaching, and came home crying out that he was lost. We thought that he was ill at first, and sent for the doctor; but somehow he contrived to get Horace into his room that night, and the next morning he was singing Methodist hymns.”

“ And how has he behaved since he has been here? ” asked her father.

“ He wont go with us to a dancing or card party, and says this is wrong and that is wrong, until one hardly knows whether it is

right to eat or drink, or do any thing but pray."

" Dear heart ! it is worse than the steam-engine craze ; and Bessy's husband has just sent to say he has a capital opening for him in his business," exclaimed Mr. Maxwell, in a tone of vexation.

" I don't think Walter will like that, father," said Lucy.

" I cannot help that. The business of the foundry has fallen off so much of late that it will not do for Walter to think of it. But he must give up this nonsense about being a Methodist, or Mr. Ross will not think him fit for his business, for he hates the Methodists as much as your Aunt Euphrasia does."

" Don't you hate the Methodists, too, father ? "

" My dear, I don't pretend to understand the matter so well as your Aunt Euphrasia ; but I have heard it said that no Methodist can ever get on in business, and so, of course, he must give it up at once."

" Of course he must," assented Lucy. " The whole thing is so low and disgraceful, only fit for beggars and colliers and that sort of people, that no one who is respectable ever thinks of associating with a Methodist."

This was the verdict of the pump-room, where Dame Summerlin had been carefully gauging public opinion lately upon this important matter, but at the same time carefully concealing the fact that any relative of hers was at all likely to become a follower of Mr. Wesley.

“I am very sorry I ever brought you to Gloucester,” said Mr. Maxwell, after a pause. “The fever has not been much worse than usual this year, and these long journeys do not suit me.”

Lucy looked up at her father as he spoke, and noticed how pale and worn he seemed to be. “You are not well, father,” she said, in a little alarm.

“Yes, I am well enough, but these long journeys don’t suit an old man, and I feel anxious about Walter. What time will he be home? I suppose he has gone to see some of these Methodists.”

“Perhaps he has. Aunt has let him do as he likes lately, and so, of course, he would run after them.” But while she was speaking Walter was close at hand, and the next moment stood before them.

“I am so glad you have come, father,” said Walter heartily, holding out his hand. “How

are mother and Mary and uncle? Have you come to take us home?"

"I am going to take you home, my lad, but I must talk to your aunt first before we decide about Lucy."

"Father, have you heard that Mr. Wesley is to preach in the town? May I go and hear him?" said Walter eagerly.

"I have heard too much about Mr. Wesley lately," said his father, not a little surprised at Walter's request; for he thought, like Lucy, that, being left to do as he pleased, he would have run off to seek some Methodist friends. "Where have you been spending your time, sir, that you should hear of Mr. Wesley coming here?"

"I have heard it but just now, on the Long Walk. I have taken a book and walked in the fields and lanes a good deal of late, since Lucy told me she did not want me to walk with her."

"And you have not made the acquaintance of any low Methodists in the town?" questioned Mr. Maxwell.

"No, father; my aunt forbade me seeking or speaking to any I knew to be Methodists till you came; but I trust you will let me go and hear Mr. Wesley preach to-morrow morning."

“To-morrow morning?”

“Yes, father, at six o’clock to-morrow he is to preach in the High Oak field. You will let me go, father—please, he added, pleadingly.

“I will consider it. But mind, Walter, if I yield to your wishes in this, I shall expect you to yield to me in some other matters.”

“I will always yield to you, father, in any thing but matters of conscience—and that you would not wish, I know,” said Walter.

Mr. Maxwell said something about obstinacy being sometimes mistaken for conscientiousness; but Dame Summerlin allowed herself to be overtaken at this point, and the conversation soon became general, nothing more being said about Walter or his delinquencies until they had reached home and Walter had gone up to his room. Then Mr. Maxwell took the opportunity of telling his sister that her commands had been obeyed by Walter, and that he had not ventured even to go and hear Mr. Wesley himself without asking his permission first.

“That’s just one of their Methodist tricks,” said Dame Summerlin crossly; “but you will see he can be as disobedient and obstinate in some things as the rest of them. I should not

think you would let him go to hear this sermon to-morrow morning."

"Well, I don't know, Euphrasia. It will not do to draw the reins too tight, or a young colt may prove restive where we would fain have him go easily; and so for this matter I am inclined to yield to the lad, to say nothing of a little curiosity I feel myself to see and hear this Mr. Wesley. I have heard Whitefield, and 'twill be something to say I have heard the two greatest preachers of the times."

"John Maxwell, I am surprised at your talking of these Dissenters as the greatest preachers of the times. One would think we had no godly bishops and learned clergymen in the Church, that you must run after these. I have heard my husband say that Whitefield and Wesley taught no more than the poorest curate could do when he read the Church service, if people would only try to understand what they were taught."

"Perhaps not, Euphrasia, perhaps not; but you cannot deny that your poor curate would not get a thousand people to listen to his reading of the Church service, but they will gladly go miles to hear one of Mr. Wesley's sermons. Now, suppose we take a coach and all go to-morrow morning together. It will be—"

“John Maxwell, are you mad? or do you think I am?” said his sister indignantly, rising from her seat and standing before him.

“Well, well, Euphrasia, I am a little curious about this Mr. Wesley,” said her brother.

“Curious? I should think for your children’s sake, then, you might restrain the curiosity. Would you take them to see a case of plague or deadly fever because you were curious about it? I have carefully guarded Lucy since she has been with me, and taught her the ways and manners of fashionable society, but I might as well have left it alone if she is to turn Methodist, like Walter.”

“Nonsense, Euphrasia. They are neither of them going to be Methodist, and that is why I mean to let Walter go and hear Mr. Wesley to-morrow—to convince him that I am not afraid of his being taken with all their mad nonsense.”

“Very well. Do as you please. Only don’t say I have not warned you. I only wish I was a clergyman myself,” added the old lady. “I would let John Wesley see that others could preach the Gospel in a church as well as he does out of it.”

“Ah, Euphrasia, if our clergy are wise they will carry out your wishes in this direction.”

"And I will urge them to do it, too. I confess the Church has not done all it might, but this schism of Wesley's is shameful, and that my nephew should follow him is disgraceful."

Mr. Maxwell saw it would be useless to continue the discussion, and that his sister would be seriously offended if he went to hear Mr. Wesley preach the following morning. So he contented himself with giving Walter permission to go, at the same time warning him that he was not to consider himself a Methodist or join the Society.

In spite of the early hour fixed on for Mr. Wesley's sermons, hundreds of people had assembled in the field long before Walter got there, and little companies of Methodists had gathered close to the stand, which was placed near the oak from which the field took its name. One or two of these recognized Walter as the friend of Horace Golding, and at once spoke to him, and invited him to join with them in leading the singing. Walter was greatly pleased with the kind sympathy shown by these unknown friends, and before he was aware of it had told them something of the difficulty of his position.

"Be steadfast, my young brother," said an

elderly man. “I have passed through many troubles, but the Lord has never forsaken me yet, and there is the same grace for you as for me. If it be possible, join yourself to one of our bands;” and the man, who was himself a class-leader, told Walter of the system of classes and their weekly meetings introduced by Mr. Wesley, and how every member subscribed a penny a week for the building and maintaining of meeting-houses, for prayer-meetings, class-meetings, and preaching when the weather would not admit of outdoor preaching, and how the weekly class enabled Christian brethren to help each other temporarily and spiritually.

Of course, Walter was eager to join one of these bands, but remembering his father’s commands, and also that he would soon be leaving Cheltenham, he knew it would be impossible; but he promised to join the Society if ever he should be placed where he could do so, and gladly joined in the impromptu prayer-meeting that was engaged in while waiting the arrival of Mr. Wesley.

He was punctual to the hour named, stepping up to the stand as the distant clocks struck six.* The sight of his face, well known

* See Frontispiece.

to many in that mixed audience, was the signal for the hushing of all discordant sounds, and Walter and many another looked up with reverent awe to the grave, earnest face of this king of men, who swayed the hearts of thousands, and subdued into gentle teachableness some of the vilest and roughest men. He was some ten years older than his friend Whitefield, graver, too, though more earnest it was impossible to be. For a minute Walter felt disappointed, for in some externals Whitfield had the advantage of Wesley. But when the singing was over, and the text read and the sermon fairly begun, Walter forgot every thing but the message of life that was being delivered.

Toward the close of the sermon, knowing that there were many Christian souls who needed feeding as well as those who needed awakening, Mr. Wesley spoke to these on the duty and privilege of prayer: "If those who have known the grace of God," he said, "do not continually watch unto prayer, the evil root of sin will have more influence on them than the good seed of grace. God in his excellent wisdom raises in us good thoughts, and then inspires us with prayer to ask of him those graces which he is resolved to give when we ask with a full submission to his will.

Therefore, in order to know if we shall obtain what we ask, we have only to consider—do we seek merely our own pleasure or the grace of God in our prayers? If this only, we shall have the petitions we ask of him. On every occasion of uneasiness we should retire to prayer, that we may give place to the grace and light of God, and then form our resolutions without being in any pain about the success they may have."

This counsel, so needful to many, was specially welcome to Walter, who knew not yet what his father intended to do with him beyond taking him home. This was rather gratifying than otherwise to Walter; for his stay at Cheltenham had not been so pleasant that he should wish to prolong it, and he was not sorry to hear, later in the day, that they were to commence their return journey the following morning.

Whitemead came in their way, and was one stage short of home; so they went to spend an hour or two with the parson while their horses were resting.

"So you have well-nigh become a Methodist, my lad, and frightened your Aunt Euphrasia out of her wits. Well, well, it is all of a piece with Mistress Lucy's notions about freeing

the slaves and your own about steam-engines. The world is going too fast for an old man like me. But when is Lucy coming to hear the sermon I promised to preach to her? Has she turned Methodist, too?"

Her father laughed. "Lucy is too fond of dancing and card playing to turn Methodist," he said. "Euphrasia is making quite a fashionable lady of her."

"Worse and worse. I don't like fashionable ladies, and you ought to have brought Lucy home if Euphrasia can do no more than that for her," grumbled her uncle. "When is she coming back?" he asked.

"Mary is to pay her aunt a visit in the winter, and then take Lucy to Bath for the season; so we shall not see her yet."

"I suppose not. She will be spoiled before we see her again; for I know more of the quality and their ways than you do, John. What are you going to do with Walter?"

"Archie Ross, Bessie's husband, has offered to take him and teach him the business of a merchant, and we cannot do better than accept it."

"I suppose not. What do you say, Walter?"

"I don't like it at all, uncle. I would rather stick to the old foundry, poor as it is. I have

been talking to my father about it as he came along; but he cannot see things as I do."

"No, it would be folly to stick to a sinking ship. The foundry may last my time. I shall make it last for the sake of the men who have worked in it since they were boys; but it will not do for a young man to tie himself to it. He would waste his life, and always be a poor man. The others see it now, and so will you by and by, and thank me for compelling you to give it up."

"Well, and what about the story of your being a Methodist, Walter?" asked his uncle.

"All moonshine," said his father before Walter could reply. "We heard Whitefield preaching as we went, and that sent Euphrasia almost wild; and because Walter heard another of these field sermons from Mr. Wesley she concluded at once that Walter must be a Methodist."

"So you've heard Wesley and Whitefield both, have you? and what have they taught you?"

"That we must be born again, uncle," said Walter.

"Yes, yes, of course; the new birth, and the influence of the Holy Spirit, and salvation by grace—this is what they are always talking

about; but we have the same in the Church service, and I have been preaching the same for years."

"Have you, uncle?" said Walter with widely opened eyes. "I have often heard you read a sermon, but I never heard you preach as Mr. Wesley does."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not; it would not be amiss, perhaps, if some of us took a lesson out of Wesley's book, since it seems people like such plain speech rather than learning. But don't forget this, Walter: there is no need for you to turn Methodist to hear about the influence of the Holy Spirit, for when I can go to my pulpit again I mean to speak in plainer terms to the people about many things; for I see it is time we bestirred ourselves if the Church of England is to be saved."

And so Mr. Wesley's work had a twofold influence. Not only did he found a new Church, but he gave to the old, well-nigh *effete* Church of England a fresh impetus, stirring it up to renew its strength; to take up the disused weapons of its warfare, and renew the struggle against "the world, the flesh, and the devil."

CHAPTER IX.

IN LONDON.

WALTER found that the change in his principles was quietly ignored by his friends, but Mr. Maxwell little knew how much Walter's compliance with his wishes in the matter of becoming a merchant depended upon the new motives actuating his life. To go to London, to be shut up to booking bales of goods and adding up accounts, and never to have a chance of perfecting his plans for driving wheels by steam, was to Walter like robbing him of half his life; but he had begun to learn that he was not to please himself. Mr. Wesley had said in his sermon: "Christianity is summed up in being thoroughly willing that God should treat us in the manner that pleases him. As by becoming Christians we are become his lambs, we ought to be ready to suffer even to the death without complaining;" and so Walter yielded to his father's wishes, thinking that God had some work for him to do in London to which the work of a merchant would be a stepping-stone.

Before he went away his uncle offered to give him the little model of Newcombe's steam-pump, but Walter shook his head. "It will not do to have that if I am to become a merchant," he said. "I should be thinking of wheels, and pistons, and cylinders instead of figures. Keep it for me, uncle, and if ever I can come back to the dear old foundry, I will ask you for it." But what it cost Walter to give up his own way like this no one knew, and few even guessed, unless it was his uncle.

A few weeks were spent at home in preparing for this launch in life, and then Walter went to his new home in London, thinking less of how he was to become a successful merchant and a wealthy man, than what work he could do to forward the kingdom of God; for this was one of the distinctive features of Methodism, and made it such a mighty power in the world that each one coming under its influence learned that he was not to be selfishly concerned in merely saving his own soul, but was to follow the example of Andrew, who "first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias, which is being interpreted the Christ, and he brought him to Jesus." Already had Walter tried to do something by saying a few words

to one or two of his father's workmen—words that had startled the men by their plainness and directness, and brought upon himself the suspicion his father wished to avoid, although this did not reach Mr. Maxwell's ears until after Walter had gone to London, and Horace Golding came home full of zeal and earnestness to plant the good seed in his native place.

But Walter had been before him he found. The grain of mustard seed had been sown in the hearts of one or two, and a little prayer-meeting had been commenced, in one of the workmen's cottages—unknown to Mr. Maxwell, at first; but when he complained of Horace coming among his workpeople, sowing the seeds of Methodism, he heard, to his surprise and alarm, that it was not Horace, but his own son, that had first done this, and one or two, who had suddenly become more steady and reliable in their work, said it was entirely owing to the new ways they had learned from the young master.

Mr. Maxwell grumbled and fumed against all new ways; but he was forced to admit that some of the roughest and least reliable of his men had now become the steadiest; and there was less quarreling and drunkenness among them than ever he had known before. Dame

Maxwell heard of the men's changed habits from their wives, and saw it very soon in the altered look of things in their homes; for she was able to get out again now, and winter always brought such distress and trouble to the more improvident of her husband's work-people that she was constantly called upon to help, and she invariably went on her visits of charity as soon as the cold weather set in. But to her surprise she found this year that her visits, though warmly welcomed by the women, who were proud to show the one or two comforts that had been added to the meager furnishing of the cottage, were by no means so needful, in a pecuniary sense, and that this was owing to the men's changed habits. She heard, too, that prayer-meetings and class-meetings were taking the place of the ale house; which made Dame Maxwell shake her head, but wisely say: "Methodism cannot be such a bad thing for the workmen, then, if it helps them to save their money and make their homes more comfortable." Only she was not quite so well pleased to think that her son should share such benefits as Methodism could bestow. "It is quite clear to me that this dissent is intended for poor people, and Mr. Wesley is quite right to preach to the poor; but

he should tell such lads as Walter to keep to the Church, for it can only make things uncomfortable for them."

Religion, according to Dame Maxwell, was intended by the kind heavenly Father to make people comfortable, by being a sort of salve to their conscience, applied once a week, which would save them from any trouble or thought until the next Sunday came round. It was for Sunday only, and to be strictly confined to the hours for divine service, except on such special occasions as a christening or a funeral; but its ever entering into and influencing the everyday life of the individual was a notion so new and startling to Dame Maxwell and the majority of the people of that day, that it was some time before she could quite believe it, even though she had the evidence of it in the improved condition of a few people she had known for years.

Meanwhile Walter had reached London, and, as it seemed to him, was swallowed up in its busy life. Gloucester had bewildered him at first, with what seemed to be its countless numbers of people, always thronging the streets; but in London the multitude seemed to overwhelm and appall him, and for the first week after his arrival he took care not to go

nearer the hurrying throngs of people than his sister's windows ; for the Rosses lived in the city, although Bessy hoped to have a house at Clapham in a few years.

For the present, however, she had to content herself with the house where her husband's business was carried on in the lower premises ; and as soon as Walter came she impressed upon him the duty of remembering who he was, and not associating with the clerks and apprentices. "By and by we shall have a house at Clapham," she said, "and it will not do to have doubtful companions."

"But I should not think Mr. Ross would take 'doubtful' people into his business, Bessy," said Walter. "My father said he was very particular."

"So he is ; but there are one or two Methodists. My husband says they are excellent servants, truthful and honest, but a little too much inclined to force their notions upon other people ; and you being a stranger, and rather young, they may try to take some advantage of you ; so pray give them no encouragement."

Walter felt puzzled to know what to do-- how he should answer this ; and so he said, "But, Bessy, if these people are truthful and

honest, why should you be so afraid of my making their acquaintance?"

" You must make their acquaintance a little in the way of business, because one of them will be with you a great deal; but you must remember these people are clerks—servants—and they are never likely to be any thing else; therefore it does not matter much what they are in the way of religion. They can be Methodists if they like; but with you it is quite different."

" Why is it different, Bessy?" asked her brother.

" Dear me, what tiresome questions you do ask, to be sure! You have come here to be a merchant, and that makes all the difference."

" But why should it? Why cannot a merchant be a Methodist?" said Walter.

" Because no one ever heard of such a thing. A Methodist merchant!" repeated the lady, scornfully; " why, the Methodists are all poor, low, ill-bred creatures, except, perhaps, a few of the quality, like my Lady Huntingdon; and they can afford to do any thing."

" Why, what did Lady Huntingdon do?" asked Walter, with some curiosity.

" What I would never do," said Dame Ross, tartly. " She asked Mr. Whitefield to preach

at her mansion in Chelsea, and invited my Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Chesterfield, and many others of the first quality, to hear him, and this more than once, as I have heard."

"I am glad," said Walter, "for the quality have souls to save as well as miners and colliers and such poor folks; only it seems to me they are buried deeper under the pleasures and riches of this world, and so are the harder to get at."

"But Methodism will never be fashionable, for all my Lady Huntingdon may do to bring Mr. Whitefield to the quality. A few odd people among them may turn Methodists, but they who follow Mr. Wesley, or Mr. Whitefield either, will always be a poor, low-bred set."

"And are there no Christian merchants in this great city, Bessy?"

"Christian merchants! what do you mean? Do you think we are all Turks or heathens?" exclaimed his sister, in an injured tone.

"No, not heathen exactly, but—but, you know there is a difference in being a Christian, Bessy," said Walter gently.

"Well, I thought we were all Christians; I am, I know, for I was baptized, and have been to church as often as it was convenient; and what more can be expected of us I don't

know." And the young matron tossed her head with an air of defiance, as she sailed out of the room, leaving her brother to think over what she had said.

A day or two afterward his brother-in-law spoke to him on the same subject. "I hope you have no leaning toward these Methodists, Walter," he said. "I don't want you to say a word, my lad," he hastened to add, as Walter was about to speak; "I wont hear a word, for Bessy's sake; but I tell you that, although Methodists make very good servants, they can never be masters, and that you will find out if ever you are a merchant."

"Then I will never be one," said Walter, impulsively; but his brother-in-law turned away, and would not hear; neither would he see the growing intimacy that soon sprang up between him and one or two of the clerks who were called Methodists by their companions, whether they deserved it or not.

Walter was likely to prove very useful in the business in spite of his dislike to it, and the money Mr. Maxwell had agreed to advance by and by, as Walter's share, would be of great service in extending it, and so it was most convenient to ignore and forget all they had heard about his Methodism.

But the first Sunday convinced them it would be impossible to do this entirely, whatever they might wish. "We are going out to-morrow, Walter," said his sister on Saturday morning. "I wish you had let me see your shirts when you first came; not a bit of lace frilling on them! I do wonder at mother sending you like this."

"It was not mother's fault at all," said Walter. "I asked her to let me have them without frills."

"And your new coat without braid, too!"

"Yes, father said I might do as I liked about my coat, and so I saw the tailor myself, and ordered it."

"Father ought to have sent it back to the man and had another made. Dear heart! only a snuff-colored coat without braiding, and not a bit of lace on your shirt! What will our friends think of you, and we are all going to Clapham to-morrow!"

"I cannot go, Bessy," said Walter.

"You mean you are ashamed to be seen in such mean clothes. Well, I don't wonder at it; and I'll take care to alter it next week. I have some fine lace that mother gave me when I was at home that I can make up into frills for you, and you shall go to the tailor's next

week, and get another coat made, in the newest fashion."

"Thank you, Bessy, I don't want another coat," said Walter, when he could get an opportunity of speaking. "I like my snuff-colored coat, and it would be useless to get finer clothes to go out with you on Sundays, because I would much rather spend the day quietly going to church or the Foundry to hear some of Mr. Wesley's preachers."

"The Foundry; what do you mean?" said Bessy, pretending not to understand her brother.

"Mr. Wesley has taken an old cannon foundry somewhere in Moorfields, and uses it for a church or meeting-house. Did you not know it?"

"I did not know that my brother would ever want to go to such a place," said the lady, with extreme disgust. "You question whether we are Christians, and then talk of going to a place that has never been consecrated by the Bishop, and so cannot be a fit place to worship God. You would better go with us to Clapham," she added, in a milder tone.

"No, thank you, I cannot," said Walter, firmly.

"You will find the place dreadfully dull, with only old Betty for company."

"I don't mind that," replied Walter.

"Betty never can cook a dinner properly, and there is only cold meat for her."

"There will be enough for me, too, I dare say," laughed Walter.

"You won't know your way to Moorfields," said his sister, in despair of finding another objection.

"Dawson is coming for me."

"So you prefer Dawson's company to ours. Walter, I am surprised at you. I never believed you would turn Methodist; but you must be, or you would not leave us for these Methodists."

Bessy shed a few tears and made a great display of grief; but Walter, though he tried to reason with and comfort his sister, was not to be moved from his purpose even by her tears.

"Dear Bessy, you will see with me one day, I hope and pray," he said gently, and then he left her, as he foresaw another storm of tears impending.

Bessy and her husband both agreed that it was very shocking Walter should choose such vulgar ways, and be so utterly without am-

bition; for as time went on he did not alter in this particular, and made no secret of his preference for his poor Methodist friends and their prayer-meetings to the wealthy and genteel Clapham people, where only the wealthiest of the London merchants had taken up their abode—and it was rather an honor to be received into one of these magnates' houses, which few treated with contempt.

Bessy tried coaxing and sneering, and employed a good deal of petty persecution to turn her brother from his religious profession, and it was at this time he experienced the help and benefit of the class-meetings; for he had joined a class soon after his first visit to the Foundry, and was formally recognized as a member of the Society of Methodists. Now, these persecutions—very trifling in themselves, but very fretting and galling when constantly repeated, especially to a high-spirited lad like Walter—drove him more and more into the society of his new-found friends, and, what was of far more importance, nearer to God, who alone knew how heavily he was tried and tempted sometimes.

But Walter's greatest trial at this time was his beloved sister, Lucy. He loved her more dearly than ever, yet knew she was drifting

farther and farther away from him and from God, and all the noble aspirations of her girlhood. She passed her time in a round of visits to Bath, and Gloucester, and Cheltenham, and her sister Mary's home, but never had time to answer Walter's letters, sometimes sending a message through Bessy that she did not wish to receive any more from him, as she often burned them without reading them.

But if he could not write he could still pray for her, and many an hour was spent in agonizing prayers and tears for the conversion of this dear sister. He prayed for all his family, especially his father and mother, who were often ailing now; but Lucy—his dear companion and *confidante*—she was never forgotten. Her name was constantly remembered at the throne of grace; and even the things she had cared for in those old, happy days became sacred to Walter for her sake.

The dream and longing she had indulged of the slave-trade being stopped, Walter prayed for that, although he had little hope of ever seeing it realized; but still it was something Lucy would have prayed for and labored for if she had been a Christian he felt sure, and so, as it would have been hers it became his.

Then there was his friend Robert Raikes' plans for bettering the condition of prisoners, and teaching poor children to read on Sundays. Walter could not *do* much toward furthering these objects, but he could pray; and he did, and the harvest of these prayers came one day, although it seemed to Walter at this time that he was but an unprofitable servant; for in the active work of Methodism he could do little or nothing, his brother-in-law peremptorily forbidding him to take any part in the work that so many others could engage in for the spread of the Gospel. He might go to the Foundry once on Sunday, and attend one meeting during the week, but nothing beyond this would Mr. Ross allow; for he hoped by this means to wean Walter from Methodism, little knowing how deeply it had taken root in his heart.

CHAPTER X.

A STRANGE SCENE.

YOUNG Dame Ross had accused Walter of being without ambition, because he so persistently declined to join in her amusements and pleasure-parties; but the fact was, she knew no more of her brother's aspirations and desires than she did of the greatest stranger, and if she *had* known, would certainly have failed to understand them. To be a wealthy and successful merchant seemed to Walter the poorest destiny possible for him. He had given up his love of mechanics to please his father, but another desire had taken its place now, and that was to become one of Mr. Wesley's "helpers," or lay preachers, and that was not so easy of accomplishment as Walter first thought. He had made inquiry about this, after he had been a year or two in London, but found he was by no means qualified; for helpers were not admitted indiscriminately—*gifts* as well as grace for the work were required.

An aspirant for this important work was first

examined concerning his theological knowledge, that it might be seen whether his opinions were sound. He was then to preach before Mr. Wesley, and afterward to give his reasons for thinking that he was called of God to the ministry. The best proof of this was, that some persons should have been convinced of sin and converted by his preaching. Then there were twelve rules to be strictly observed by the helpers, which Walter often pondered over, and made the rule of his life even now, as far as he could :

“ I. Be diligent. Never be unemployed : never be triflingly employed. Never trifle away time ; neither spend any more time at any place than is strictly necessary.

“ II. Be serious. Let your motto be, ‘ Holiness to the Lord.’ Avoid all lightness, jesting, and foolish talking.

“ III. Converse sparingly, and conduct yourself prudently with women. (I Tim. v, 2.)

“ IV. Take no step toward marriage without first advising with your brethren.

“ V. Believe evil of no one without good evidence ; unless you see it done take heed how you credit it. Put the best construction on every thing. You know the judge is always supposed to be on the prisoner’s side.

“VI. Speak evil of no one; because your word especially would eat as doth a canker. Keep your thoughts within your own breast till you come to the person concerned.

“VII. Tell every one under your care what you think wrong in his conduct and temper, and that lovingly and plainly, and as soon as may be: else it will fester in your heart. Make all haste to cast the fire out of your bosom.

“VIII. Avoid all affectation. A preacher of the Gospel is the servant of all.

“IX. Be ashamed of nothing but sin; not of fetching wood, (if time permit,) or drawing water; not of cleaning your own shoes, or your neighbor's.

“X. Be punctual. Do every thing exactly at the time. And do not mend our rules, but keep them; not for wrath, but conscience' sake.

“XI. You have nothing to do but to save souls, therefore spend and be spent in this work; and go always not only to those that want you, but to those that want you most.

“XII. Act in all things, not according to your own will, but as a son in the Gospel. As such it is your duty to employ your time in the manner in which we direct: in preaching, and visiting from house to house; in reading, meditation, and prayer. Above all, if you labor with

us in the Lord's vineyard, it is needful you should do that part of the work which we advise, at those times and places which we judge most for his glory."

These twelve rules were written out and hung up in his own bedroom, and for some time escaped his sister's notice; but she saw them at last, and also the books he spent some hours of each night in reading—theological books—some of which he had bought and some that had been lent to him; and this was the first intimation his family had of his intention to become a preacher.

Dame Ross was in a fury of indignation the moment she understood it, and unfortunately Walter happened to go up stairs when she was tearing up his treasured "rules."

"So that is what you mean, is it? to be the servant of all, to fetch wood and carry water and clean your own boots, and Wesley's too, I suppose? Walter, I am ashamed of you. None has disgraced us so much as you have, and now you mean to drag us still lower."

"What do you mean?" asked Walter, looking at the scattered bits of paper on the floor, and the books that lay open on the table.

"You know what I mean, well enough," said Bessy; "you are breaking my heart, and

mother's too ;" and Dame Ross took refuge in tears.

Walter was somewhat used to these passionate outbursts from his sister by this time, and took little notice of it ; but he soon found that it was not to be passed over as others had been.

"I shall send for father now, Walter. This cannot go on any longer; for if you are determined to be one of Wesley's servants you must leave this house at once. Archie says you will never make a successful merchant, and my father ought to know it is your own fault."

"I cannot be dishonest. There are some things done—Archie says they must be done; I never knew of them until a day or two ago, or I would not have stayed here as long as I have; for I cannot, and will not, be a party to what is so plainly dishonest."

"What! you dare to say my husband is dishonest?" exclaimed Bessy, firing up again. "What do you know about business and the ways of the world, and how dare you set yourself up as a judge of what he ought or ought not to do? But there, it is quite like the canting Methodists; thinking themselves better than their neighbors, and setting themselves up as wiser than every body else!"

"I do not set myself above every body else,

or attempt to judge your husband, Bessy; I only judge for myself, that I cannot be a merchant like Archie without constantly sinning against God, and I would rather be a beggar than a merchant, under those conditions."

"A beggar you are most likely to be, and the sooner my father knows it the better; but his disappointment is nothing to you, I dare say, so long as you can keep to Mr. Wesley."

Having delivered this parting shot, his sister went down stairs, leaving Walter in as unhappy a state of mind as it was possible to be; for just now Walter was drifting away from Mr. Wesley, and all his own old friends, through the theological dispute that had arisen between him and Whitefield years before upon the doctrine of election. These good men had each looked at this much-vexed question from opposite stand-points, and were so confident, each of his own interpretation of Scripture, that neither could admit that the other had grasped a portion of the truth, but each earnestly denounced the contrary view as destructive error; Wesley repudiating the Calvinistic views of Whitefield, and Whitefield entirely rejecting the Arminianism of Wesley. Into this vortex of theological arguments and pleadings Walter had plunged, and, with a

fairness not often to be found in those days, he had begun to read and consider the views held by Mr. Whitefield, and the section of Methodists following him and now just beginning to be known as "The Countess of Huntingdon's Connection." This lady had fully adopted Whitefield's views, and during his frequent absences in America had forwarded his plans by gathering around her some of the clergy who were like-minded with herself, and willing to preach in the chapels she built. Their largest place of worship was the Tabernacle, on Tottenham Court Road, and Walter had been there several times, instead of going to the Foundry, although he felt almost ashamed to turn his back upon his friends, and very sorry that he could not see with them upon this much-disputed point.

Perhaps there was something in the circumstance of Whitefield's being chosen from such an unlikely position in life to account for his view of this doctrine of election, and the same thing might unconsciously influence Walter; for he could not but reflect upon the divine Love making itself known to him, when he and Lucy both shared in the opportunity of embracing it; only here Walter was not quite consistent in his Calvinism, for he could not

endure the thought that God had loved him and chosen him out of his family, and in preference to his sister, altogether rejecting her.

No, no ; he could not give up hope for Lucy. He must believe that she, too, was one of God's elect, only the time of her calling had not yet arrived. Meanwhile he would pray for her and for all he loved. Blessed inconsistency ! And how many who call themselves rigid Calvinists will argue for it to the bitter, cruel end, until, all unconsciously, they make the God who is love appear as a tyrannical monster, and all human effort for the salvation of souls as a blind beating upon adamantine walls ; for this is the only natural conclusion to be drawn from this doctrine pushed to the extreme to which many do push it ; and yet, blessed be God, who has given us hearts stronger than creeds ! these same people, with an inconsistency worthy of Whitefield, will labor and pray for the salvation of souls with as much fervor as Wesley, who, with as strong a grip, held the reverse side of the shield : "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," and spent his life in arousing men to engage in this "work."

Walter was still in this uncomfortable state of drifting away from his old moorings, as laid

down by Mr. Wesley and the Conference, and as yet unknown to any one at Lady Huntingdon's church, when his sister discovered the "rules" hanging in his bedroom, which brought about such a storm of indignation, and ended in her writing to her father that it was hopeless to think of Walter's becoming a merchant, as he was a stanch Methodist, and refused to do many things necessary in the way of business.

Walter did not know that his father was likely to come to London so soon, although Bessy had threatened it; and he had gone with some friends to Wandsworth where Mr. Wesley was to baptize some negroes, the property of a Mr. Gilbert, who was himself a Methodist West India planter, and Speaker of the House of Assembly at Antigua. That negroes had souls to save was a thought that had not crossed many minds, and the novel spectacle of slaves being admitted into the brotherhood of the Christian Church had drawn a large number to Wandsworth, and doubtless awoke in many thoughts that had never before visited them. It certainly did in Walter. He walked home, thinking of the strange sight he had witnessed, and wishing some one could go and tell these poor people the gospel message simply and plainly, as Mr. Wesley and Mr.

Whitefield were proclaiming it through the length and breadth of England. There were the plantations in America, as well as the West Indies, where people would, doubtless, gladly welcome the Gospel message that so many despised here. Mr. Wesley had been to Georgia soon after his ordination, and Mr. Whitefield had spent a good deal of time there since; but he knew something of the extent of the American plantations, as they were called, and how utterly impossible it was for one man to reach the thousands of souls who must be living in ignorance and sin in those wide regions. They had some form of religion he supposed, for he had heard of the sailing of the "May-flower," and the settlement of New England being peopled by Dissenters who refused to give up their religious convictions at the bidding of the King; but in England these Independents, who had struggled so bravely for religious liberty a century before, had either been crushed out of existence, or had fallen into well-nigh as deep a sleep as the Established Church. Doubtless it was the same in America, and, therefore, Methodists ought to go there and rouse them from their death-sleep, as Mr. Wesley had done in England and Ireland.

So Walter thought and reasoned as he walked slowly home from Wandsworth that cold winter afternoon. Before the city was reached he had made up his mind what it was his duty to do. If he could not preach to a critical English audience, he could at least teach some of his more ignorant countrymen in the plantations of America; for he had heard the description of the Southern States given by a Bishop of the English Church, which forcibly recurred to his mind now. "The first European inhabitants," he said, "carried but little sense of Christianity abroad with them. A great part of the rest suffered it to wear out gradually, and their children grew, of course, to have yet less than they, till in some States there were scarce any footprints of it left beyond the mere name. No teacher was known; no religious assembly was held; baptism not administered for near twenty years together, nor the Lord's Supper for nearly sixty, among many thousands of people who did not deny the obligation of these duties, but lived, nevertheless, in a stupid neglect of them." Walter thought of this gloomy picture, and resolved to go as a teacher among these people, even if he should have to bind himself to serve as a slave to pay his passage out, though he hoped

it would not come to this; for surely Mr. Wesley or Mr. Whitefield would send him, if he once made his desire known.

By the time Fleet-street was reached the linkboys were running about with their lighted torches, and Walter barely escaped getting into trouble with one of them and Dr. Johnson, who was turning out of Bolt Court for a walk in his well-beloved Fleet-street. Walter unintentionally pushed a linkboy out of his way, and well-nigh set fire to the doctor's wig. A few oaths were hurled at him by both the aggrieved parties, and then the linkboy hurried on after his employer's chair, and Walter stopped to apologize to the crusty old doctor for the misadventure; for he knew him by sight, as most people did who knew any thing of London at all.

“Well, well, young man, I suppose I must believe you are sorry if you say so, but I hope you will be more cautious in future; and if you will lend me your arm across the road between this crowd of coaches and chairs I think we may cry quits.”

Walter was quite willing to do this, and carefully piloted the learned man through the crowd so as to avoid the poles carried by the chairmen and the flaring links carried by the

boys running at the side, which made such a scene of confusion that might well make a man who had recently been as ill as the doctor had feel somewhat nervous.

Walter hurried home after his adventure, glad to have something he could relate to his sister that would interest her; for he never dare mention any thing connected with Mr. Wesley or the chapel, so that he felt pleased at his meeting with Dr. Johnson.

But to his surprise he found that his sister Mary had arrived at Cheapside during his absence, and a glance at the faces of his two sisters told him that something unusual had happened.

“What is the matter, Mary?” he asked, as he returned her cool greeting.

“A good deal, I hear. I have come to find out what it all means; for mother is nearly heart-broken over it. Bessy says you will not try to be a merchant, but would rather be a beggar, or black other people’s boots. For my part, I should just let you walk out into the street, and do it without any more ado; but I have promised mother and father I would try once more to bring you to your senses, though I think there is less chance of it succeeding now than if it had been tried

four or five years ago, when you first took up these Methodist notions. But now there is but one course open to you ; either give up all this mad fanaticism, or give up your family ; for you cannot keep both."

"What do you mean ?" said Walter. "Do you think I am such a boy as I was when you burned my models? Let me remind you that that happened five years ago, and I am a man now, and not to be browbeaten by you, although you are my elder sister."

The two ladies were so evidently taken aback by Walter's spirited reply that both were at a loss for an answer, until Bessy said, "Now, Walter, be reasonable, and take Mary's advice, though you wont take mine."

"I cannot take any advice that would rob me of eternal life," replied Walter. "I have been reasonable, as you are pleased to call it, and wherever I could I have conformed to your wishes, Bessy ; for you have so far treated me reasonably as not to demand that I should give up my religious convictions, although you did not share them."

"You have been allowed to do too much as you like all your life," interrupted his elder sister, her temper now fairly roused at the failure of her scheme, which she had felt sure

would succeed, and which she was determined at least should be carried out. "You have set every body at defiance, and trampled upon the wishes of your mother and father, until you think every body is to bow to your will. No Maxwell ever did such a thing before, and you must not, for the family name and the family honor is at stake in this matter; and if you will not give up the religion that is only fit for the lowest rabble, you must cease to be one of us from this very hour. I give you ten minutes to choose."

"What do you mean?" gasped Walter.

"I speak plainly enough. You leave this house to-night, or give a written promise to your father never again to see or hold any communication with Wesley or any of his Methodists—that you cease to be a Methodist from to-night."

"Where is my father?" said Walter; "you have no right to dictate such terms to me."

"I am acting by your father's wish. He is in this house now, but declines to see you until you are prepared to give the promise I require."

"I cannot do it," said Walter, with a groan of anguish. "O Bessy, you know I have yielded in almost every thing, except in mat-

ters of conscience. Do go and ask my father to let me see him at least once more," pleaded Walter; and Bessy was so far touched that she would have yielded, and, knowing her father had with difficulty been persuaded to let Mary carry out her own plans, would have taken Walter at once to him.

But Mary speedily interposed: "I alone am to settle this matter," she said, "and I give you ten minutes to decide. You understand me? You leave this house at once, and never seek to hold any communication with your family again."

"Do you indorse this, Bessy?" asked Walter.

"I must; I have no choice," replied Bessy.

CHAPTER XI.

HOMELESS.

WALTER was in the street under the midnight sky, homeless and almost penniless. He stood gazing at the lighted windows of his sister's home, wondering why his father had refused to see him. He had not pleaded again with either of his sisters, for he knew it would be useless; but O! if he could only have pleaded with his father, he felt sure this cruel edict would not have been carried out.

How long he stood staring blankly at the window he did not know; but presently it began to rain, which first forced upon his mind the necessity of getting some shelter for the night; for it was bitterly cold, and Walter had stood until his limbs were benumbed as well as his senses. The blow had fallen so suddenly that it had stunned him for the time. But as the rain fell sharp and cold upon his face a word of precious comfort came to strengthen his soul in this hour of trial: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord



All Alone in London.

will take me up." He whispered the words half aloud, and he felt as though one of God's angels must be walking with him through the dark, dangerous streets, so safe and secure from all harm did he feel.

He had several friends in London who would be willing to assist him he knew, some of whom lived close by; but he chose to go to a motherly old lady living with her son near the Foundry, for he did not wish that his brother-in-law's clerks should know how he had been expelled from the house, even though they were Methodists.

There was some difficulty in rousing his friends at such a late hour; but, once made sensible who it was knocking at the door, he was soon admitted, and a few words of explanation quite satisfied the old lady; for such harsh treatment was only too common in the annals of Methodism, and Walter was not the first she had succored in an hour of distress.

Bessy had said he might send for his baggage the next day, or it should be sent to any address he might forward. He had tied up a few things in a bundle and brought it with him, and with this he resolved to start the next day by the earliest mail-coach going in the direction of his old home. Not that he

intended to venture there yet, but he would go to his uncle Rawlings, and persuade him to intercede with his father on his behalf.

He had not, by any means, given up hope of a final reconciliation with his friends again, and meanwhile he was comforted and upheld by the thought that he was in the path of duty; that he had not willfully offended his friends; but in all minor matters he had yielded to them. It was this yielding disposition lately evinced by Walter that made them so sure of ultimate success in coercing him to give up what he held as his soul's life, but which they looked upon as mere wild fanaticism; and his elder sister had volunteered her services in bringing him to a more sensible frame of mind if her friends would only allow her to do as she liked, assuring them that Walter would certainly give up all his nonsense if her plans were followed closely.

It was not in Dame Mary's plan, however, to turn her brother out of doors on a wet wintry night. That he brought on himself, as she told her sister, when Bessy ventured to say a word on his behalf. He should not have opposed the plans devised for his exclusive benefit—a mode of reasoning that satisfied Mary herself, but did not satisfy her father, who

could not rest until he had ascertained where Walter had gone; and he was intensely relieved when he heard that he had set off to visit his uncle.

A letter was at once written and dispatched to Mr. Rawlings begging him to use his influence with Walter—to promise any thing and every thing if he would only give up his religion.

The letter arrived a few hours before Walter himself, and so the vicar was somewhat prepared for his coming.

“Well, my lad, you have found time to come and see me at last,” said the vicar, holding out both his hands in welcome to Walter.

Walter tried to smile, but it ended in a burst of tears; for he was tired and footsore from his long walk from the town where the mail-coach stopped, and the thought of this being his only refuge now, and that this might be closed against him when his uncle knew every thing, had made his winter walk any thing but a pleasant one.

Walter was resolved to put this to the test at once, and so, before grasping his uncle’s hand, he said, “You ought to know—you must know that I am a Methodist still, uncle.”

“Tut, tut; you are Walter Maxwell still, I

suppose. Come in, my lad, come in; you are cold and tired. A good meal and a seat by the fire will make things look very different; and then if you like you shall tell me every thing. Dame Mary thought to convert you with the first taste of her logic, I suppose," laughed the vicar good-humoredly, bustling about to make Walter comfortable, after he had ordered dinner to be served as quickly as possible.

"It is not Mary, so much as my father. Do you know, uncle, that he has cast me off?" said Walter, the tears still in his eyes.

"No, I don't, and I wont believe it; for I know he has been wishing lately that you could come home and take your place in the foundry. Did he tell you business had begun to revive again at last?"

"I have not seen him, uncle. He declined to see me unless I would give Mary a written promise never to see or have any thing to do with the Methodists again."

"And you refused, of course, as any spirited lad would refuse, to be driven to make any promise. Dame Mary may be clever in some things. She can manage her husband, and play the lady of quality to perfection, and do almost as she likes with Lucy; but she is none

the less a fool to my way of thinking, and she has proved it in this matter. Now, my lad, let us go to dinner and forget every thing else for a time."

"Is Lucy at home?" asked Walter.

"Yes, I suppose so; it is not often she favors me with a visit now. Lucy is changed, Walter. She is as much a woman of the world as Mary herself; and nothing but those little French poodles and the fashion of a new dress is worthy of her attention. Your friend, Golding, tried to bring her to a better frame of mind, I hear; but she soon made him understand she would listen to none of his preaching; and since then no one has tried to hinder her from becoming one of the fools of quality. But there, I did not mean to mention another unpleasant topic. Let me fill your horn again; this is splendid ale," said the vicar, lifting a large tankard as he spoke.

But Walter put his hand upon the silver-rimmed horn to prevent his uncle taking it. "I will not have another drop, uncle," he said; "it is not often I drink ale at all now."

"Not drink ale! Why, what do you drink?"

"Water, or a cup of sage tea—the tea is Mr. Wesley's favorite beverage, and is cheaper than any other."

"It is better than water certainly, but I have no stomach for such messes;" and, not caring to bring Mr. Wesley's name into discussion, he began to talk of the revival of business again. "By the way, Walter, have you forgotten the model steam-engine up stairs?" asked the vicar, looking at him keenly as he spoke.

Walter's face flushed with pleasure. "Forgotten it, uncle! I should think not," said Walter.

"Well, I wish you would clean it for me while you are here. You rubbed it up once before, you remember; but it needs taking to pieces, I think, and a thorough cleaning, or I am afraid it will be spoiled."

His uncle's solicitude about the "model engine" rather surprised Walter, but at the same time it gratified him, and he readily promised to set about the work of cleaning it, merely remarking it would be a "long job."

"Never mind that, my lad; take your time over it. Tim shall clear out the lumber room ready for you to begin to-morrow, and if you want any help he can give it you." Walter laughed at the idea of Tim being able to help him, and protested that he did not want the lumber room cleaned up. "I would rather

have it as it is—as it used to be in the old days, when Lucy and I turned it out so often. What an El Dorado it was to us both!"

"Almost as good as the old summer parlor at home," laughed the vicar.

"Better, uncle, now; for I have never quite liked the old place since Mary burned my models there; it has always been too tidy, and reminded me too much of what happened there; but your old lumber room is just as Lucy and I used to play in it, I suppose."

"Just the same, my lad, and we will get Lucy here to play there again. Capital! she shall come and help you clean the model instead of Tim," and the vicar rubbed his hands with delight at the promised success of his plan. He determined to drive over to Lipscombe the next day and fetch Lucy, and her mother too, if Mrs. Maxwell was able to come. He told Walter of this, and Walter would gladly have gone with him to see his mother and sister, but the vicar suggested that it would be best to wait a little while, and not risk another meeting with Mary just yet. The truth was, the vicar did not want to risk his own plan for bringing Walter back to the wishes of his friends, and he foresaw that a meeting too soon would involve a danger of its

all being spoiled ; but he thought if time was given for his cure to work, Walter would be won over before he was himself aware of it.

“ Dear heart, uncle ! you have just saved us from dying of weariness,” exclaimed Lucy, with an affected little laugh, when her uncle entered the room.

“ Your brother was almost dying of weariness yesterday, madame, but it was of a different kind. I verily thought the lad would be ill after his long walk, for he was ill-provided with money, and had scarce broken his fast all day.”

“ Dear, dear ! who can you be talking of ? Hungry, too ! why did he not sing a love-song to some pretty damsel, and she would have given him a bounteous meal ? ”

“ That is enough, Lucy,” her mother ventured to say ; “ your uncle does not affect the fashionable nonsense that is talked now.”

“ I suppose I am an old-fashioned man, but I sometimes wonder whether these fools of quality ever could be serious over any thing. I tell Lucy here, her brother has been in danger of dying of hunger, and she laughs and talks of love-songs.” The vicar spoke sternly, but looked pityingly at the pretty, vain girl, whom he hoped to rescue from her frivolity at the

same time as he brought her brother back from Methodism.

But Lucy would not see the look he bent upon her, but turned away with a toss of her pretty overdressed head, leaving her mother to talk to her uncle.

“Thank God he has come to you!” said Dame Maxwell, when he told the news of Walter’s arrival; but Lucy never moved from the window where she had taken her station, nor gave any sign that she heard the conversation going forward. He told of Mary’s harsh, arbitrary treatment of Walter, and that he had left London with but little money, and only a small bundle of clothes, as he had intended returning there as soon as he had become reconciled to his friends.

“Now, we must prevent that,” said the vicar, “and I want Lucy to help me. Do you hear, Lucy?” he said, raising his voice and speaking to her.

“What are you talking about? Surely you cannot want help from me; I cannot think, you know, any more than my poor little doggie, and it is positively cruel to ask me to try.”

“Now, Lucy, do be serious a minute, and listen to your uncle,” expostulated her mother.

Lucy executed an elaborate courtesy, as an

intimation that she was awaiting their pleasure. "What is it my most reverend uncle wants?" she asked, with mock solemnity.

The vicar would have liked to box her ears, but he only said, "I want you to come home with me, Lucy."

"You want me and all my pets!" screamed Lucy. "What will you do with Jocko, my monkey, and the two parrots, and Fido, and Floss?"

"I wont have them at any price; but I want you, Lucy, to come home with me and try to interest Walter in his old work. I have set him to clean up the little steam-engine for me, and if you were there I think we should succeed in winning him back to the old foundry again."

"Has he given up being a Methodist, uncle?" asked Lucy, forgetting her affectation for once.

"No, no, that is what I am trying to do. Mary's plan has failed, and—"

"And so will yours, uncle," interrupted Lucy. "I know those Methodists, and he is only trying to deceive you to serve his own purpose."

"I don't believe it," said the vicar. "Walter never tried to deceive me in his life. The moment he came in yesterday he told me he was

a Methodist. I am trying to deceive him, if it is deceit to win him back to you before he is aware of it; and I have come to ask you to help me."

"You will never do it, uncle, and I can never see Walter while he is a Methodist; I promised Mary I would not," said Lucy.

"Hang Mary! Do you care no more for your brother than that—that you will not lift your little finger to bring him back to his home? Lucy, I am ashamed of you."

"I have never done any thing half so disgraceful as Walter, and I think it is very hard that I should be blamed for not sacrificing myself for his whims; for it is only a whim," protested Lucy; "a wicked, obstinate whim, that he ought to have given up long ago."

"Then you will not come back with me, Lucy?" said the vicar, rising and buttoning up his coat.

"Certainly not. I might catch the distemper myself," laughed Lucy; "they say the most unlikely subjects take it sometimes."

"You are unlikely enough, certainly," said the vicar bitterly; "but if I had to choose, I would rather see you a Methodist than such a feather-headed fool as the world has made you."

Dame Maxwell was not sorry to see her brother depart, for these encounters with Lucy always made her feel uncomfortable. She was vaguely proud of this youngest daughter now —the beauty of the family—of whom she stood in almost as much awe as she did of Mary; but the vicar's strictures on Lucy's behavior rather marred her satisfaction in her darling's perfections, and she forgot to ask when Walter was coming, in her agitation over the hard words spoken to Lucy.

The vicar did not fail to notice the omission, and resolved to keep Walter with him, and not suggest even a visit to his home yet; though how he was to do this without hurting the poor fellow's feelings he did not know. But circumstances favored the kind-hearted vicar in this; for when he reached home he found Walter crouching over the fire in the library, unable to get on with his work of taking the engine to pieces because his head ached so violently. He had a bad cold; the vicar saw that at once, and insisted upon his nursing it, and not exposing himself to the inclemency of the weather for some time.

Walter was so far amenable to his uncle's commands that he did not attempt to go out for a day or two; but when Sunday came he

insisted upon going to church, and could not fail to notice that a change had taken place here, if nothing else in the village had changed. His uncle took the whole service himself, reading the beautiful Church prayers with such feeling and reverence that Walter could not but be struck with the difference in his reading now and what it used to be; and it was evident that others besides himself were aware of it, for there were more people in church than he had ever seen in his life before, despite the wintry weather and the bad state of the roads.

Coming out of church, he stopped to speak to one or two of the old folks whom he recognized, but who failed to recognize the tall, plainly-dressed stranger as their vicar's nephew until he made himself known.

“A mony people in church, sir?” said one old woman, repeating Walter’s remark. “Well, I don’t know; we always do get a good many now. It didn’t used to be so; but, bless you, parson talks to you that plain, it aint like preaching a bit. ’Taint learning, not a bit of it, but just plain talk, about God’s commandments and our duty to our neighbor, and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. Bless you! the Methodies couldn’t, couldn’t talk plainer than our parson do now; and even the quality

seem to like it, some of 'em, leastwise ; for squire, he do come oftener now than when there was learning to be had, which I cannot but wonder at."

Walter did not, however; and, reflecting on this change in his uncle's mode of performing his duties, he suddenly recollected what his uncle had said when he had returned from Gloucester.

Here, then, was another proof of the glorious work Mr. Wesley was doing for England and the world. And what higher honor, what nobler destiny, could any one covet than to be the helper of such a man in such a work?

CHAPTER XII.

AN UNSISTERLY SISTER.

WHETHER the vicar's plan of winning Walter away from Methodism through his love of mechanics would finally have succeeded we cannot tell; but before the little engine was perfectly put together again a messenger came from Lipscombe to say that Mr. Maxwell was dying. This was the first intimation Walter had received of his father's return from London; for to all his suggestions of going home the vicar had said, "Wait awhile, my lad—wait until your father comes back."

And Walter had waited and watched and studied, almost oblivious of the lapse of time, in the delight of puzzling over the problem that had occupied his mind from his earliest years. It was a rude awakening from the pleasant day-dreams, and the shock almost stunned Walter by its suddenness.

It seemed that Mr. Maxwell returned from London suffering from a bad cold, and the fatigue of the journey and inclemency of the

weather had aggravated the symptoms; but it was thought a few days' rest and careful nursing would restore him, and so little anxiety had been felt by any one until the doctor told Mary her father was sinking fast, and could not live many hours longer. He had, in fact, been sinking gradually, but almost imperceptibly, for months; and doubtless this journey to London, and the agitation caused by Walter's being turned out of doors so summarily by his sisters, had hastened the end.

It came before Walter could reach his home, although he and the vicar had started as soon as they received the message; and Walter's grief at not being in time to say one word to his father before he died was almost frantic in its intensity. The sneer that Methodists were without natural feeling or affection could not be brought against Walter, though some of his Methodist friends would, doubtless, have blamed him for giving way to grief in such an uncontrollable manner. His uncle had to do something like it at last, urging him, for his mother's sake, to control his feelings, and reminding him that his father was now in God's hands.

“O uncle, that is it!” wailed poor Walter. “If I could have known—if he could have

spoken one word to me about this, that we might have a little hope!"

"Yes, yes, my lad, I know what you mean; and I'll tell you this for your comfort, that your father has been a different man lately. That sermon he heard Whitefield preach, he never forgot it. We have talked it over a good many times; and though he'd never own it, perhaps even to himself, because it would be too much like the Methodists, I believe he was what you would call 'converted,' Walter. I dare say Wesley and Whitefield, too, have done many a work like this among people who are too proud to own it, like as your father was."

Walter was glad to catch at any straw of comfort, and this was more than he expected after the way his father had treated him; but his uncle reminded him that it was his sisters rather than his father who were responsible for this, and Walter's grief grew more calm after he had had this talk with his uncle.

It was arranged that he should stay at home until after the funeral; but it was curious to notice how every body avoided him as much as possible. His mother was ill, and Mary and Lucy were attending to her or ordering the mourning all day long. Lucy never had

time to sit ten minutes with her brother, while Mary was barely civil.

Walter went to the foundry and talked to the workmen about the revival of business, and heard from one and another that he was expected to step into his father's place and infuse new life in the old place. But Walter shook his head. "God has other work than this for me to do now; and, unless it is absolutely necessary—unless I am almost compelled to do it—I shall have nothing to do with the dear old foundry now."

"Well, well, Master Walter, I won't gainsay it, if the Lord have called you to work for him. You began a good work among us five or six years ago, and, though we be but a little band, thank God, we haven't forgot that time." The man was a Methodist himself, and the mainstay of the little Society here, as well as foreman of the foundry, where he had worked for years. He told Walter of a visit "Parson Golding" had paid them the previous summer—for Horace was an ordained clergyman, now settled in a large parish, and doing his work all the better for being a "Methodist parson" and the friend of Mr. Wesley. He had come to the room where they held their prayer-meetings and class-meetings, and

preached to them, and afterward held an outdoor service in the church-yard. "O, and the master was there to listen to the sermon, too, Walter!" added the old man. "He didn't think any of us saw him, and didn't want to be seen, I knew that, and I took care he shouldn't be, and I never said a word about it to any body till now; but I thought it would kind of comfort you, master, now."

"Yes, yes, my uncle has been telling me something like this," said Walter, choking back his tears; "but if I could have seen him — said one word to him before he died! I shall always blame myself that I did not come straight here instead of going to Whitemead."

"Well, well, I think it was better you did not. If the master and missis were by themselves, it would have been best; but Dame Mary and Mistress Lucy are the masters here now; so don't fret. I'd like to know what is to be done with the old place," added the man.

"You shall know as soon as I do," said Walter; "but I hope my father has not left any commands for me to take it up."

Walter's wish was gratified in this particular. The will had been made some years before, and whatever wishes Mr. Maxwell might

have indulged in lately were not expressed in this now, and so Walter was left free to choose his future path in life ; for he could come back to the old foundry if he liked—the will gave him this choice—and if he did not, it was to be carried on by the trustees for the benefit of Mrs. Maxwell, and at her death to be wound up.

The foundry, it seemed, was all Mr. Maxwell had to leave. The consternation this caused, where every body expected a share in a large fortune, can be better imagined than described. Walter was glad to escape from the scene of confusion at home to the quiet of his uncle's parsonage. He had made up his mind as to his future before his father's will was read, and he hoped his penniless condition would interfere but little with the carrying of it out.

Lady Huntingdon had established a college at Trevecca, in South Wales. The terms of admission were, that the students should be truly converted to God and resolved to dedicate themselves to his service. During three years they were to be boarded and instructed gratuitously, at her ladyship's cost, and supplied every year with a suit of clothes ; at the end of that time they were either to take or-

ders, or enter the ministry among Dissenters of any denomination. Walter's wish was to fit himself for a missionary to America, either to be sent by the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," which had lately been established, or to go as one of Mr. Wesley's or Mr. Whitefield's helpers, wherever they might like to send him. To fit himself for this, he resolved to go to Lady Huntingdon's college if he could obtain admission.

He wrote to some of his Methodist friends in London, immediately after his father's death, and through these he made application to Lady Huntingdon, for admission to her college, which, after due inquiry, was at once granted, much to Walter's satisfaction and his uncle's annoyance.

The vicar knew nothing of what Walter desired until the matter was almost settled, and then he protested loudly against it. "Why not go to Oxford or Cambridge and take a parson's degree properly?" said his uncle, "I would have paid all your expenses at the university, for though I cannot leave you my property, who has a greater right to share in it than my sister's children? Go to Oxford, my lad, and when you have taken your degree come and help me here at Whitemead."

But Walter shook his head. “I am a Methodist, uncle ;” he said, “and I cannot give it up even to please you. I want to carry this gospel, that Mr. Whitefield preaches, to the plantations of America or the West Indies, I care not which, so that I may enlighten some dark souls.”

“And why not try to enlighten the dark souls at home ?” said the vicar, rather sharply.

“Because they have Mr. Wesley and hundreds of others ; but in the plantations they are perishing for lack of knowledge.”

In vain the vicar urged the claims of his family. Walter took refuge under Mr. Wesley’s authority, that he was under no obligation to be intimate with his brothers and sisters, as they were all worldly people. Perhaps he had as much excuse as any one to urge this, seeing how he had been treated by them—but it was not Christlike ; this was one of the few defects of Methodism, inseparable from all human institutions. Doubtless it was urged by Mr. Wesley as a safeguard against his followers being drawn into the evil courses from which so many of them had been rescued ; and many of them lacked the liberal, catholic spirit of their guide, or his gentle urbanity and wise discretion ; and many, like Walter, substituted

a sectarian for a catholic spirit, which often carried disunion and discord into private life, breaking up families and friendships, and causing much domestic unhappiness, as well as bringing discredit on the name of religion.

But before Walter went away from the vicarage he was called to part with his mother. She lived little more than a month after her husband had been laid in the grave, and quietly passed away, surrounded by all her children, and mourned for in many a humble cottage-home besides her own. Walter stood at her bedside when she died, and tried to speak to her once or twice. She evidently understood his desire and the anxiety that prompted it; for, turning her face toward him, she whispered, "Peace, peace;" and her whole countenance showed that there was abundance of peace, if not repentance, in her death. But Walter could not believe in this, although his uncle told him of little incidents in his mother's later life that might have assured him she had turned to God "with all her heart and with all her soul," as she had all her life been a good woman and a true mother to her children. This latter argument Walter scouted as self-righteousness, and persisted in mourning as though his mother was eternally lost, because she had never experi-

enced the conversion that was accepted as such by the Methodists. This was the worst side of Methodism. It was not according to the spirit or teaching of Mr. Wesley; and it was a pity that Walter should have exhibited it to his family as he did, for it only increased their hatred of what he held most dear.

He saw little of his brothers and sisters after his mother's funeral. Lucy studiously avoided him, although, at the same time, she felt hurt that he did not inquire where she was to live in future, for she was totally unprovided for beyond what the sale of the foundry and household effects would realize.

Early in the spring Walter commenced his journey to Wales, his heart still sore from his recent bereavement, but full of eager hope and anticipation for the future. He had known but little of the pleasure of Christian communion, but he had formed extravagant ideas concerning it, and at Trevecca he thought they would be fully realized; for though he did not think he had attained to Christian perfection himself, he had heard a great deal about it from his Methodist friends, and surely it would be found in this college, where none were admitted but those truly converted to God, and

filled with a desire to engage in his service. Surely among these there were many who had attained to that constant communion with God to which the humblest believer might aspire; and in their company Walter hoped speedily to attain this spiritual elevation himself. Hitherto he had stood at a lowly distance from such as he had heard of as being "perfect," feeling that he could not claim any such distinction in the worldly calling that engaged his attention; but now he was going where there would be nothing to distract his mind from such exalted thoughts and aims, but where communion with God would be at once the duty and delight of all dwelling within those hallowed walls.

But, alas for his hopes! He had not been long at Trevecca before he was initiated into the little cliques this society was divided into. True, some of them professed to have attained, as well as the Methodists, to the "perfection" Count Zinzendorf and the Moravian brethren preached; but it did not prevent jealousies and angry bickerings among its subjects, none the less bitter for being theological differences of opinion upon some subject held to be of vital importance by these young candidates for the ministry.

Of course, Calvinism, as expounded by Whitefield, and the opposite doctrine, as preached by Wesley, were a fruitful source of discussion, and there was little charity and less liberality exhibited by those holding the belief that they were “perfect” than others who had a more humble opinion of themselves.

Walter was disappointed, as may be supposed, when he came to understand what student-life at Trevecca really was, and he was in danger of going to the opposite extreme and leaving the college in disgust, which would have been quite as foolish, and more unjust to his companions, than his previous opinion of them had been. The truth was, this was not a community of perfect young men, as Walter expected; but a school where some, while animated with the noblest aims and desires, were yet troubled with tempers exceedingly human, and none were more painfully conscious of it than themselves. They were not saints by any means, but earnest-hearted, noble-minded young men, many of them ignorant, and most of them bigoted, but just such men, on the whole, as the world needed in those days.

But Walter was favored in that he was permitted to know a saint during the last few months of his stay at Trevecca; for Mr.

Fletcher, the friend of Wesley, and one of the ablest champions of Methodism, became the visiting superintendent of the college, and from him Walter learned more of the meaning of "holiness to the Lord," from his daily life, than ever he had gained from books. He was a Frenchman, but converted in England. He was ordained as a clergyman after traveling about for some time with Mr. Wesley, whom he loved as a brother, and whom he was always ready to help, as far as his health and means would allow, both before and after his establishment at Madeley as a clergyman. None but a noble, catholic-minded man could hold the position he did in the two opposing camps of Methodists, while, at the same time, he abated nothing of his zeal in the service of the Church of which he was a minister. Fletcher would have been a saint in any communion, and will ever be one of the brightest ornaments of Methodism and the Church of England the world has ever seen.

Walter profited much by the counsel and warning given by this illustrious servant of God to those about to leave the shelter of the college, and the spiritual pride which had begun to creep into his heart was checked and chilled, if not quite subdued; and he wrote to

his uncle in a more humble and teachable strain than his letters had been lately, asking his advice about his future career, and many questions as to the welfare of Lucy and his other sisters and brothers.

But the answer came in a strange handwriting, and was but a short, business-like note, informing him of his uncle's death, which had taken place some days previous to the arrival of the letter. The vicar was not ill many hours, and there was no time to summon any of his friends to his death-bed, but some members of his family had been present at the funeral, and a few trifling *souvenirs* had been left for himself. This was all the information Walter could glean, although he wrote several times asking for fuller particulars; and so, at last, he decided that he would go to America as soon as his college course was at an end; and as a journey to Whitemead and Lipscombe would only revive painful memories of the past, he resolved to spend the time he could spare in the city of his spiritual birth—Gloucester. His Aunt Euphrasia was dead, and so was Robert Raikes the elder. He had died in 1757, about five years before; but young Robert was established as the editor and proprietor of the “Journal,” and had often sent

Walter a copy of his paper during his stay at Trevecca.

His late intercourse with Mr. Fletcher had made Walter more tolerant of what he had previously looked upon as mere worldly ambition, and during this stay at Gloucester he confessed to himself that it might be possible for men engaged in worldly callings—merchants and printers—to do God's service in the world; for Robert Raikes was doing noble work for God in visiting the prisoners and teaching them to read, as well as relieving their bodily distress. His "Journal," too, was a noble exception to the scandalous and frivolous newspapers of the day. This, however, was less appreciated by Walter than the prison labors of his friend; for this was one of the things a Methodist could readily understand, as Mr. Wesley used to visit Newgate until an outcry was raised against the Methodists, and he was denied admittance to the prisoners. Sunday was one of Robert Raikes' days for visiting the jail and giving more definite religious instruction, especially to the younger portion of the prisoners; but beyond this he had not yet attempted any thing in the way of teaching the poor children of the streets, as he and Walter had talked of when they were boys.

But the prison work was going on bravely, and Robert Raikes could tell of some who had thanked God they had been brought to Gloucester jail. The plan he had just adopted was this: If he could find one among the prisoners able to teach his companions to read he employed him to do so, encouraging his diligence and fidelity by pecuniary rewards, and procuring for him such other indulgences as the magistrates would allow, and he found it answer admirably. The learning to read not only served as an amusement for the prisoners during their hours of confinement, but often served as a recommendation when they left and needed work; so that the name of Raikes was likely to be remembered by many a poor outcast after he left prison.

Such practical Christianity, by one whose calling Walter had hitherto despised as worldly, did him good, and helped to give him more just views of men and things, while it was not likely to lessen the ardor he felt for his self-chosen work in America.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ELECTION RIOT.

WALTER wrote to Lucy just before he sailed for America, but neither asked nor expected an answer; for none of his letters written from Trevecca had ever received any reply. But whether Lucy thought she should be able to keep him back from the mad enterprise, if she saw him, or whether her heart began to reproach her for discarding her brother, she wrote a very affectionate letter in reply to this last one; but it did not reach Walter's hands until he had been in America several years. He went out as a missionary under the auspices of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," and was commended to the rector of Trinity Church, New York, to be retained in the work of that rapidly growing parish, or sent to the Mohawk Indians, or anywhere the rector might think he was most needed. It was not until another missionary came out that his letter was forwarded, and then he had left New York. Trinity Parish was not at all the kind of work

Walter had been longing for ; it was too much like a country parish at home ; nay, it was rather in advance of some parishes, for, in addition to a handsome church, it had a chapel of ease, a few streets off, for the accommodation of the poor, and a school, offering education free, with religious training according to the Episcopal Church. The differences between Church and Dissent were as rampant here as in England, only the majority were Dissenters, the difference being as one to fifteen.

Six months in New York convinced Walter that he could not work in such harness as was there provided, and he set off on a preaching tour through the States of New England first, to ascertain whether the religion brought over by the grand old Pilgrim fathers had been suffered to fall into decay—whether religion was at as low an ebb here as in England when Mr. Wesley began his work of field-preaching ; for now things had begun to improve in the Church itself, as well as through the establishment of the numerous branches of the Methodist Society.

Walter found himself warmly welcomed as a friend from the mother country ; but this noble daughter was more honorable than her parent had been, for here Walter found that

the means of religious instruction were carefully provided, and the people well trained in regular and pious habits, so that there was less need for his work here than in New York; so, turning his face southward, he journeyed on, preaching as he went, until he came to Philadelphia, where he was compelled to make a long stay, owing to an illness that seized him and rendered him incapable of active work for nearly a year. The name and fame of Wesley and Whitefield seemed to be known every-where; for Whitefield had spent a good deal of his time in America, as Walter was now doing—preaching the gospel of the kingdom, but nowhere organizing men into a society for mutual help and instruction. It required the genius of a Wesley to do this; and so of Methodists proper there were none to be found in America, although Walter often met with Christian men and women holding precisely the same doctrines as his own; for he had during this time returned to his old allegiance to Mr. Wesley, giving up the Calvinism of Whitefield.

During his illness at Philadelphia he stayed with a teacher there, Anthony Benezet, a man who, like himself, had given up the position of a merchant to become a teacher. Benezet

came of an old Huguenot family, and he had had his attention called to the state of the slaves in Guinea, and was then writing a tract on the history of Guinea, with a special view to setting forth the wrongs of the slaves. Then Walter told him of Lucy's idea that the slave-trade ought to be stopped and the slaves set free, and the two friends discussed the subject over and over again. Benezet wrote and wrote, hoping his little tract might stir up some other heart against this great wrong; and Walter prayed that the little seed about to be planted might bring forth fruit a hundred-fold.

If these two friends could but have lifted the veil concealing the future, and known the mighty influence this little tract was to have on the world's history, they would both have blessed God for the ague that made them incapable of more active employment, but gave them time and opportunity to make known to the world the enormities that were committed by Christian nations in enslaving their fellow-creatures.

It was this little tract of Benezet's that, falling into the hands of Clarkson, some years later, inspired him to write his prize essay on the slave-trade, which roused in England the agitation that ended in its abolition.

But there were other voices besides Benezet's being raised here in America against this odious traffic. While Benezet was writing his tract, here in this same city of Philadelphia a merchant was refusing help from pecuniary difficulties because the money offered had been gained in the slave-trade. It needed some moral courage for Ralph Sandiford, the Philadelphia merchant, to proclaim himself an abolitionist under such conditions. His was but a single voice; but we thank God for the echoes of those voices that have come down to us—not lost in the grand shout that, at last, was raised to sweep away this gigantic wrong, but the soft, sweet heralds of it, telling of fresh life in the Church of God making itself felt in tender consciences, and the daring of all dangers rather than being false to the voice of God within.

A few months later Walter met with another witness—a minister of the Society of Friends—who, like himself, was journeying from place to place, preaching and teaching, and everywhere refusing the hospitality of those who held slaves. How many privations this must have involved we can scarcely imagine. We know that it must have closed the doors of all the wealthy and well-to-do families, for there

was scarcely one but held slaves in those days; and so noble John Woolman would have to trudge many a weary mile, hungry and foot-sore, that he might be true to his conscience and bear his testimony faithfully against this sin.

About the time that he met with John Woolman, Walter received Lucy's letter, written before he left England. He wished it had reached him before he sailed, for his heart yearned toward this dearly loved sister, in spite of all that had happened, and of the Methodist doctrine, as he understood it, about giving up worldly relations; and he resolved to write to her at once, telling her how disappointed he felt at not receiving her letter before he left England, and how much he had thought of her lately and of her old wish to free the slaves. Then he told her of Anthony Benezet and his tract, and of John Woolman, the Quaker minister, who hoped, and prayed, and believed that the slave-trade would be abolished, although it seemed such a wild, impossible dream now.

"Wild, indeed! I should think so," remarked Dame Mary, when Lucy lent her the letter to read. "No one but a madman, like Walter, would ever think of such a thing."

Lucy did not like to tell her sister any thing

of her old hopes and aspirations upon the same subject ; but Walter's letter brought them back vividly to her remembrance, and a vague longing that she could think the same now came over her as she sat playing with her pet dog. Those girlish hopes and aspirations, how she had abandoned them all ! how different her life had been from what she used to plan that it should be, when she and Walter sat in the old summer parlor or their uncle's lumber room ! She wished she could go back to those days and live her life over again. It should be something very different from what it was now ; for Lucy was heartily weary of dissipation and flattery, and of dazzling every body by her wit or beauty, which had been the main object of her life for some years, but had begun to grow distasteful to her now.

She was roused from her reverie of vain regrets by her sister bringing her another letter, which had just been sent by the hand of a messenger to Dame Harewood from her husband, who was away from home on business connected with the recent dissolution of Parliament.

“ Read that,” said Mary, throwing it into her sister's lap, and sitting down opposite.

“ I cannot quite make it out,” said Lucy.

“ I can ; though it has taken me nearly an

hour to get at its meaning, for John does so hate trouble that he never can write a letter properly. He wants to know if I have heard that another candidate is coming forward for Peckington. Did you ever hear of such audacity?" exclaimed Dame Mary, growing red with anger. "The borough is our own," she went on. "The Harewoods have always represented it in Parliament; it was only made a borough, I believe, that they might get into Parliament; and for another to question John's right to the seat is abominable."

"What will John do?" asked Lucy, rather languidly.

"Whatever I tell him, of course. Lucy, we must both be up and doing over this, for I never will submit to such a disgrace."

"But what can we do?" asked Lucy.

"Every thing. Carry the election; for if I get John to make a speech at the nomination it is as much as I can expect of him; the rest we must do ourselves. My dear, I know how to go to work, for I have helped in it before. I can tell you the quality all do it, for that matter, only we have never been troubled with such a vulgar thing as an election before, for every body knew that Peckington belonged to the Harewoods; and for a new man to come for-

ward, posting the town with notices that he will curtail the extravagance of the ruling families, why, it is quite shocking!"

"But still I don't see how we can prevent it," said Lucy.

"We must, I tell you. To-morrow I will have out my new coach, and do you put on that cherry-colored lutestring train that has just been sent from London, and we will go to the town and buy something at every shop. We must be vastly civil, too: chuck the children under the chin, and ask the butcher's wife about her rheumatism, and all the old goodies after their deafness, and the Methodists after Wesley."

"The Methodists?" repeated Lucy.

"To be sure; Methodists have votes nowadays; for some of them, though poor enough when they are converted, soon make money afterward, and so they must be spoken to with the rest of the vulgar herd. I shall leave that to you, Lucy."

"You would better not depend upon me for any thing," said Lucy. "I feel out of sorts just now."

"Nonsense! you must help me, Lucy. I thought you would like to go among Walter's friends. You might tell them you had a

brother a Methodist ; that alone would win us a dozen votes at least," laughed Mary.

But Lucy did not join in her sister's merriment. Somehow it grated on her, and she was glad when her sister left her to herself again. But she would have to go the next day and do all the dirty work her sister had been talking about ; for her brother-in-law would not have spirit or animation enough to ask for a vote if he saw one going a-begging, and why he should be so anxious for a seat in Parliament she was puzzled to know. He would occupy it sometimes, she supposed, and vote as his party directed ; but he would not be expected to understand any thing beyond the fashions of brocade and chintz and the shape of tea-cups ; for these were what he had dozed and dreamed over all his life.

The next morning the Harewood coach drove into the town, Dame Mary dressed in her richest brocade, and a stomacher studded with pearls and diamonds that a countess might have envied ; and Lucy, if not as richly dressed as her sister, looking more gracious and winning, as she descended from the coach and entered the principal draper establishment to give such orders as almost took away the breath of the modest shopkeeper, who had

never aspired to serve the Hall with more than its dusters and kitchen drapery. Of course, his vote was secured; for he could not have refused madam any thing after such patronage. The butchers and the grocers were treated to the same extensive orders—Lucy wondering when and where all the things could be consumed; for shop after shop was visited, Dame Mary cajoling, bribing, bullying, if needful, to secure a waverer in her husband's cause.

She was, upon the whole, very successful; but still she did not feel that her position was quite secure, and there were still a few votes undecided, which she knew not how to gain. These were the Methodists, and she felt that the same tactics used with the other electors would not serve with these.

“Lucy, how can we manage it? I cannot afford to lose those votes, for it may cost us the election. I wish you would go and talk to these fanatics.”

But Lucy shook her head. “I cannot do that, Mary,” she said seriously.

Dame Mary fumed and fretted and fidgeted, and at last told Lucy she *must* go. She might go to some of their meetings—might be a Methodist herself for the time, so that she gained the votes.

"I wish I was one in reality," said Lucy, with a touch of bitterness in her tone.

Her sister stared. "If you wish that, what is to hinder you from going among them?" she said sarcastically.

"My very wish to be like them. No, no, Mary, I cannot be a hypocrite—I cannot pretend to be a Methodist even to oblige you."

"But you would to oblige yourself. I am getting tired of your selfishness, I can tell you, Lucy, and the sooner you make up your mind to accept a home of your own the better you will please me." It was not the first time Lucy had been told the same thing when her sister was angry with her, and so she did not pay much attention to it now, but went on darning the lace lappet she had torn in one of the numerous expeditions to Peckington.

The Methodist votes were secured for Mr. Harewood, but not through Lucy, and Mary told her of this again and again—although Lucy was as busy as any body knotting ribbons ready to pin on them, and on all who would wear the Harewood colors; and as the days went on the ferment increased; and, what with the ringing of bells, the arrival and departure of messengers, the drinking of the candidate's health at his own expense at every

ale-house bearing his colors, the whole country side was almost beside itself.

The day of election came at last—none too soon for Lucy, who was as tired of this bustle as she was of every thing else in the world of fashion and frivolity. New lutestring trains and velvet hats had been sent from London for the two ladies, and they boldly rode into the town, although they had been warned that the opposing candidates had organized a band of the roughest and wildest fellows of the neighborhood to intercept the true and loyal electors in the Harewood interest. A little rioting, stone-throwing, and fighting was inseparable from a contested election, where every body was three parts tipsy before the business of the day began; and so Dame Mary laughed at those who would have dissuaded her from going to the town in her coach just in the midst of the fray. She was not afraid of a few broken heads or bleeding noses. She rather enjoyed the spectacle; it was as good as a street-fire in London, and better than any bull or badger-baiting, to see the drunken mob fighting and tearing each other for what the candidate himself would not soil his fingers to gain.

But when Dame Mary said this she was

thinking of other people's heads being broken, not her own or her sister's. No one would ever dare to touch them, she thought; they would be as safe in their coach, bearing the Harewood arms newly painted on the panels, as in their parlor at the Hall. She was mistaken, however, in this. The opposing candidate had bribed the mob almost as much as Dame Mary had bribed the electors, and they meant mischief as well as fun.

As soon as the Harewood carriage was seen nearing the hustings the crowd of roughs closed round it, the traces of the horses were cut to stop its further progress, and rough, unkempt heads were thrust in at the glass doors to stare at the two frightened ladies; for Dame Mary was frightened, and could not conceal it, while Lucy covered her face with her hands to shut out the sight of the shrieking, grinning, yelling crowd that surrounded them.

Some of their friends saw their peril from a neighboring window, and hastened to rescue them. In the fight which ensued for the possession of the carriage it was overturned, whether by friends or foes no one could tell. The coachman had jumped from the box just before, and implored his mistress and Lucy

to get out and make their way through the crowd on foot; but Dame Mary refused, and the next minute the coach went over, and she was lying stunned and bruised on top of Lucy, who neither moved nor spoke.

The crowd was sobered by the sight of the mischief they had done, and readily made way for friends to come to the rescue. The carriage lay on its side, and it was not easy to lift the portly form of Dame Mary out without injuring her sister, who lay all of a heap amid broken glass, and splintered panels, and crushed finery, as though she was dead.

Mary, however, made noise enough for half a dozen people, groaning, and screaming, and scolding by turns, in such a hearty fashion as to prove quite a relief to those who were helping her; for, though she protested that she was killed and all her limbs broken, they knew there was little beyond a few cuts and bruises, or there would not be so much noise. When they had got her out she was lifted to a chair and carried to the tavern, where her husband and some of his friends were watching the progress of the election.

But when they came to lift out poor Lucy they knew not what to think. Her injuries were far more serious than her sister's, it was

very evident, and they carried her to the nearest house, not knowing whether she was dead or alive. As they laid her on the bed a faint groan escaped her pallid lips, and a doctor was instantly sent for, and a messenger dispatched to the tavern to assure Dame Harewood that her sister had not been killed.

CHAPTER XIV.

PREJUDICE CONQUERED.

LUCY was not actually killed by the overturning of the carriage, but for a week her life hung in the balance, her injuries were so serious. Her sister had not altogether escaped either. The shock and fright proved more dangerous than the actual wounds and bruises, and Dame Mary lay very ill at the Hall, while Lucy lay hovering between life and death at the house to which she had first been carried. It was impossible to move her now. The very attempt might prove fatal, the doctor said, and so Lucy was left in the town, much to her sister's annoyance; for she had heard that the people upon whose kindness she was obliged to trespass were Methodists. Of course she took care that a nurse and Lucy's own maid should be sent to wait upon the invalid, and at first every attention was paid to her in the way of a daily messenger being sent from the Hall to inquire after her progress; but when Dame Mary herself got well, she thought Lucy ought to do the

same—that she could, if she liked, rouse herself sufficiently to warrant her being moved to the Hall. Finding the doctor, however, still bent upon keeping her where she was, she took herself off to Bath to avoid the nuisance of visiting her sister in such an objectionable place.

Lucy grieved a little at first over her sister's desertion, but by and by she began to be interested in the daily life of her hosts, or, rather, such faint echoes of it as reached her sick-room. Morning and evening came the faint sound of singing—singing that reminded the sick lady up-stairs of her brother and their happy days together, and how she had hardened her heart against him when she first heard him sing these sweet, soft Methodist hymns; for Lucy did not need her maid to tell her what they were.

"Open the door, Molly, and let me listen," she said, one day. "How sweet those children's voices sound! I wonder what they are singing?"

Molly, who loved her young mistress in spite of her peevishness and variable temper, resolved to ask their hostess to lend her a Methodist hymn book. It might amuse her young mistress, she thought, and the doctor had said

any thing that would amuse and interest her would be better than medicine; and so in the course of the day she asked for the book, a little curious herself to see and know what it could be that set these people singing, every day, hymns that ought only to be sung in church.

She contrived that her mistress should see her reading the book, and, as she expected, Lucy at once asked what it was.

“I thought I should like to see what set the folks down stairs singing so often. If you will believe me, Mistress Lucy, I caught the woman singing over her washing-tub something about ‘Jesus, Lover of my soul.’ Of course, it is very shocking, but she says it helps her over many a hard bit in the day’s work to sing Mr. Wesley’s hymns, and so I suppose there cannot be much harm in them.”

“I don’t know,” said Lucy; “let me see the book. You are as witless as a tyke, Molly. I may be able to know whether they are proper for good Christians to read.”

Molly laughed to herself over her little ruse to amuse her mistress. It had succeeded beyond her expectations; for Lucy spoke with an eagerness she had not shown before over any thing. Lucy was getting better certainly.

The services of the hired nurse could be dispensed with now, and she be left to the care of Molly and her hostess, who came to sit with her sometimes, while Molly went up to the Hall on an errand for her mistress. Lucy often contrived such errands for the sake of Molly having a walk and a breath of fresh air; and she sent her on one to-day, when she knew Mrs. Watts would come to sit with her for half an hour before Molly came back.

Mrs. Watts came in as usual, with her baby in her arms, to ask if she could do any thing for the invalid.

"I want you to tell me what hymn you were singing this morning," said Lucy.

"I hope we did not disturb you, madam," said the gentle-faced woman. Lucy was often addressed by her sister's title of "madam" here, and she smiled at her hostess' fear of disturbing her.

"O, no; you did not disturb me," said Lucy, who was certainly regaining something of her old sweetness of disposition. "I like to hear the children sing. Will you let them come up here and sing over some of their hymns? You see I have got the book you lent Molly."

"Yes, madam, I see," said the woman, hard-

ly knowing what to think of Lucy's strange request.

"And you will let the children come?" pressed Lucy.

"Certainly, madam, they shall come if it wont be troubling you—the noise, I mean—for the hymns, the sweet words they sing, are just the most comforting that ever were written, save and except the Bible itself."

"There is one I sometimes hear you singing. Is it in this book?" asked Lucy.

"Well, now, I wonder which it is you mean?" said the woman, beginning to feel more at her ease, and setting the baby on the floor, to take the book.

"What were you singing this morning?" asked Lucy.

"Well, now, I think it was this; and there never was a sweeter hymn than 'Jesus, Lover of my soul.'"

Lucy took the book and read—or, rather, drank in—the tender prayer:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!"

The woman did not speak while Lucy was reading the hymn ; but when she had finished she said : " That is just the sweetest hymn to me, because I can understand it best, from knowing all about how Mr. Charles Wesley wrote it, and what he was thinking about. He was riding in a carriage one day—my husband was with him, driving—when all at once they saw a hawk flying after a poor little sparrow. The sparrow was in such a fright that it flew into the breast of Mr. Wesley's coat and nestled there ; and we, who know him, know how tenderly he would cherish and hide it from the cruel hawk."

" What a pretty story !" said Lucy.

" A story, ma'am ! it's the truth ; it really happened. My husband saw it," protested Mrs. Watts ; " and it made Mr. Charles write that hymn about Jesus being the ' Lover ' and ' Refuge ' of our helpless souls, helpless as that poor sparrow ; but just as sure of finding a home and hiding-place in the bosom of Jesus as the poor bird was of finding a shelter from the hawk in Mr. Wesley's coat."

Whether it were true, or only a fable, it was a parable Lucy could understand, and she began to feel that she was like that poor, tired bird, longing for a refuge, longing for a resting-

place from the weariness that pursued her every-where, turn which way she would. She had drank of the cup the world calls pleasure, and, though sweet enough at first, it had palled upon her lips now, and she was ready to turn from it in disgust, if only she knew where to turn; for the homage paid to her had never satisfied the vague craving of her soul. She had always been trying to stifle this, in order to enjoy herself as others did, and she often wondered how many other gay beauties, frequenting the pump rooms and assemblies at Bath and London, carried an empty, longing heart as well as herself.

She had time to think now, and as she lay on the little bed, from which she could not be moved yet, the first verse of the hymn she had learned became a prayer upon her lips, and she would pray:

“Let me to thy bosom fly;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide.”

But then would come the thought, how could she ever dare to use these words, “My Saviour;” for had she not despised and turned her back upon Walter, because he chose to follow this Saviour, and serve him instead of serving the world and himself? No, no; she was too unworthy; Christ could never shelter

such unworthiness as hers ; and for a few days Lucy was in despair, and the doctor was in fear of a relapse, for the restless unhappiness brought on feverish symptoms which he was at a loss to account for, but which he tried to subdue by bleeding—the favorite remedy for all sorts of disorders, according to the leech-craft of those days.

Mrs. Watts, however, had a keen suspicion of what was going on in Lucy's mind, and, without at all betraying her suspicion, she contrived to lead the conversation to the subject of the hymn they had first talked about, and the readiness of Christ to receive all who came to him humbly believing that he was able and willing to save.

“ The little bird did not stop, I vow, to think whether its feathers had been duly cleaned, before flying to the protection of Mr. Charles's coat ; but just dropped its tired wings, and nestled into the only refuge it saw ; and that is just what the Lord Jesus is waiting for us to do. He don't want us to stop thinking about ourselves. He knows we are sinners, for whom he died, on purpose that he might be able to shelter us ; and so, dear madam, it is our own fault if we stay away and the world devour us.”

Perhaps if Lucy had been a poor woman, like herself, Mrs. Watts would have been more eager to make her a convert to Methodism; but she was one of the quality—one of the class Mr. Wesley had no wish to attract to his Society. His mission was to the poor and outcast; they received the gospel gladly; but the rich—well, they had souls to save, of course; but their riches were such a snare, and so hard to be given up, with all that they brought in their train, that he felt it was periling the very existence of Methodism, strong as it was, to invite the rich to join it.

“Methodism,” he said, “is only plain scriptural religion, guarded by a few prudential regulations. The essence of it is holiness of heart and life, and if ever these essential parts shall evaporate, what remains will be dung and dross. I fear wherever riches have increased the essence of religion has decreased in the same proportion; for as riches increase, so will pride, anger, and love of the world.” The only safeguard against this, Mr. Wesley saw, was in giving the money away as it accumulated; for the members of his Society, as a natural consequence of frugality, self-denial, and industry, grew wealthy, in spite of their founder’s precaution not to invite the wealthy to join.

Mrs. Watts, who knew all this, was very careful, therefore, not to say a word to Lucy about joining the Methodists. The Lord Jesus Christ would receive and welcome her, she had no doubt about that; but if she were proposed to any class-leader, the rules, stringent enough for all, would be tightened, rather than relaxed, in the case of such a doubtful convert; and so Mrs. Watts talked of the duty of attending all the services of the Church and every means of grace; but not one word about their own prayer-meetings and class-meetings.

It rather puzzled Lucy—this reticence of her hostess; for she knew she was not ashamed of being known as a Methodist—nay, the name was beginning to compel something like respect for those who bore it; for to be a Methodist was tantamount to saying the man was honest, industrious, frugal, a kind husband and careful father, and generally a rising man—a quality the world always respects and pays court to, whatever may be the fate of the other virtues. So the world was beginning to respect the Methodists, at least that portion of it that embraced the sober, steady-going, thoughtful classes. The fashionable fops and dandies, the *élite* of Bath and Cheltenham, the world in

which Lucy lived, moved, and had her being, of course, still despised them. They sneered and jeered at every thing serious, and nothing but the airiest whims and trifles were worthy of a moment's consideration, according to their *dictum*; and this was the world Lucy would be plunged into when she left her Methodist friends at Peckington.

Yes, Lucy regarded them as friends, and looked up to gentle, unassuming Mrs. Watts, and listened to her stories of Mr. Wesley, and scraps of sermons preached by his "helper," Mr. Francis Asbury, until she got to think she must know them both herself—Asbury especially; for he was stationed here in Peckington just now, and Lucy heard a good many of his sermons second-hand.

But the time Lucy had secretly dreaded came at last, and could not be further postponed. She was well enough to leave her bed, and must at once return to the Hall, and from thence she was to go to Cheltenham in a few weeks. Lucy dreaded it, for she feared this plunge into the whirl of fashionable life again would rob her of all her new-found peace and joy; and she had tasted sweet peace—"the peace of God which passeth all understanding." She could hope and believe that

her sins, though many, were all forgiven—that her sin-stained soul had been washed in the precious blood of Christ, and she was resolved to walk henceforth as his faithful soldier and servant. But how? This was the question that began to puzzle Lucy before she left Peckington, and continued to puzzle her; for her path of duty was by no means as clear as Walter's had been—at least, she did not think it was.

Mrs. Watts had given her the hymn book that so often lay on her sick-bed, and this seemed the only tie that bound her to the Methodists. She wished Mrs. Watts had brought Francis Asbury to see her, or invited her to join their Society; it would have made things so much easier for her. But now she was like a boat tossing alone on the wild waves of doubt and perplexity, not knowing what to do beyond this, that she might and ought to go to God in prayer for guidance and direction. This she did, and God was leading her into the true way of service, although she knew it not.

If Lucy had only heard a little of the talk going on in the kitchen a few days after her return, she would have felt a little comforted as well as amused.

“I tell thee, Molly, she is going to die, or has turned Methody,” said one of the housemaids, bouncing into the kitchen.

“Who are you talking about?” asked Molly.

“Mistress Lucy, to be sure. I’ve just been to take her a bunch of flowers the gardener had cut, and she thanked me that meek-like that I stared at her like a fool.”

“Ah, that I’ll vow you did,” retorted Molly; “but I’ll thank you to leave waiting upon my young lady to me, if you please. I don’t want you to do my work.”

“It isn’t so long ago, though, since you was glad of any body that would do your work and save you from a rasping of Mistress Lucy’s sharp tongue. She do have a sharp tongue; no one can deny that.”

“Yes, I can,” said Molly; “for I’ll say this for her, that she don’t speak a sharp word now not once a month.”

“There, isn’t that what I say—this meekness and quietness isn’t natural. She’s either a Methody or going to die; I can’t tell which.”

“I can, though; it’s neither one nor t’other,” said Molly in an offended tone; for it was an insult in her eyes to call her mistress a Meth-

odist, however good they might be. Methodism was all very well in its way, for such people as Mrs. Watts, for instance, or even respectable folks like farmers and clothworkers, as well as colliers and quarrymen, but for gentlefolks it was ridiculous, disgraceful; and Molly took up the cudgels of argument on her mistress' behalf, and wielded them right manfully. There was nothing she would not do for Mistress Lucy now. It was a pleasure to serve her and anticipate her wants; and Molly, while she loudly declared her mistress was no Methodist, exclaimed in the next breath that it would do some other folks no harm if they were ill and shut up in the house of a Methodist, provided they would learn their lessons as well as her young mistress had done.

Lucy's secret dread of going to Cheltenham was at last imparted to the doctor; and if he guessed at the true cause lying at the bottom of this dread he prudently kept it to himself, and at once said the fatigue of such a journey would be very injurious to her in her present weak state, and that change of air nearer home, and at a quieter place, would be far more beneficial. He therefore recommended Olney or its neighborhood to Dame Mary.

“And what is there at Olney, pray?” asked that lady with some temper. “I cannot exist in a quiet country place, and that you ought to know, doctor.”

“I do know it, madam; but, however well it may suit you to go to Bath or Cheltenham, it will not do for your sister just now. No, no; let her go to Olney and make the acquaintance of my friend, William Cowper, and see his hares, and walk in his garden. It will do her ten times more good than all the mineral waters in the kingdom.”

“Well, if you order it, doctor, of course she must go; but it will be mighty inconvenient, and may spoil all Lucy’s prospects for life. She is nearly twenty-six, you know, doctor, and ought to have been established long ago, with her beauty. I was married years before I was as old as Lucy.”

“I believe you were, madam, but you see some ladies are hard to please. We are not all alike.”

“Now, doctor, pray, don’t you uphold Lucy in that nonsense; for that is just the stuff she is always talking. Not alike, indeed! I should like to know who can be more alike than sisters.”

“Well, well, madam, it is a matter of

opinion," said the doctor cautiously, but taking care to add, "The sooner my patient goes to Olney the sooner she will be off my hands."

"Very well, doctor, she shall go," said Dame Mary, but feeling as though she would like to shake him for ordering it.

CHAPTER XV.

THE POET OF OLNEY.

THE doctor kept his word, and went to Olney to see his patient, and visit his old friend, the poet, shortly after Lucy arrived there; and he took care to introduce the two to each other, for Lucy was able to go out for short walks, and had already been to church to hear Mr. Newton, as she told the doctor.

“Ah, yes, I have heard of Mr. Newton. Few men have had such a wonderful experience as he has. He went to sea when he was about twelve, I believe, having lost his mother, a godly woman, who did all she could for her boy as long as she lived, but whose lessons seemed all in vain for years; for the lad was wicked even for a sailor, they say. I have heard all this from my friend Cowper who had it from the parson himself,” went on the doctor, who dearly loved gossip, and wanted Lucy to become interested in her surroundings here—that being as good as medicine to her just now, according to his notion.

“Mr. Newton a wicked man!” exclaimed Lucy; “why, I never heard any one preach such sermons, unless it was Mr. Whitefield himself.”

“Ah, just so—learned the trick of Whitefield, I dare say; for he is as much a Methodist parson as Venn himself, who is hand and glove with Wesley, and preaches for the Methodists as much as he does in his own parish at Huddersfield. Newton here got his religion from Whitefield, when he had taken a cargo of slaves to America.”

“Do you mean to say that Mr. Newton was a slave-dealer?” said Lucy opening her eyes wide in surprise.

“Ah, that he was, and a slave, too, before that. He was taken prisoner by the Turks, I believe, and sold into Barbary, and treated as bad as we treat the blackamoors. I can’t say it was worse; for we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, if all I hear is true about it.”

“What do you think about that, doctor?” asked Lucy. “Do you think it is right to kidnap men and women, and hold them in bondage?”

“Well, my dear lady, they are black,” said the doctor meditatively, rubbing his bald head.

Lucy laughed. "Does the color give us the right?" she asked. "The Turks and Barbary pirates would say they had a right to enslave us because our people were white, I suppose."

"Well, well, I don't know; I suppose they would. But how are we to get on without slaves? How are the plantations to be worked?"

"By free labor, I should think. Would it not be possible to stop the slave-trade and free the people who are in the plantations now, giving them wages for their work, as we do other laborers?"

"Impossible, quite impossible, my dear lady. I don't say it would not be right to do it; but, bless me! it would turn the country upside down, and we should have the planters cutting our throats for robbing them; for it would be robbery now, don't you see? for these laborers are as much their property as the cows and horses, and far more valuable."

"Cows and horses!" repeated Lucy. "But these people have souls to save. I never thought about it in this way until the other day, when Mrs. Watts told me Mr. Wesley had baptized some converted negroes at Wandsworth, about ten years ago—it was in 1758, I think—I remember the date, because I

thought it was something that ought to be remembered, for negroes to be received as Methodists;" and as she spoke a faint flush stole into the beautiful pale face, and a troubled look came into the calm, gray eyes; for Lucy had a painful feeling about this: she could not divest her mind of the suspicion that she was deemed unworthy of admittance to this Society of believers, and that, in this particular, negroes were preferred before her.

"And so Wesley has baptized some of the blackamoors. Well, I never heard of it before," said the doctor; "but maybe they are not much worse than the slave-traders themselves; for, by all accounts, they are just about as bad as men can be. Our good friend, Newton, here can tell you something about the horrors of this infamous traffic, for he does not spare himself."

"And he met with Mr. Whitefield, you say?"

"Yes, met him somewhere out in America, and has been a changed man ever since. His mother's prayers are answered now; for she prayed that he might be a good man every day of her life, but she did not live to see her prayers answered. It may comfort some

others who pray, but seem to pray in vain, to hear John Newton's story, and how the blaspheming sailor and slave-dealer became a true Christian and a devoted servant of God; for there are few parsons in these parts that work as hard in their parishes as my friend, Newton."

Lucy was surprised to find the doctor knew so much about the village and its gossip, and the doings of the parson; but it seemed that the chatty doctor often acted as a medium between his friend Cowper, who lived almost as a recluse here in Olney, and the outside world. He brought him friends where he thought the mutual contact would be beneficial to both, and contrived to keep away others who would have jarred upon the sensitive mind and nerves of his poet friend, who yet became the almoner of many who were wealthy, in virtue of his kindness and sympathy with the poor.

Lucy was one of the favored few welcomed to the poet's house and garden, where she often met Mr. Newton; for these two, so opposite in temperament and almost every particular, were poet-brothers in Christ. The strong, stalwart, hard-working, energetic parson could pray:

“ Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild ;
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weanéd child,
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases thee.

“ What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;
 Why should I the burden bear ?

“ As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own—
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise—
 Fears to stir a step alone,
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.”

The gentle, child-like, sensitive Cowper, when free from the religious melancholy that, more than once in his life-time, amounted to insanity, was portrayed in this hymn, while he, the desponding, doubting soul, sang the triumphant strain :—

“ Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit should bear ;
 Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.”

Cowper, too, was proving himself the friend of the slave by denouncing the slave-trade in the second part of a poem he was writing, which he had called "The Task," because Lady Austen had asked him to write some blank verse, and playfully given him the "Sofa" as the subject. Walking in the garden at the back of Mr. Unwin's house, where Cowper was a boarder, and which was looked upon as the poet's peculiar domain, he and Lucy had many a pleasant discussion upon this topic, and she would tell him what she had heard from Walter about Benezet, and Sandiford, and Woolman, and their protest against slavery. Sometimes Mr. Newton would join them, or they would meet at the rectory, where many a pleasant and profitable hour was spent.

But this happy season of retirement from the world of fashionable frivolity came to an end, and Lucy was reluctantly compelled to return home and meet the houseful of company her sister had brought with her from Cheltenham.

There was little peace for her now—little time for reading, and meditation, and singing softly, to herself, the sweet Methodist hymns, which were among her choicest treasures.

For the first few days there was a continuous flutter and bustle in choosing and fitting new dresses, caps, and shoes; for Dame Mary declared that Lucy's illness had made her more beautiful than ever, and she was determined that she should make a brilliant match before another three months was over her head. Mr. Harewood was in Parliament again, and they would go to London about November, and it would be convenient to have the wedding there.

Lucy stared and shook her head laughingly, declaring she did not want to be married; but she soon found that her sister was in earnest, and that she was expected to receive the attentions of a Sir Charles Pringle, who had danced attendance upon Dame Mary during her recent stay at Cheltenham, and was expected to arrive at the Hall in a few days.

Lucy knew not what to do. She did not want to offend her sister, for she had a sharp tongue and a sharper temper, and was apt to remind Lucy that she was only a beggar, if she ventured to cross her will too much; and so, for peace' sake, Lucy resolved to say nothing about her religious scruples at present, but to ward off the attentions of the baronet, and

steal up to her room for a little quiet reading whenever she had the chance.

But Dame Mary knew something had happened, and suspected a Methodist taint, for that only could account for Lucy's quietness and compliance with most of her suggestions and arrangements in the matter of dress; for, though her sister had ventured to say she would like less finery and a rather neater dress, Mary had at once stopped the innovation, and Lucy had yielded without provoking a quarrel, which had set her sister wondering what could have changed her in this particular, as Lucy's temper had begun to grow unbearable just before the memorable Peckington election.

So when Lucy stole up stairs for a quiet half hour in her own room her sister's eyes invariably followed her movements; and on Sunday when she went to church she noticed that, instead of yawning and looking about to see who was there, she joined devoutly in the prayers and Psalms, and listened to the poor, prosy sermon as though she expected to understand it and profit by it. Of course, all this was very annoying, and Dame Mary answered her sister shortly and snappishly whenever they were by themselves; but before her

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guests she could not be other than sweetly amiable, for there was nothing in Lucy she could reasonably find fault with. Lucy was distantly polite to Sir Charles Pringle, gentle and winning to her sister's guests whom she knew intimately, and sedulously attentive to Dame Mary herself, studying her comfort and convenience—even her whims and fancies, wherever she could—but still firm in her resolve to go to church every Sunday, and have a little quiet time in her own room, where she could brace herself for the battle she had to fight; for it was no easy task for Lucy to curb the temper that had well-nigh mastered her, and there was a daily, hourly conflict going on in her heart that no one suspected. It was hard work to carry on the battle without any help or sympathy from Christian friends; to fight day after day silently and alone, with strength weakening and courage failing for want of that feeling of brotherhood and fellowship which the Church, as a Society, can give. Mr. Wesley knew this, and wisely provided for such a want by the establishment of class-meetings and bands, by which every member, numerous as the Society was, could be known individually to a few friends, at least; and this constant helping and strength-

ening of each other, in a time when the temptations of the world were so great, and the state of religion generally so lifeless, must have proved of incalculable benefit to thousands who, by this means alone, could be kept from falling away through their natural weakness and the circumstances by which they were surrounded.

But poor Lucy had no such help as this. The Methodists did not want her—would not have her, as she thought with some bitterness now; and then she recalled the humble Peckington household, where she had stayed, and how Methodist friends would drop in now and again, to chat over the sermon, or say a word in season to each other about the worries of life, to say nothing of the prayer-meetings and class-meetings that bridged over the gap from Sunday to Sunday. There was nothing of this for poor Lucy; and who can wonder that her strength began to fail? Her prayers grew cold and hurried when she went up to bed tired and weary, and her attendance at Church, though regular still, soon drifted into a mere formal service.

As her religion grew cold Sir Charles Pringle grew more attentive. He was not a mere fashionable dandy; he had brains and could

use them, and, though a baronet, chose to dress plainer than most of his class, which, it must be confessed, was a great recommendation in Lucy's eyes. Sir Charles' simple periwig was neither so long or luxuriant as many a herdsman's. He wore a close-fitting blue coat of superfine broadcloth, with frog buttons, and braiding of the same color, an embroidered French satin vest, coming a little below the waist, lighter blue breeches, fastened at the knee with buttons and bunches of ribbon, black silk clocked stockings likewise, of French manufacture, and silver-buckled shoes. Altogether Sir Charles was the most neatly dressed man in the company now assembled at the Hall, and if the man would have borne comparison with his clothes, there would have been little to find fault with. If he had been content with his French vest and hose, Sir Charles Pringle might have been a better man ; but he had spent some years of his life at Paris, and almost all the philosophical and literary writers of the city, at that time, were avowed infidels ; the grand object of all their efforts was to load religion with obloquy or turn it into ridicule ; and it was among these men that Sir Charles had moved, and he had been gradually led to throw off the principles and faith of his

forefathers, and declare, with Montesquieu, Voltaire, and their followers, that there was no God. But he was too wary to talk of this indiscriminately here in England, and especially in the society of ladies. Superstition was fit for women, and really added to the charms of some—Lucy now, for instance, with her calm, statuesque beauty. Her habit of going to church and joining so reverently in the service, made her all the more attractive to Sir Charles.

He paid an instinctive homage to the pure, undefiled religion that made Lucy kind and civil to servants as well as guests, even while he called it superstitious nonsense.

Not to Lucy, however, did he ever betray his sentiments in this fashion. If ever he were forced to speak before her, he did it with the utmost respect, except in the case of priests and fanatics; but he avoided the subject altogether as much as he could, especially when he was with Lucy herself, and, try as she would, she could never draw him into talking about what was the dearest interest in life to her now. But Sir Charles knew how to talk upon other subjects, and Lucy enjoyed listening, and before he had been long at the Hall the two had drifted into an engagement, how, Lucy never could tell; for although Sir Charles was

a sensible man, and superior to most men, she certainly did not care enough for him to make her wish to marry him; but Mary said they would make an excellent couple, they were so exactly suited to each other. Besides, Sir Charles was so wealthy, and had such a splendid estate in a neighboring county, that it was altogether so convenient and desirable that Lucy was talked into acquiescence, although she expressly stipulated that a longer period should elapse before her marriage than her sister thought either needful or safe under the circumstances.

“It is so foolish of you, Lucy, not to agree to our wishes. Sir Charles is as anxious for a speedy marriage as I am. I cannot think why you want to postpone it until next year,” said Dame Mary petulantly.

“I want to know more of Sir Charles and more of myself before—”

“Now, Lucy, don’t talk nonsense; I vow I shall whip you if I hear any more,” interrupted her sister. “Any other girl but you would be glad to take the man now, and not give him a chance to alter his mind.”

“But I may want to alter mine,” said Lucy, “and it is only fair we should both have the same chance.”

Dame Mary stared at her sister in blank amazement, while a look of slow-gathering, fierce anger burned in her face. "If you dare to do such a thing, Lucy, I will turn you out of doors," she said slowly, but with bitter emphasis, and then, without another word, she marched out of the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

OVERCOME.

THE preparations for Lucy's wedding were very soon commenced, in spite of her remonstrance, Mary saying it would be convenient to do it while they were in London, whither they migrated about November, to commence another round of gayety, under the excuse of parliamentary duties.

Sir Charles did not follow them at once, but went to his own estate, to superintend some alterations he intended to make in the house and furniture preparatory to taking home his bride; and Dame Mary improved this opportunity for worrying her sister by making the poor girl's life as miserable as she could. Sometimes she escaped to Clapham, where her sister Bessie was now living, but it was not often she was allowed even this liberty; for Mary seemed bent upon showing her how disagreeable and tyrannical she could be, so that it was really a relief when Sir Charles came to town and renewed his visits and attentions, which put an end to Dame Mary's tyranny.

Christmas came and went, and the dull days of January and February, and the wedding began to be talked of again; for every thing in the way of dress was in readiness, and Dame Mary announced that it must take place in April. She would wait no longer; and Lucy gave her consent, for it would be a relief to get away from Mary and her sharp, scolding tongue. She had begun, also, to be dazzled again with the flattery and homage paid to her in the gay world, and as eager in the pursuit of it as ever. So she plunged into the vortex of theater-going, and balls, and routs, hurrying from one pleasure to another, as anxious now to banish all recollections of Olney and Peckington as ever her sister had been.

The wedding-day was fixed for the twelfth of April; but on the tenth came a letter from Walter—a long, loving letter, in answer to one written to him when Lucy was recovering from her illness at Peckington, in which she had told him of her new-born hopes and desires, and how greatly she longed to become a Methodist, too.

The reply had been written immediately after this letter was received, and Walter had poured out all his soul and the joy of his heart, telling his sister how he had prayed, and

hoped, and expected to hear this news, and that he should come back to England very soon on a visit; then they would be able to rejoice together and pour out their souls' thanksgiving to God. The letter was a long one, and went on to tell her how a little company of Methodists had just been formed in New York, under the leadership of Philip Embury, an Irish local preacher, and Captain Webb, the barrack-master of the garrison at Albany, who had once preached at Bristol for Mr. Wesley, shortly after the battle of Quebec, where he had lost an eye. The brave soldier had preached in New York in his uniform, and the novelty of a soldier-parson had attracted such numbers that a large room had been taken to accommodate the increasing congregation; and they were now trying to get funds together to build a regular meeting-house, while at the same time letters had been sent to Mr. Wesley; and Walter was coming over to explain more fully about this providential beginning of Methodism in America, and ask Mr. Wesley to send them more preachers to the multitudes, who were as sheep without a shepherd.

Lucy read the letter, but only half comprehended it, the latter part especially. Only two facts could she understand about it—Wal-

ter thought she was a Methodist, and he was coming home to see her.

“Coming home to see me!” repeated Lucy with a half-dazed expression, and looking down at the gay dress in which she was attired; and the next minute she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. Her feeling of misery increased as the hours of the day went on, for conscience had been awakened by Walter’s letter; and she shut herself up in her own room, refusing to open the door or see any one, pleading as an excuse that she was not well, and wanted to be quiet.

Dame Mary at last threatened to break the door open if she did not unlock it, reminding her that she had promised to meet Sir Charles Pringle at the doors of the assembly room, where they were going to a ball, and that her chair would be round in half an hour.

“Very well, I will be ready; you may send Molly to me,” said Lucy, feeling almost desperate, and despairingly praying, “O Lord, help me! Lord Jesus, help a vile sinner to escape!”

Molly dressed her young mistress in a sky-blue satin dress, embroidered round the edge with a wreath of water-lilies and green leaves. It was open down the front, showing her stomacher adorned with seed-pearls, and a quilted

petticoat of white satin. High-heeled crimson velvet shoes, with pearl-adorned buckles, and a head-dress of feathers, pearls, and flowers, completed Lucy's attire.

Dame Mary was going to the ball as well, but they could not occupy the same chair—their extensive hooped skirts preventing that—and never did Lucy feel more grateful to her hoops than she did to-night. The bearers had just lifted her sister's chair as Lucy appeared, her fan hanging on her arm, and her mittens drawn up to her elbows. Molly covered her with a cloak, and followed her to the sedan-chair, vaguely anxious about her young mistress, and telling the men to keep Dame Mary's chair in sight, and follow it closely.

"All right," called the men as they lifted the poles, and the linkboy in attendance ran on to light the way, and shout "Chair, chair;" for the streets were dark and the roads were rutty, and locomotion consequently slow and often dangerous.

There were frequent stoppages as they neared the more crowded thoroughfares, but Lucy did not mind. She was in no hurry to meet Sir Charles Pringle to-night, for she had formed the desperate resolve of telling Sir Charles she could not marry him, and she felt



A Strange Visitor to the Meeting-house.

by no means equal to the attempt yet. A short distance from the assembly-rooms there was a longer stoppage than usual, for a coach had been overturned in the narrow roadway, and the chair was set down while the bearers joined the crowd who were gathered near. They were opposite an alley, about half-way down which was an oil lamp, and on the glass was written "Methodist meeting-house." Lucy stared at it for a minute, and then looked out of the door of her chair. Neither of the men were in sight. She quietly slipped out and ran down the alley, forgetful of her finery and the shock she was likely to give the good people assembled for prayer and praise, who hardly knew that there was such a world as Lucy lived in. They were kneeling in prayer when the door was flung open, and panting, frightened, Lucy screamed, "O save me, save me; take me in, and let me be a Methodist!"

Let her be a Methodist! The primly dressed matrons and maidens sitting together on one side of the room turned their heads and looked at her, and then at each other, in amazed horror. The preacher, standing at the plain deal desk, lifted his eyes, and thought they must have deceived him for once; for such a vision had never been seen in any re-

spectable meeting-house before. Lucy had paused about the middle of the room, standing immediately under the central lamp, and looking with eager, anxious gaze all round her, the beautiful troubled face showing an agony of pleading in this mute appeal. Fortunately, Mr. John Wesley himself was present, to the evident relief of the assembly, who were at a loss what to think of such an unheard-of circumstance, and certainly would not know how to act.

The prayer had been abruptly concluded, and Mr. Wesley rose amid a breathless silence, and went to meet their strange visitor.

“What do you desire, madam?” he asked, looking at her keenly.

His look seemed to bring back Lucy’s scattered senses, and she dropped at his feet, buried her face in her hands, and burst into tears, sobbing, “O save me, save me! don’t drive me back to the world again, or I shall be lost—lost!”

Mr. Wesley himself looked puzzled, but he felt convinced this lady was sincere—that she was what she appeared to be; and the natural kindness and tenderness of his heart forbade his treating her as a mere intruder; and so, with an exquisite courtesy that no court gallant

could have rivaled—because in Mr. Wesley it was the natural outcome of a tender heart—he led her to a little vestry at the back of the chapel, beckoning to one or two friends sitting at the table to follow him and hear what she had to say.

One of these had sat looking at their strange visitor, and now he was scarcely less agitated than herself. “Are you not Mistress Lucy Maxwell?” he said, pressing forward and speaking to her before she reached the vestry door.

Lucy lifted her head quietly at the sound of the long-familiar voice. “Yes, yes; and you are Horace—Horace Golding. O, save me, for Walter’s sake! You knew and loved him.”

“Do you know this lady, Brother Golding?” asked Mr. Wesley, a little puzzled at the clergyman’s agitation.

“We—we are old friends,” gasped Horace, taking Lucy’s hand; and then he hurried on to explain that the letters just received from America had been sent by this lady’s brother, and that it was his old friend, Walter Maxwell, who was coming to plead the cause of America at the next Conference.

But, of course, to explain Lucy’s strange

proceeding was beyond the power of Horace Golding, and so he listened, in wondering, anxious joy, while she told of her illness at the Methodist household in Peckington, of her joy and peace in believing, and her disappointment that Mrs. Watts did not invite her to join the Methodists. Then came the story of disappointed hopes and broken resolutions, ending with her promise to marry Sir Charles Pringle, whom she now had good cause to fear was an atheist. The spell under which she had lived for the last few months had been broken by a letter received from her brother in America, and now she desired that she might be received as a Methodist, and helped to fight the battle before her.

“But what of this gallant you are to marry, madam?” said Mr. Wesley rather curiously.

“I will not marry him—will not see him again,” said Lucy.

“Lucy, do you love him?” asked Horace anxiously.

“I—I don’t know. He has been kind when Mary was unkind; but, O! it will be a relief never to see him again now. Horace, you will ask Mr. Wesley to receive me as a Methodist. I know I am unworthy; that I have broken all the good resolutions I made at Olney, and

have deeply sinned against God; but if you would let me become a Methodist I could begin again with better hope for the future."

Mr. Wesley glanced at the flowered satin robe, and the daintily-slippered feet, and for a minute his heart was hardened against her pleading, as he said, "Methodists are but a company of believers banded together for mutual support and encouragement in the service of God. We hold no charms—no patent passport to heaven. Our rule of life is hard for the rich and luxurious, and we seek not such to join our Society."

"But you will not refuse those whom God has called, although they are weak and unworthy. You baptized some negroes once. I do not say I am worthy as they, but, O! as you took the negroes don't refuse me."

No one could resist this appeal—certainly not Mr. John Wesley; and the touching humility of this beautiful, accomplished woman placing herself on a level with negroes, broke down all his scruples; and, after prayer together, it was agreed that Mr. Golding should take Lucy home, and that if she remained in the same mind until the following day she should be received into the Society, with all the privileges of a beloved sister in Christ.

But at the time this was done she would have to enter into a solemn covenant with God, not only in heart but by word of mouth, and in a written declaration, vowing to become the covenant servant of God, in body, soul, and spirit, until death.

Lucy shrank, at first, from promising to enter into such a solemn engagement. "I am so weak and sinful!" she pleaded. "I have broken such good resolutions before."

"It is no light thing to break promises made between the soul and God," said Mr. Wesley; "it hardens the heart and sears the conscience; and it is because of this that we make the act as solemn as possible, that we may be deterred from such painful backslidings, and fly to God upon the first motions of sin."

So it was agreed that Lucy should come to the class-meeting, which would assemble there the following evening, and have her name enrolled on the books of the Society; and then Horace Golding prepared to escort her home. Lucy now, for the first time, seemed conscious of the incongruity of her dress, and remembered that she had left her cloak in the chair when she fled down the alley. They did not wait for the congregation to disperse, but Horace took care to screen her from the

curious eyes of the women as they passed down to the door; and never did beggar feel so ashamed of her rags as poor Lucy did of her elegant satin robe and feather-decked hair.

He left her in the shelter of the door-way, while he ran to the end of the alley to see if the chair that had been sent for was in readiness, and then hurried her into it as quickly as possible, for fear any passer-by should see the fashionable lady leaving the Methodist chapel; for this would cause no small scandal in such a scandal-loving age as that was.

Horace Golding saw her safely to the chair; the chairmen looking first at him, then at Lucy, and then at the lamp over the meeting-house, evidently at a loss to account for the phenomenon.

“I shall call upon you to-morrow morning,” said Horace, as he bade her good-night. And these words first awoke in Lucy the remembrance of her sister, and what she might expect when Mary knew that she was determined to bid Sir Charles farewell. But she felt nerved for the battle, and, come what might, she would bear it patiently as her just punishment; for had she not so weakly yielded and tried to hide her religion, she would not so soon have fallen into worldliness and sin. Lucy had lit-

tle pity for herself—far less than Mr. Wesley and Horace Golding had for her; for as the two walked home together that night Horace told Mr. Wesley a good deal about his former playmate, and her obstinate prejudice against the Methodists, and also of her dependence upon her worldly-minded sister. When he sat alone in his own room he thought of Lucy's future, and wondered how she would act and what she would do if her sister should cast her off; for, although he knew nothing of Mary's threat, he believed her to be quite capable of doing this.

Meanwhile Lucy had reached home, very much to the surprise of the servants, who were not expecting her or their mistress, Dame Mary, for several hours. Molly was greatly alarmed when she heard her mistress' voice, although she was assuring the butler that nothing had happened—she was not hurt, and she was going straight to her own room. Her maid flew to meet her, asking if she was not ill, if Sir Charles had brought her home, and if she should send for the doctor.

“No, no, Molly; I am tired and want to go to bed,” she said; and then, feeling it would be a relief to tell her faithful maid something of what had happened, she added, “I have been

to chapel to-night, Molly, and I am now a Methodist."

"A Methodist!" repeated Molly, when she could recover sufficiently from her astonishment to be able to speak; "you a Methodist!" And she looked at her elegantly attired mistress until Lucy felt inclined to laugh, weary and unhappy as she was.

"Now, Molly, help me to undress, and then fold these things up carefully and put them away; I shall never wear them again." Molly nodded and did as she was told, but evidently had her own opinion about that matter, which she did not disclose to her mistress. She said little beyond hurrying the lady to get into bed before Dame Mary and Sir Charles should arrive in search of her; for she saw that she was not fit for an encounter with her angry sister just now, and resolved to keep her away from the room if possible. She had scarcely left it herself when there came a loud rat-a-tat at the street door, and the next moment Dame Mary's voice was heard inquiring for Mistress Lucy. Looking over the banister, Molly could see Sir Charles behind her, his white satin knee-breeches and embroidered coat gleaming in the lamp-light.

"How long has your mistress been home,

Molly?" said the lady, pushing her way through the hall.

"Not long, madam. I fear she must be ill, for she went instantly to bed, desiring that no one might disturb her."

"Disturb her, indeed! She cares little how much she disturbs other folks. Is she hurt? Was the chair overturned?" asked Dame Mary.

"I think not, madam."

"Then why did she come home? She is treating Sir Charles shamefully, and I will not have it!" and she pushed past Molly and went to Lucy's room, where she found her sitting at the table, with an open Bible before her and the traces of recent tears on her face.

The sight almost paralyzed Dame Mary, and she stood at the door as if turned to stone; but at last she managed to hiss out: "So you sent your maid to me with a lie, thinking to escape my anger?" and she snatched away the Bible and threw it to the other end of the room. "There," she exclaimed, "as I have thrown your book, I will throw you out of this house! I have suspected some vile Methodist plot for weeks past, but I will frustrate it yet; no one ever crossed my will with impunity, and you shall not leave this room until

you leave to be married; and if Sir Charles likes you to be a Methodist when you are his wife, you may be one, but you sha'n't before." Saying this, Dame Mary went out of the room, locking the door behind her.

CHAPTER XVII.

A METHODIST AT LAST.

DAME MARY had flung down Lucy's candle, as well as her Bible, and tinder-box, flint and steel were not to be found. Those were not the days of lucifer matches, when a candle could be lighted at a moment's notice ; so that further reading was impossible for that night, and Lucy felt it equally impossible to sleep. She kneeled down to pray, but her heart was so full of inward upbraiding for the past and misgivings for the future that she gained but little comfort ; and at last she rose from her knees and sat down by the window, thinking bitterly over the last few months, and how her pride and prejudice had betrayed her into this forgetfulness of God, and made the task before her far harder now than it would have been at first. O this blind, foolish prejudice that she had fostered and encouraged ! what had she not lost through it ? But for this she and Walter might together have walked in the ways of God, lived in the old home, carried on the foundry, and helped the struggling cause

of Methodism at Lipscombe. They might together have cheered and brightened the last days of their mother and father, instead of making them unhappy. Lucy saw it all now. The dear old folks were changed during the latter years of their life, and theirs might have been a happy Christian household if she and Mary had not constantly roused their antipathy to the Methodists, and to Walter because he was a Methodist. True, Mary had to answer for a great deal; but Mary would have been almost powerless under the combined influence of herself and Walter, and the positive leaning her father had toward the Methodists during the latter part of his life. Most deeply had she sinned, and all she might suffer would be but a just punishment, which she must bear patiently and bravely for Christ's sake.

Mary would be more angry now than she would have been last year if she had boldly told her of her change of principle as soon as she came from Olney. Of course, she would have been vexed and angry then; but things were much more complicated now, and she had good cause for anger in the dismissal of Sir Charles Pringle, now that things were prepared for the wedding, and all their friends had been made acquainted with the brilliant match she had

made. If she had not been so afraid of being called a Methodist—if she had boldly come forward and asked Mrs. Watts to tell her how she might become a Methodist—if her former prejudice had not made her feel afraid of owning that her opinions had changed—all might have been so different now. The battle would have been fought out with little more than she had already endured, and would have been over by this time; but now it was all to begin, and the work would be ten times harder, and it might be that her sister would carry out her threat and turn her out of doors, penniless and helpless. It was best to prepare her mind for the worst contingency that could happen, and be prepared to meet it as far as possible. She looked all difficulties straight in the face, and then kneeled down and spread her trouble before the Lord, feeling she was utterly helpless, but praying that his strength might be made perfect in her weakness, and that she might be kept from so shamefully denying her Lord again.

Then she crept into bed, calmed and comforted, feeling happier than she had been for months, in spite of her perplexity and the difficulty that hedged her in on every side. The thought of doing any thing for her own sup-

port never crossed Lucy's mind. Those were not the days when women were expected to do any thing or be any thing but expensive ornaments to society, taking their opinions second-hand from fathers and husbands; making exemplary wives and daughters, but always with something of an exotic air about them—quite unable to bear the rough wind of the outside world to blow upon them. So Lucy had no idea of any life but one of dependence upon her sister's will; and if Mary turned her out, she hoped Bessie would take her in, to help her bring up her growing family of boys and girls. This was the refuge Lucy had thought of and planned for herself if the worst came to the worst; but she thought it was just possible Mary would hesitate at actually turning her out of doors, for fear of what the world should say about it.

When Molly came to her room the next morning she said Dame Mary had given her orders to lock the door when she went out, and carry the key to her again.

"Very well, Molly. You must obey orders," said Lucy quietly; "but tell my sister I should like to see Sir Charles when he comes."

"To be sure, Mistress Lucy; and I think Dame Harewood will be pleased to hear it, for

she is afraid you will refuse to see him," said Molly, in a confidential tone.

"No; I want to see him," said Lucy. "I behaved very rudely last night, and owe him an apology. So tell my sister I should like to see him if he calls to-day."

The message lost none of its importance from Molly's carrying it, and Dame Mary made up her mind from Molly's report that her sister had "come to her senses again;" and so when Sir Charles was announced, an hour or two later, he was shown to the drawing-room and Lucy released from her own room, Dame Mary resolving to leave them alone to settle the affair, but to step in at the conclusion of the conference to make sure Lucy was not playing her any trick.

Shortly after Sir Charles Pringle's arrival Horace Golding called, but was refused admission when he sent his name to Dame Harewood, and an insulting message was sent, telling him not to try and inveigle Mistress Lucy Maxwell into low haunts and Methodist chapels again, or her husband would probably find some means of chastising his presumption. The clergyman knew not what to make of this message, especially as he heard that his old friend was sitting with her lover; and he went

away feeling grieved and hurt, but still retaining his faith in Lucy.

Meanwhile she was laying before Sir Charles Pringle the whole state of the case, avowing that she was a Methodist in heart, and would shortly be received into the Society and pledged to follow their rules. But, to her dismay, she found that the baronet would not accept this as an insuperable barrier to their union.

“ You shall be free to choose your own religion, Lucy, for I expect the same freedom myself,” he said. “ I like to see women have some religion,” he added ; “ it suits their softness, and adds to their charms ; so pray dismiss all fear on that account. We shall agree—”

“ No, no ; it is impossible,” hastily interrupted Lucy, with heightened color. “ You—you do not believe in the existence of God at all. I have heard you say so.”

“ And what then, Mistress Lucy ? My faith or unbelief can affect no one but myself, if I do not try to force it upon you ; and I tell you I like a little religion in women, so that it is not vulgar fanaticism,” said the gentleman in a slightly offended tone.

She raised her head and looked at him. “ I am afraid I should be what you call a vulgar fanatic,” she said. “ The truth is, I have buried

my religion since I have known you ; but, thank God, it was not quite dead, and by his help I will never try to hide it any more. Sir Charles, it is impossible that I can marry you. Pray forgive me for any pain I may have caused you, for the lightness with which I may seem to have treated you. I am very, very much to blame, for I ought to have known—I did know—that a marriage between two people so opposite as we are was quite impossible."

" But I do not admit that it is impossible," said the gentleman hotly. " I am willing to take you, whatever your religion may be. You would grace any faith, Lucy," he added.

" Hush, hush," she said. " You do not understand these things. I have been a dishonor to religion, but by God's help I will seek to adorn the service of God in future by a life of humble obedience to his will ; but how can I ask, how can I expect any help from you, when you do not even believe in the God I worship ?"

" Lucy, your religion shall suffice for both of us. I do believe in it as a beautiful myth."

" A myth ! " repeated Lucy. " The divine realities of God, and heaven, and the soul's eternal destinies, only a beautiful myth ! " and Lucy covered her face with her hands, and had a hard struggle to keep back her tears ; for it

seemed so inexpressibly awful that a man like Sir Charles Pringle—a sensible, refined, cultured gentleman—should dwell in this outer darkness of unbelief.

There was silence for a minute or two, the gentleman pacing the room with rapid strides. “I cannot bring myself to think as you do,” he said.

“I fear not,” said Lucy; “and our paths in life must separate from to-day. Sir Charles, I must bid you farewell,” and she rose and held out her hand, not coldly, but with such a sad, serious look in her beautiful face that Sir Charles vowed in his heart he would not give her up. He took her hand and held it in a warm grasp.

“You do not think I am to be got rid of so easily, do you?” he said.

“O, Sir Charles, do pray believe I am in earnest, and do not make my lot harder by vexing my sister more than is necessary. Let me go now, and tell my sister, if you can, that there is to be no wedding to-morrow.”

But Sir Charles would not agree to this. With an inconsistency not at all uncommon, the more he saw of the depth and reality of Lucy’s faith the more he respected and loved her; but he agreed to a postponement of the

wedding, and promised to see Dame Harewood and acquaint her with this, so as to screen Lucy as much as possible from her anger. He sincerely pitied the poor girl, and tried hard to make her alter her determination; but finding it useless, and that Lucy only persisted in her assertion that the wedding could *never* take place, he resolved to make the best of things; and when Mary came in, all smiles and honeyed words, he politely explained that he was obliged to go abroad for six months, and that he must leave his bride in her sister's care until he returned.

Dame Mary was dumbfounded at such an unlooked-for announcement, and while she was expressing her surprise Lucy made her escape, deeply grateful for the magnanimity Sir Charles had shown, yet wishing he had not so persistently construed her refusal into a mere postponement of the wedding, for it was but putting off the evil day; and, after all, she did not wholly escape her sister's anger, despite the baronet's fiction about being called away on important business, for Lucy told her sister the truth when she came to her for an explanation after Sir Charles had gone. Of course there was a storm, and Dame Mary declared her sister should be Lady Pringle in

spite of every thing—a threat Lucy knew she would carry out if possible.

Then followed the bustle of sending notes and messages to all the wedding guests, followed by a packing up of the finery again, in the midst of which Lucy made her escape to the little Methodist meeting-house, where she was thankful to see her old friend, Horace Golding. He was the curate of a suburban parish, and often contrived to be present at some of the Methodist meetings; and so it was not at all remarkable that he should be here again, especially as a new member was to be admitted and the regular minister was away just now. It devolved, therefore, upon Horace to explain to the new candidate that the only condition required in those seeking admission to the Society called Methodists was “a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins,” and that proof of this being sincere must be given “by avoiding evil of every kind, especially that which is most generally practiced; such as

“Taking the name of God in vain.

“Profaning the day of the Lord.

“Buying, selling, or drinking spirituous liquors.

“Buying or selling uncustomed goods.

“ Fighting, going to law, rendering evil for evil, using many words in buying or selling.

“ Uncharitable or unprofitable conversation.

“ Giving or taking things on usury.

“ The putting on of gold or costly apparel.

“ The taking such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus.

“ Singing songs or reading books which do not tend to the knowledge and love of God.

“ Softness, and needless self-indulgence.

“ Laying up treasures upon earth.

“ Borrowing without a probability of paying.

“ Moreover, it is expected of all members of this Society, that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation—

“ By doing good; by being in every kind merciful after their power, and, as far as is possible, to all men: to their bodies, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting or helping them that are sick or in prison: to their souls, by instructing, reproving, or exhorting all they have any intercourse with.

“ By doing good, especially to them that are of the household of faith, employing them preferably to others; buying one of another; helping each other in business, and so much the more because the world will love its own and them only.

“By all possible diligence and frugality, that the gospel be not blamed.

“By running with patience the race set before them, denying themselves, and taking up their cross daily; submitting to bear the reproach of Christ, to be as the filth and offscouring of the world; and looking that men should say all manner of evil of them falsely for the Lord’s sake.

“By attending all the ordinances of God, such as—

“The public worship of God.

“The ministry of the word, either read or expounded.

“The supper of the Lord.

“Family and private prayer.

“Searching the Scriptures.

“Fasting or abstinence during all Fridays of the year.

“These are the general rules of the Society; all which we are taught of God to observe even in his written word, the only rule, and the sufficient rule, of our faith and practice. And all these we know his Spirit writes on every truly awakened heart. If there be any among us who observe them not, who habitually break any of them, let it be made known unto them who watch over that soul, as they

that must give an account. We will admonish him of the error of his ways. We will bear with him for a season. But then if he repent not, he hath no more place among us. We have delivered our own souls."

A copy of these rules, signed by John and Charles Wesley, was given to Lucy, and after the reading of them she was formally asked by Horace Golding if she would observe and keep them all, God helping her, unto her life's end ; to which a faint response of "Yes" was given, although, as she said it, Lucy felt she was utterly unable to do it of herself ; for some of them would be very hard for a lady of fashion, reared in the lap of luxury and self-indulgence, to keep.

Custom in the matter of dress, conversation, amusements, eating and drinking, would have to be set aside, and the disciple, if she would follow her Lord and keep the rules here laid down, must make herself the target for any poor wit, or ridicule, or scorn, taking all as quietly as though it were deserved. Lucy knew that she would meet with contumely and reproach, and every species of drawing-room persecution, even if more active means were not used to induce her to give up her religion.

Then Lucy was naturally, artistically, fond of dress—bright, cherry-colored ribbons fluttering about her; dainty bronze and velvet shoes, setting off her tiny foot; and elegant fans dangling from her wrist. But all these must be given up now: and Lucy wondered as she went home whether she had a dress that could, by any possibility, be transformed to the Quaker-like costume of her Methodist sisters, one or two of whom had ventured to shake hands with her, and one had whispered about her gaudy attire, although to Lucy it was not gaudy, but the neatest dress in her wardrobe. But those were not the days of neat dresses, but of hoops, and brocaded silks, and bright colors, the gentlemen outdoing the ladies in their butterfly appointments, and all vying with each other in the extravagances of fashion. It was well that some protest should be made in this matter of dress; and John Wesley had begun it years before, and inculcated upon his followers the duty and necessity of doing it still—for this extravagance was the ruin of many and the curse of the age, which needed to be brought back to something of the soberness of Puritan times.

Of course, Molly's help had to be sought at once in this matter of dress, and Lucy was

forced to tell her maid she had joined the Society she had so often heard her deride; and the rules also inculcated that she should "exhort, and reprove, and instruct" all who came within her influence, and so it seemed that Molly was especially that person, and Lucy tried to speak a word in season.

To her surprise Molly burst into tears, and sobbed out, "O Mistress Lucy, if you had but taken the trouble to say a word like this when we first came home from Peckington last year I might have been a different girl; but it is too late now."

Lucy looked alarmed. "Too late, Molly; what do you mean?" she asked. "It is never too late to repent."

"I'm not so sure about that," sobbed Molly. "I believe I did repent when I was at Peckington, and I meant to live a new life, too; I really did mean it, and I thought every day you would say something about it, and then I should have asked you if you minded me joining the Methodists."

"O Molly, if you felt like that, why did you not tell me? You should not have waited for me to speak first."

"Perhaps not, ma'am; but as you were my mistress, and had been thinking something

like me, I thought it was not my place to speak first."

"O Molly, forgive me if I have wronged you, too!" said Lucy with a burst of tears, and mistress and maid mingled their weeping, bitterly regretting the past, until Lucy said, "Come, Molly, we will kneel down and pray together, and we may be able to help each other yet—God may let us repair something of our past foolishness and forgetfulness of him."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

LUCY had a hard fight with her sister, especially in the matter of dress ; but the fight with herself was even harder. Little did Dame Mary think that the plain ribbonless caps that she laughed at, calling Lucy a serving-wench, and suggesting that she had made a mistake in coming to the drawing-room in such a cap and gown, and that her place was in the kitchen—little did she dream, how hateful it was to Lucy to see herself arrayed in a plain, cheap dress ; for, according to the rules of the Methodists, she could not make it costly, as a Quaker's ; for Mr. Wesley denounced the fine linen and rich silk which they often wore as being mischievous and extravagant in spite of its primness.

To escape from her sister Mary's gibes and jeers Lucy often went to the Clapham household, where it was not noticed so much ; for there were several families of Methodists, settlers in this neighborhood, and their example was insensibly influencing their near neighbors

in the matter of dress, so that a neater style of fashion prevailed here.

Bessie was intimate with one or two well-to-do families in the neighborhood and at Wimbledon, and she did not mind taking Lucy with her; for, in spite of her plain stuff gown and hoopless skirts, she looked every inch a lady, and there was a sweetness and gentleness in her beautiful face that made people forget the ugly cap and gown, and children especially were drawn to her.

There was a little lad about ten years old staying at one of these Wimbledon homes, with whom Lucy became a great favorite. He was a delicate, diminutive boy, almost deformed in figure, but with a face beautiful as Lucy's own, and a voice of touching sweetness.

“This is my nephew, William Wilberforce,” said their hostess one day, leading the little boy to Lucy. He looked up shyly at the beautiful, gracious lady, who dressed as plainly as his Methodist aunt—for plain dress was as remarkable to little William as it was to Dame Mary; but he loved his aunt, and felt sure he should like her beautiful visitor.

The child was in mourning, having just lost his father, one of the wealthiest merchants of Hull, and this little boy had come to live

at open, breezy Wimbledon, for the benefit of his health. His aunt was very anxious about the little fellow. "It is not that I fear he is going to die," she said; "but this may be his only chance of learning how to live. His mother is a gay, fashionable lady, and will not let us keep him long, I am afraid, for fear he should become a Methodist; and the dear child's mind seems to open so readily to receive religious impressions that I pray God may direct me how to deal with this immortal soul, that some lessons he learns here may remain with him through life, even though he is again plunged into a world that lieth in wickedness."

This was confided to Lucy when they were by themselves, with whom the lady felt far more sympathy than with her sister, and invited her to come and spend a week at her house—an invitation gladly accepted by Lucy, as affording her a pleasant respite from Mary's persecution.

As Lucy was on her way to Wimbledon to pay this visit the coach in which she was riding was suddenly brought to a stand-still in a narrow street through which they were passing, and, looking out, Lucy saw a crowd collected, and asked the coachman what had happened.

“Only a black man fell down. I’ll ride over them all directly,” said the man in an angry tone.

“No, no, wait a minute. I will go and see what it is,” said Lucy; for she suddenly remembered her uncle’s negro, poor Tim, and how helpless he would have been in this busy world of London. So she stepped from her coach and pushed her way among the crowd, the people making way for the “Methodist lady” quite as readily as they would for the fashionable one—more so, perhaps—for a whisper ran through the mob: “She will help him—she will help the poor wretch.”

It was a poor old negro, white-headed and worn to a skeleton with hard work and hard fare, turned out by his master to die in the streets, now that he could no longer work. It was such a common tale that many of the crowd turned away without another thought; but Lucy would not, dare not, do this. As a Methodist she was bound to help him, even if her heart had not melted at the sight of the poor old man, and she turned to some of the bystanders, asking if they could not take him to a decent lodging. “I will pay the cost,” said Lucy, “if you will only take him somewhere and send for a doctor at once.”

"I will take him, madam," said a poorly dressed woman. "I would have offered before; but times are so hard with me now that I can hardly get enough to eat for myself; but if you will see that the poor fellow has a bit of food, I can do the nursing."

"Thank you," said Lucy, and she slipped some money into the woman's hand, and asked her where she lived, giving directions that a doctor should be sent for to see the poor old negro at once. He was soon carried after the woman who had volunteered to nurse him, and Lucy went back to her coach, thinking much of the inhuman conduct of the man's master, and wondering whether it would ever be possible to put an end to this odious slave-trade.

When she reached Wimbledon she told her friends of her adventure, and elicited their sympathy on behalf of the poor old negro; but little William Wilberforce seemed most deeply moved. He forgot his shyness in his anxiety to hear all Lucy had to say about the poor old man, and asked questions about the slaves and their treatment at the plantations, that sounded quaint and old-fashioned indeed, coming from such baby lips; for, owing to his peculiar deformity and delicate appearance, he looked much younger than he really was.

To please him it was agreed that the old man should be sent for to Wimbledon as soon as he got better, and, if able to work, he might make himself useful about the garden, attend the little boy in his rambles about the common, and occupy a small room over the stable.

"But he will not be a slave, aunt, will he?" asked the little boy. "I should not like to have a slave," he added.

"No, my dear. We will pay him wages, as we do Dick Allen," said his aunt.

Lucy then gave him a full account of what she had heard from Walter about the Quaker minister, Woolman, refusing the hospitality of those who held slaves, and Benezet writing his tract against the slave-trade, and Cowper his poem.

"I will write about it, too," said the boy; "and when I get a man, and go to Parliament, I will ask them to make a law and stop the dreadful slave-trade."

"Yes, do, William," said his aunt smiling; "and if your law should be passed hundreds of poor negroes will bless my little nephew, William Wilberforce. You will always be my *little* nephew, I am afraid, dear; but I have heard a verse good Dr. Watts wrote about be-

ing a little man, and I hope you will not forget it:

“ ‘ Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean in my span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind’s the standard of the man.’ ”

The little boy repeated the last line: “ The mind’s the standard of the man.” “ Then it will not matter much if I am not as tall as Dick Allen,” he said.

His aunt smiled. “ You will never be as tall as Dick,” she said; “ but you can be a much greater man, if you are only a good man.” And then she turned to Lucy and told her something of her hopes concerning this little nephew, and how she believed he would be capable of doing almost anything he attempted; for tasks were learned and ideas grasped so quickly and retained so strongly that, added to the natural sweetness of his disposition, and capacity for enjoying to the full almost every thing that came in his way, these gifts, with the immense wealth he would by and by possess, must make him a power for good or evil in the world. It was his aunt’s constant prayer that his life might be devoted to the service of God.

“ But I am afraid for him,” she said, as her

eyes followed him from the window, for she had sent him to play in the garden while she had a little quiet talk with her friend. “I am afraid his mother will not let us keep him long, for in a letter I had from her yesterday she said she hoped William was not learning Methodist ways—she is so afraid of his being a Methodist, which is all I desire for him.”

“I can quite understand your anxiety, madam, and you may be sure your labor for him will not be in vain. He is a sweet little fellow, and seems to drink in all one can teach him about the ways of God and the love of God; in this he differs very much from my little nephews and nieces.”

“He is different from most children, and I often think he is a child of grace, which is a great comfort to me; for if he is one of God’s chosen—one of the elect—nothing that his mother can do to draw him into the world of fashion can prevail against the Spirit of God.”

The lady was a follower of Whitefield, and found her doctrine of election very comforting in this instance. Lucy knew little or nothing of theological differences, but she was quite ready to assent to her friend’s proposition, and told her what she had heard about Mr. Newton, the curate of Olney, and how his mother’s

prayers had been answered, though for a time it had seemed that they were utterly forgotten.

“Yes, I have heard of Mr. Newton from my friend, Mr. Golding, and the Rev. Mr. Venn—not all you have told me, my dear—but of his earnest and Christian work, and how, like Mr. Whitefield, he is never weary in his Master’s service.”

“Do you know Horace—Mr. Golding?” said Lucy, in some surprise.

“To be sure we do. Godly men are not plentiful as blackberries, that we can afford to let little differences of opinion separate us. Mr. Golding follows Mr. Wesley in his belief, and I follow my teacher, Mr. Whitefield, but we all follow Christ and serve him; so that I cannot see, as some good people do, that I ought to renounce the friendship of those who differ from me in Christian faith.”

“What is this difference?” asked Lucy, for she had never heard of the contest waged, and shortly to be re-opened, on this theological battle-field. But there was no time to explain, for some other friends were announced, and very soon Lucy was listening to a discussion upon a very different subject; but one that made her heart beat quicker, and brought

back her mind to the old days in the summer parlor at home.

“The fellow is a hard-headed Scotchman, and firmly believes wheels can be made to turn by steam. He has been working and improving upon a model of Newcomen’s steam-pump for years; but he is poor, and only saved just money enough to take out a patent for his steam-engine, which is made only large enough to try the idea fairly.” The speaker was a tall, capable-looking gentleman, with very little of the dandy about him. It was astonishing how few dandies found their way to Clapham or Wimbledon. Every body that one met here was earnest about something, and more than half were Methodists, Lucy found, although they might not actually acknowledge it. The gentleman spoken to was listening as eagerly as Lucy to his friend’s account of the steam-engine, and asked how he had heard of it. The tall gentleman responded:

“I have been obliged to go to Glasgow upon business—went to see some friends at the University—and while there had the good fortune, or bad fortune, to break my spectacles, and was recommended to James Watt, Mathematical Instrument-Maker to the College, I wonder whether the world will ever

hear of my odd little spectacle-mender. To look at he is the last person in the world to expect such a thing of; but this is an age of surprises, and no one knows when the next will turn up, or who is to give it you—so it is well to be on the lookout."

"And do you really think wheels can be made to turn by steam?" said Lucy. "My brother had the same idea some years ago, but every body laughed at him for it."

"Well, I suppose they did, and doubtless my little Scotchman has been laughed at, too; but they could not laugh him out of the idea, and I believe he has got to the root of the matter, too."

"What do you call the root of the matter, Mason?" asked his friend. "We know you are not afraid of taking up new ideas."

"Well, this certainly is a new idea, and whether it comes to any thing or not, James Watt is the first I have heard of who has defined steam as being an elastic vapor, capable of expansion when once let loose, but of compression when confined."

"I don't see any thing very wonderful in that," said his friend, after a minute's thoughtful pause. "It's true enough; every body knows that who thinks at all."

“Yes, yes ; it’s true enough, we know ; but who ever thought about it long enough or deep enough to grasp the idea until James Watt gave it birth ? It came out of a teakettle, I believe,” he added, laughing, and taking little William Wilberforce on his knee as he spoke. “We are talking about a Scotchman who is going to be a great man some day,” he said, speaking to the child. “He was a little delicate, shy boy, like you, they tell me ; but he was very industrious and very fond of learning, and now clever men like to go into his dark little shop and talk to him about botany, and astronomy, and every subject learned men like to talk about ; for James Watt, though a poor man who has had to work for his living all his life, understands so many things that he has taught himself that he can often teach others who have had many more advantages.”

“Aunt prays to God to make me a good man, and I’m trying to be good now, and by and by perhaps he will let me be a great man. Do you think he will ?” asked the little boy.

“What do you mean to do for the world, my little fellow ? The Scotchman I am telling about says he can make steam turn wheels,

and if he can the world will say he is great, for no one has been able to do that before."

"I don't care much about wheels and steam and things; I like people best," said young Wilberforce. "I want to do something like Mistress Lucy Maxwell did this morning; she saved a poor old blackamoor from dying in the street."

"And you want to save wornout negroes. Well, it is about as wild a scheme as any one could think of," laughed his friend.

"O, but I sha'n't wait until they all get old; I shall try and stop the slave-trade," said the little boy seriously.

The gentleman patted his head, and laughed again. "I am afraid people will do more than laugh at you if ever you try to do that," he said. "Why, my little lad, you might as well try to push this house down with your two little hands as to try to abolish the slave-trade."

"But it's wrong—it's a wicked trade; my aunt says so," persisted the boy; "and she says that God will take all the wickedness away, a little bit at a time, and we are to help him do it; and, if he will let me, I shall help him with the slaves."

There was another laugh among the guests

at the gravely comical air with which this was said, but William Wilberforce did not laugh ; he only said still more seriously, “I do mean to try.”

“God help you, or any body else that ever begins such an unequal struggle as that, my lad. The end will be more doubtful, I think, than my new friend’s steam project.”

“Then the man really is going to build an engine ? ” said another interested listener.

“Yes ; he has worked hard, taking every little odd job that came in his way that he might save money enough to do this ; for he reckons it will cost a thousand pounds to build such an engine as he needs to give his idea a fair trial, and a thousand pounds is a large fortune to a working man like him ; but he has scraped it together by dint of hard work and living like a church mouse ; so we may hear of Watt’s steam engine yet.”

“What a fool the fellow must be to spend his hard-earned money in such a mad way ! How much will he gain by it ? ”

“I never asked him, and I fancy James Watt has never thought much about gain for himself. The engine has occupied all his thoughts, just as saving men and women from sin and the wrath to come has cast every other

thought out of the mind of Wesley and Whitefield."

"But, my dear sir, you would not compare the vain inventions of your friend to the work of godly men saving souls," hastily interrupted his hostess.

"I do not draw any comparison, madam," said the gentleman politely. "I only say it is the dominant thought of both minds, given by God to both, I believe, and before which gain or loss is of trifling consequence."

"But—but do I understand you to say that you think God may have given this thought about steam and the steam-engine?" said Lucy.

"To be sure, my dear lady. We thank God in our prayers for our food and clothing, and if he gives a man a thought by which these can be multiplied and made cheaper and better, why should we not own his hand in it, and thank him for it? Who knows how much this steam-engine of Watt's may help in the spread of the Gospel Mr. Wesley preaches?" said Mr. Mason.

But several shook their heads. The idea was so wild and far-fetched, and savored, moreover, of such dangerous doctrine, that no one was found to indorse it, or at least to

show that they did ; but to Lucy the thought was full of sweetness as well as sadness, for if it was true, what this gentleman had said, surely God had meant to make Walter his servant in some such way as this, but she had hindered and thwarted it by her pride and prejudice. O, that pride and prejudice ! what bitter fruit it had borne !

CHAPTER XIX.

LUCY'S RESCUE.

WALTER MAXWELL reached England in time for the meeting of Conference, and laid before them letters from the little Society of Methodists that had just been formed in New York. There was also a letter from Mr. Thomas Bell, of Charleston, saying, "Mr. Wesley says the first message of the preachers is to the lost sheep of England. And are there none in America? They have strayed from England into the wild woods here, and they are running wild after this world. They are drinking their wine in bowls, and are jumping and dancing and serving the devil in the groves and under the green trees. And are not these lost sheep? And will none of the preachers come here?" This impassioned appeal was not to be resisted, and Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor volunteered to go out. It was decided that they should sail for Philadelphia, where Captain Webb had collected another little company, and formed them into a band in connection

with Philip Embury's congregation at New York. To these, the New York Methodists, a present of fifty pounds was to be sent as a token of brotherly love, and to clear off the debt they had contracted in building their meeting-house. Pilmoor was to go to Maryland and Virginia, while Boardman went to New York.

Walter did not return with them, for his health had begun to fail, and the frequent attacks of ague made it almost impossible for him to continue his work in America ; but he would be able to do a little here in England, and it was hoped, with careful home nursing, he might be able to return to his former sphere of labor after a year or two of rest.

This was the doctor's advice, and Mr. Wesley decided that it must be followed ; but who was to give Walter the attention he so much needed ? Neither of his sisters, who had homes, would undertake the task, and Lucy had considerable difficulty in seeing him at all except by stealth, when she went to the meeting-house, where Walter generally contrived to meet her. His elder sister's doors were entirely closed against him, and Bessie rather endured his visits than welcomed them, for she looked upon him as little better than a

madman, who had no right to trouble his friends, whom he had disgraced while he ruined himself; so that Horace Golding's bachelor home was the only one open to him.

Horace welcomed his old friend warmly, but Horace had neither been a successful man nor a saving man. His stipend as a curate was but fifty pounds a year, and though he followed Mr. Wesley's rules, drank sage tea, wore the plainest clothes, and kept his hair long to save the expense of frequent cutting, without either powder or pomatum to adorn it, and so contrived to save twenty pounds out of his fifty to give to the poor—still he had but small accommodation to offer an invalid. But Walter's condition gave him courage to think of another project, that he had long since given up as hopeless. It had been decided by the Conference to allow the lay preachers a sufficient sum from the general fund to provide for the necessities of themselves and their families while they were preaching, and it was only fair that Walter should share in this while he recruited his strength. Very soon he and Horace were calculating whether their united incomes would warrant them in asking Lucy to share their poverty; for it would be poverty even then.

“I don't know what to say, what to think.

I have seen too little of Lucy to be able to judge whether she is likely to bear such a change willingly," said Walter with a sigh, and shivering as he drew nearer to the fire. The ague was upon him again. He had not seen Lucy for more than a week, and he began to doubt whether it could be altogether Mary's fault that he saw her so seldom.

Horace defended his old friend warmly, but he had an unpleasant suspicion, which Walter seemed to be quite ignorant of, that Lucy would probably make a greater effort to see her brother if he were under any other roof than his own. She had gone to see the poor old negro often enough until death had terminated his sufferings, and her sister had objected to that, as she did to almost every thing Lucy proposed now, so that the clergyman felt as sure as Walter did that it was not wholly Mary's fault; but he did not tell his friend this.

"It seems downright selfish of me to ask Lucy to share such poverty as I could offer her," said Horace; "for of course you understand, Walter, that if she came here she could only come as my wife."

"As your wife, Brother Golding!" exclaimed Walter, for the thought had never

crossed his mind in this shape before. He had long ago made up his own mind upon the subject of matrimony, and thought his old friend had done the same.

“Yes, as my wife,” repeated Horace. “I shall never marry any other woman than Lucy. I may tell you now that I had given up all thoughts of marriage until I knew my old play-fellow was a Methodist, and then the old desire came back again as strong as ever.”

“And yet you haven’t asked her?” said Walter.

“How could I?” replied his friend. “In the first place, she was an utter stranger to such poverty as I should have to ask her to share.”

“What is that to a Methodist?” said Walter. “Lucy has given up the pomps and vanities of the world. I can see she does not wear ribbons and laces and fine paduasoys now, but is content with a grogram gown, like any other good woman.”

“But, Brother Maxwell, voluntary poverty, such as Lucy now practices, and real poverty, such as mine, are altogether different. Lucy has not to trouble herself about where the next meal or the next gown is to come from, and it might come to that if she came here,” said the

clergyman, who had evidently been thinking a good deal about this matter.

But Walter was rather indignant at these prudential considerations having any weight with Methodists. "Suppose you were in doubt about your next meal, what then?" he demanded.

"I could hope in the Lord, as I have done many a time before; but I have no right to expose Lucy or any other woman to this risk."

"You are afraid her faith would not stand such a test."

"O no, I am not. Lucy has already braved what many a man would shrink from, and if poverty came upon us unexpectedly in the way of duty she would help me to bear it cheerfully, I know; but still, this is different."

Walter would not see it, however. "I believe Lucy would be happier here with us than living in that splendid prison with Mary," he said. "She does not say much as to the way she is treated, but I know Mary, and her hatred of Methodists, and I believe Lucy has more to bear than she lets me know. Is there nothing else in the way but your poverty, Brother Golding? You have not heard that Lucy is likely to marry any one else?"

"Yes, I have," replied Horace. "She was

to have been married the day, or the day after, she joined our Society."

"To one of our people?" asked Walter, without waiting for his friend to finish his account.

"No, no, to a wealthy, fashionable baronet, one who—"

"Then it was your duty to stop it, brother; for you know that Mr. Wesley holds such marriages to be a snare of Satan—nay, all marriages are, unless contracted between people of our own Society, who may be mutually helpful to each other. In this I fear you have not been faithful, my dear brother," said the invalid, and then another creeping, shivering fit seized him, and he was obliged to stop.

"Lucy did not need any interference or help of mine, even if I had been willing to give it," said the clergyman when Walter was a little better. "She decided the matter for herself, I believe, and dismissed the gentleman, although Dame Mary persists in believing that the wedding was but postponed for six months, and your other sister talks of Lucy's marriage taking place about the end of the year."

"It shall not though, if I can prevent it," said Walter, hotly. "I will go and see about

Lucy as soon as I am able to get out again, and tell her—”

“ Not what we have been talking about ? ” interrupted Horace, impatient in his turn. “ You may tell her you have heard what Bes-sie is talking about, that she is to be married to Sir Charles Pringle ; but leave my name out of the matter, please.”

“ But why should I, since you desire to make Lucy your wife ? ”

“ Never mind ; I have my reasons, and do pray let me manage my own affairs in this di-rection. I should never make a good Moravian brother, and be content for other people —the elders—to choose my wife for me. I am hardly a good Methodist in this ; for to my mind Mr. Wesley’s notions about such matters savor too much of Count Zinzendorf’s, modified as they are.”

“ Well, it always seems a pity that two such good men as the German count and our Mr. John could not understand each other better. Say what you will, if the two Societies were one it would be better for Germany, England, and the world.”

“ Well, I don’t know. I wont deny that the Moravian Brethren are excellent people, and that Mr. John doubtless learned much from

them ; but how could one Society be ruled by two kings ? We are glad to submit to Mr. John's rule, but he could not submit to the count nor the count to him, much as they might esteem each other ; and so they parted, and we have Methodists for England and United Brethren for Germany, each good men in their way, and striving to follow God after the pattern laid down for them by their leaders, John Wesley and Count Zinzendorf."

" We'll talk about the Moravians another time ; I feel anxious about Lucy after what you have told me, and I wonder Bessie did not tell me something of it, or Lucy herself," said Walter.

He would have gone to his sister's house in fashionable Ormond-street at once if he had not been so ill, and no sooner was he a little better than he determined to go ; for nearly a fortnight had elapsed and no news had come from Lucy, neither had she been to the class or prayer-meetings. Horace had ascertained this for him, and he set off at last, in no small anxiety lest Lucy should have been drawn into the whirlpool of fashionable life again.

A sedan chair stood at the door of the house, but it was empty, and so Walter knocked, asking to see Mistress Lucy Maxwell. The pomp-

ous footman looked at the pale, wan face, the shirt without frills, and the wrists without ruffles, and decided that this was a man to be treated with scant ceremony.

“Mistress Lucy does not see strangers,” he said, still holding the door in his hand and keeping Walter on the steps.

“But I am not a stranger. I am her brother,” said Walter with some dignity.

The servant grinned. “I suppose you are a Methodist,” he said, “but Mistress Lucy isn’t now, so she can’t be your sister.”

For once Walter wished he was not a Methodist, that he might knock the fellow down; but he curbed his rising anger, and speaking as calmly as he could he said, “What do you mean by saying Mistress Lucy is not a Methodist?”

The man evidently took a pleasure in tormenting this shabbily-dressed visitor, for he could see that his news had struck him like a blow, and he resolved to follow it up. “Well, now, I don’t know much of the Methodies and their ways, being a respectable man myself, but I have heard say they never go to Ranelagh Gardens or any place of amusement, and that is where Mistress Lucy and madam are going to-day.”

“Where? to Ranelagh?” demanded Walter, almost staggering as he spoke.

“Yes, she and madam are going to take the air to-day at Ranelagh, for Mistress Lucy has not been out for a fortnight.”

“Why has she not been out? Is she ill?” asked Walter.

“That’s none of my business, nor yours either. I only know they’re going to Ranelagh to-day, and you’d better be going, too—there or somewhere else, for madam will be coming out directly, and she don’t like to see shabby people about the place.”

Walter turned without a word, and went down the steps. He would go to Ranelagh if it was necessary, much as he loathed all such gay, fashionable places, but he would rescue Lucy if it was possible; for he felt sure Mary was dragging her there against her will. The news the man had told him of Lucy not having been out for a fortnight had revived his hope in her, and he resolved to wait close to the chair, and see her before she started, if possible, and if that failed he would follow them to the gardens and speak to her there.

Dame Mary descended the steps first, her hair powdered and her face patched and painted in the most approved style of the period,



Lucy's Rescue.

but looking a wearied, anxious, unhappy woman, in spite of her costly dress and the evidences of wealth by which she was surrounded. Lucy came close behind, her face likewise adorned with the patches of black court plaster that were supposed to add to every body's beauty in those days.

Walter started when he caught sight of the patches, for they were to him the mark of the beast, the outward and visible sign of his sister having sold herself to the world and the devil; and before the sad, down-drooping eyes could be lifted Walter had seized her roughly by the arm and demanded, "What is this I see, madam? Where are you going, painted like another Jezebel?"

"O, Walter!" gasped Lucy.

"Seize that madman," cried Dame Mary in a fury, "seize him and carry him off to Bedlam, and lift my sister into the chair." This was said to the footman who had followed them, and who now approached Lucy.

But she clung to her brother's arm, and waved the footman off; and Walter said, "Touch her if you dare! She is my sister as much as she is Dame Harewood's," and he threw his arm round her to protect her.

"Lucy, leave that mad fellow and come with

me, or you shall never cross my threshold again!" said Dame Mary, seeing the footman hesitate, and she approached to drag her sister away from Walter.

But Lucy clung the closer to him. "Save me, save me," she whispered. "I would rather do any thing than go back to the world again."

Walter was exultant, and could afford to be magnanimous now. "Mary, be reasonable," he said, "and we will go indoors and talk this matter over together."

"Be reasonable! You, a madman, who have thrown away all your chances of getting on in the world, and are a disgrace to the name of Maxwell—you talk of being reasonable! Never shall you enter my house, nor that ungrateful Lucy either, unless she ends this scandalous scene and gets into the chair at once."

"I cannot," said Lucy. "I begged and implored you not to take me to Ranelagh, and told you I would escape if I could, even when I had little hope of doing so."

"And what did I tell you? That I was your lawful guardian, and that you were bound to obey me, and that if you did not I would shut my door against you, and leave you to beg your bread; and I mean it." Dame Mary spoke calmly, but it was the calmness of con-

centrated fury, and Lucy knew enough of her sister to feel sure that she would carry out her threat; but still she did not hesitate.

"I cannot come with you, Mary, and you know my reasons," said Lucy.

"Then I will never see you again, you wicked, ungrateful chit;" saying which, Dame Mary stepped into her chair and was borne away, while the brother and sister walked in the opposite direction, anxious to avoid the crowd which the altercation had called together.

"What am I to do now?" said Lucy, looking down at the silk dress she wore and the bronze shoes which were so unbecoming in a Methodist.

"I think I had better call a coach, and we will go to Bessie's;" for Lucy's dress was certainly not fit to walk the streets in.

"Yes, I think that will be best, and we can talk to her about what has happened, though I am afraid she will be angry as well as Mary," said Lucy.

"How is it you have not been out for a fortnight?" asked her brother. "I have been ill and expecting to see you every day."

"Mary would not let me come. I was locked in my room most of the time; for I would not promise to do as she wished about something

she thought she had a right to be obeyed in, and so—”

“Is it about this marriage Bessie has talked of?” said Walter.

“Bessie knows as well as Mary that I never promised to be married in six months, as they say I did. Sir Charles understands it too, or, at least, he will when my letter reaches him,” said Lucy.

“Then you are writing to this gentleman?” said Walter in a tone of stern displeasure.

“He has written to me twice, and I have answered the last one; for he spoke of my spending my life at Whitby Mall, as though that was a settled thing. Mary would have stopped the letter if she could, but the post had gone, and it was that which vexed her so much. I am afraid she will never let me go back now.”

“So much the better, Lucy; for I want you more than she does, and I know somebody that wants you more than I do, only he’s been afraid to speak. There, I’ve broken my promise to Horace, and if you say ‘no’ now, Lucy, I shall be blamed for it; but you wont, will you? You wont disappoint the poor fellow at last, I’m sure,” and he drew his sister’s blus-

ing face down upon his shoulder, and wanted to make her promise she would say "yes" to her old friend whenever he should ask her. But Lucy declared she would not tell him what she was likely to say, and that if he dared to tell Horace what had passed she would turn her back upon the pair of them.

It was a merry drive altogether, for they quite forgot the angry scolding that would be sure to await them at their journey's end, and chatted and laughed like two children; Lucy telling her brother of Watt's projected steam-engine, and that it was likely they would see wheels turned by steam after all.

Walter clapped his hands like a boy when he heard of it. "I knew it could be done," he said, "and I am glad somebody has found out how to do it."

"I am glad, too," said Lucy, "but I wish it had been you, Walter. It might have been—it would have been, I feel sure, if I had not hated the Methodists so much."

CHAPTER XX.

LUCY'S FORTUNE.

LUCY'S reception by her sister was just what she feared it would be—Bessie positively refusing to let her stay even one night in her house, and advising that she should go back and humble herself to Mary, or, better still, go and meet her at Ranelagh Gardens, and write a different letter to Sir Charles Pringle. But, of course, this was out of the question, and so Walter took her home with him—not to stay, however, for little William Wilberforce met them as they came in, with a request that Lucy should go home to Wimbledon with them. He had come with his aunt to see Mr. Golding, and ask for Lucy's address, and now she had come just in time to go back with them.

His aunt, it seemed, was in some trouble, for news had just reached her that Mr. Whitefield was dead. It had not been confirmed yet, but she feared it was too true, and longed for Lucy to be with her at this time. To hear that her sisters had turned their backs upon

her, and that she was at liberty to make a long stay, was almost pleasant news to the lady, much as she might regret the cause which gave her friend such liberty.

Mr. Whitefield had gone to America again—had been gone only a short time, when the rumor of his death reached Wimbledon; but, happily, it proved only a rumor this time, and friends in England hoped he might be spared to a good old age, in spite of his own fear lest he should outlive his usefulness. “I shall live to be a poor, peevish old man, and every body will be tired of me,” he said one day to a friend, and the fear and dread of this positively depressed him sometimes, for he was quite aware that he had a quick, irritable temper that often gave his friends pain, which he regretted, even to tears, afterward.

Lucy and her friend often talked of this, comparing Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitefield, and how happily these two great men and dear friends had spent together the last weeks of Mr. Whitefield’s stay in England. Mr. Whitefield had attended the last Conference, and Mr. Wesley had preached in the Countess of Huntingdon’s chapel; and it seemed as though the theological differences that had previously separated this noble master and his disciple had at last died

out: for, as Wesley had told a friend, “Bigotry cannot stand before him, but hides its head wherever he comes. My brother and I conferred with him every day, and, let the honorable men do what they please, we resolved by the grace of God to go hand in hand through honor and dishonor.”

“We think of all this now,” said Dame Wilberforce, “and, remembering how worn and old he looked when he last returned from America, we cannot but fear that his life will not be a long one.”

“But he is not an old man, is he?” asked Lucy. “Let me see: it must be sixteen years ago since I heard him preach. It was early one morning; we were on our way to Gloucester; and if I had heard Mr. Whitefield as my father and brother did that morning—if I had not taken up a blind prejudice against the Methodists—what a different life mine might have been, and Walter’s likewise!” and Lucy thought of another whose life had been a lonely one through this same fault, and a faint color stole into her face as she spoke.

“My dear, it is for God to take our spoiled lives and make them yield sweetness at last,” said Dame Wilberforce tenderly, taking Lucy’s hand, for she saw that her friend was over-

come by her recollection of the bitter, wasted past.

“Do you think we dare attempt such a work? Would it not be presumption for such a woman of the world as I have been to attempt to work for God now? I might have done it once. At least I might have helped one who has devoted his life to God; but now it seems presumption for me to offer such a poor service as I could give.”

“Then, my dear friend, what do you propose to do?” said Dame Wilberforce. “If you do not serve God you must serve the devil —there is no middle course, no neutral ground in the fight between good and evil. Our Lord and Saviour has said, ‘Whosoever is not for me is against me.’ Do you deliberately choose to range yourself among the enemies of God?”

“O no, no,” said Lucy quickly. “You misunderstand me. It is that I do not think myself worthy to engage in God’s service as most Methodists do; as I should if—” and there Lucy stopped.

Her friend would not notice the abrupt conclusion of her speech. Perhaps she knew enough to divine what was passing in her mind, and she said quietly, “My dear, we are all unworthy servants, but it is our duty to follow

where God calls us, and I trust if such a call should come to you it will not be neglected or refused through any false humility; for you must remember this, my dear, the devil is more busy among Christians than among worldly people. They may safely be left to go the downward road in following their own selfish, sinful ways, but Christians must be watched and hindered, and if they cannot be won back to the world in the usual way, Satan can counterfeit some spiritual grace, which he thrusts in the way, and which is too often taken for the real grace. So, my dear friend, beware of this wile of the devil. It needs much watchfulness and prayer; but these he cannot withstand, and God is stronger than our adversary, and will with every temptation make a way of escape, if we do but earnestly seek it from him."

No one would, perhaps, have urged a more powerful plea than this for the acceptance of Horace Golding's request that she should now become his wife. The clergyman did not wait long before he visited Wimbledon and urged this upon her; but, prepared by what Walter had told her, and the conversation with her friend, Lucy did not put him off on a plea of her unworthiness, but frankly accepted the patient love of this constant friend, only remind-

ing him that he would have much to teach her, much to bear with from her, for she keenly felt her own unfitness for the work that would naturally fall to her lot as a Methodist parson's wife.

Of course Horace did not please every body; his Methodist friends especially were loud in their condemnation of his choice of a wife, when it became known; but he told them, as he told Walter, he never should be a Moravian brother or even a good Methodist to the extent of having his choice* of a life companion controlled by others. He was thankful to get Lucy, fine lady though she was, and he doubted not she would manage his slender income so as to make it suffice for their few wants, a boast he often had to make as much for his own assurance as for other people's; for he was often anxious and troubled about the future and the poor home he had to offer Lucy.

Lucy was altogether indifferent to such matters. She was tired of being a fine lady, and had so little experience in the use of money that she thought fifty pounds a year would do wonders. Fortunately for her and Horace she never knew, by bitter experience, how poorly a house could be kept on this curate's stipend, which in those days was not exceptionally

small; for many a country rector's was less and had to be eked out by farming or less honorable means, so that Horace Golding was by no means a badly-paid clergyman as things went.

But before Lucy had been at Wimbledon many weeks, where it was agreed she should stay until she was married, she received a letter from Paris, telling her of the death of Sir Charles Pringle, and shortly afterward she was informed that he had left her all his property, burdened with but one condition—that she should reside six months of the year, at least, at Whitby Mall, and do something for the neglected parish around it.

Sir Charles had no near relatives, it seemed, and his mother, during her life time, had been the Lady Bountiful of the neighborhood. It was that the old *regimé*, or something like it, might be restored, that he had chosen Lucy as his heiress if she survived him. The will settling this had been made immediately after he left Lucy, the day before that fixed for their wedding, but the explanation of his reasons for this had been written by himself soon after he was taken ill and only a few days before he died. His mother was a good woman, he said, and begged he would choose a good woman for his wife, and he believed he should be obey-

ing his mother's last wishes by giving all he possessed to Lucy to carry on the work his mother would have done had she lived. For himself he knew not what to think. He was convinced now—Lucy by her last action had convinced him—that there was more in religion than the philosophers had dreamed of; but he was like a child in the dark groping for the light. He was willing to be taught now; he was praying for light—"light, more light"—to know who and what to believe. On the outside of this packet, in a faint scrawl, unlike the usual firm handwriting of Sir Charles, was written, "Farewell, Lucy, the Light has come at last—the Light of the world."

Lucy grieved over Sir Charles' death the more, perhaps, because he had left her his heiress and could never share in the work he had committed to her. He had been a pleasant companion and considerate friend, and she sorrowed for him as such; and if she could have put his wealth from her and cut herself entirely away from him and all the past with which he was connected, she would have been happier. But this was impossible. The past, it seemed, could not be pushed away and left behind. It would thrust itself upon her in some form or another, and now the more than questionable

blessing of wealth was to be hers. For a time Lucy was crushed, almost overwhelmed; but a most unexpected visit from her sister Mary brought her to her senses.

Dame Harewood had heard of her good fortune, and came to congratulate her and invite her back to Ormond-street. She was most effusive in her thanks to Dame Wilberforce for taking care of her dear sister, and frankly assured her it was only a little sisterly difference that had made Lucy run away from her; but now there was no longer any cause for such difference Lucy must return to get her mourning made after the most fashionable style, "For, of course," she said, "you will go into mourning for poor Sir Charles, Lucy?"

"I don't know. I have hardly thought about it yet; but I will talk to Walter and Horace about it by and by," said Lucy, wearily.

"Walter! Horace! What can they know as to what is fit and proper for you, Lucy?" said her sister.

"Walter is my brother, and Horace my future husband, and therefore—"

But Dame Mary had started from her seat. "Can you be so heartless as to talk of another husband when Sir Charles is scarcely in his grave? Lucy, I am ashamed of you. What

will the world say? and you profess to be a Methodist, too!"

"But I never professed to love Sir Charles, and he knew it," said Lucy, calmly. "In the last letter I wrote to him I told him I could esteem him as a friend, but I had never felt more than this for him, and if I go into mourning it will simply be for a friend and nothing more."

"I think, madam, I must ask you to spare Lucy to stay with me until Mr. Golding claims her," interposed gentle Dame Wilberforce at this point.

"I think it will be better, too, Mary. I can come and see you, if you like, and when I am settled at the Mall you must come and see me."

"Then you really will go and live at the Mall?" said Dame Mary.

"Certainly. Sir Charles wished it—wished me to do as his mother did—and so I must go and talk to the old people, and find out all Lady Pringle did for them."

"But—but, Lucy, this wedding must be put off now. It is entirely unsuitable. Think how you have laughed at and ridiculed Horace Golding."

"I know I have, but I am a Methodist my-

self now, and very thankful that Horace has forgiven me so far as to ask me to become his wife. For his sake I am glad Sir Charles has left me this wealth. I could hardly undertake such a heavy burden but that I know I shall have the help of one who loves the poor and loves to do good as much as ever Lady Pringle did, and will faithfully fulfill the trust committed to us."

"Lucy, you talk like a mad woman. I can understand that you were glad enough to marry Horace when you were a homeless beggar, but things are different now. You are a lady of wealth and distinction. Mistress Lucy Maxwell, of Whitby Mall and Briarly Park, and the foolish girl I turned out of Ormond-street are two different people, and Horace Golding ought to know it."

Unfortunately Horace was much the same way of thinking, and Lucy knew that this fortune was likely to be any thing but an unmixed blessing to her; for already a coolness seemed to have sprung up between them, and it needed all the common-sense arguments of Walter, and counsels as to a false sense of duty, modesty, and delicacy from Dame Wilberforce, to prevent him from breaking off the engagement with Lucy, especially after Dame Mary had

been to see him and given him her views of the matter.

“Would you leave the poor lassie to carry this burden alone?” said Dame Wilberforce. “She is well-nigh crushed as it is, for she is but a babe in Christ, and fears her strength will fail her; but I have cheered her by saying God sent her a prop and helpmeet before he sent the burden, and now you threaten to leave her to bear the burden and heat of the day alone. It is weak and cowardly, Horace Golding, and if you do this thing, and break the heart that leans upon you, I shall think of you as one who fainted in the day of battle, and no true, brave Methodist, braving the opinion of the world for Christ’s sake.”

This argument prevailed at last, and Horace promised not to interpose any hinderances to their marriage, which had been arranged to take place the following spring.

But Lucy was not going to wait for this before commencing her duty at Whitby. She would not go to reside at the Mall yet, but Walter and Horace paid a visit to the village to ascertain what the condition of the poor was likely to be during the winter, and whether the parson was likely to help or hinder them in the work they proposed doing.

The report Horace brought back was discouraging. The parson was a fair specimen of most country parsons — a fox-hunting, easy-going, jovial sort of man, not easily roused against any thing except Dissenters and Methodists. The name of a Methodist was enough to rouse him to fury. There was one service, every other Sunday, in the parish church, but that was a mile from the village, the Mall standing about midway between the two.

“Very well ; we will go to church, and get the people to do the same, when the church is open, and when it is not we will hold a service at the Mall. Is there any room suitable, I wonder? Dame Wilberforce is going with me to see the place next week ; she knows it well, for it is only about ten miles from here.”

“Scarcely ten miles, I should think,” said Walter, who was glad to see his sister taking some interest in her new possession at last. Sir Charles Pringle’s lawyer had been to see Lucy about some of the business connected with the change of ownership, and wished her to meet him at the Mall, to be introduced to the old servants and sign some necessary documents ; so she had agreed to go with Dame Wilberforce soon after Walter and Horace had been to reconnoiter their new home.

As the ladies drove through the dirty, sloppy, undrained village, so like Whitemead that Lucy almost expected to see her uncle's parsonage when she turned her head, she recalled something of the doctor's talk with her father that summer morning about cleanliness being next to godliness ; and she resolved to do what she could to better these cottage homes as well as turn the Mall into a Methodist establishment, combining college, (on the principle of Kingswood,) orphanage, hospital for the sick, and, above all, a Sunday-school for the children of the village.

Lucy, Horace, and Walter had talked it over between themselves, and settled it so far as they were concerned, but they had not ventured to tell any one else yet. Dame Wilberforce was to be taken into the secret to-day after they had seen the house, and would doubtless help them in planning which rooms should be set aside for the children's use, and where the students should be lodged, and which would be the best place to fix upon for a hospital.

It was not the first country house of the kind that had been turned to such a use, and Dame Wilberforce had visited one, and had also been to Kingswood and Trevecca, and,

therefore, her advice would be of much value in arranging their new home.

The lady was not very much surprised to hear Lucy say what she intended to do. "But, my dear, you must be careful," she said. "You are coming as a stranger among these people, and you cannot expect them to trust you until they know you. Come and live among them first. Let them know that you really care for them and their welfare, and then they will not mind your turning the old Mall into a Methodist college."

"Why should they mind at all?" said Lucy.

"Well, my dear, they consider they have a right in the Mall, I have little doubt, and I would not venture to touch the pictures or plate, or even the furniture, more than is necessary in moving it from one room to the other," a caution not altogether unneeded, for Lucy had made up her mind to sell all the plate and fine furniture to supply her students with books; but she decided to be governed by her friend's opinion, at least for the present—a decision that, doubtless, saved them from many difficulties, for the villagers were by no means inclined to welcome any innovation on the established order of things, and hated Methodists as cordially as their parson did.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHITBY MALL.

LUCY was married in the spring without further let or hinderance from Dame Mary, who, nevertheless, contrived to be on pretty good terms with her younger sister, for Lucy was a person of some importance now, notwithstanding her Methodism. Of course she was dreadfully vexed when she heard that Whitby Mall was to be diverted from its original use as a country family mansion to a hospital for the lame, halt, blind, and sons of poor, dissenting ministers, who went there to gain some educational advantages they could not get elsewhere. The villagers were scarcely less offended than Dame Mary herself, and every effort put forth on their behalf was looked upon with suspicion and distrust, and even resented as a dangerous innovation—an infringement of their rights in dirt and squalor, fever and ague.

One day, late in the summer, Mr. Wesley came riding through the village street, not reading, as was his usual custom, but looking

sadly perturbed and anxious. Horace Golding saw him from an upper window, and went out at once to meet him and beg him to stay and rest at the Mall.

“ Nay, nay, Brother Golding, I have little time for rest, for I am the bearer of heavy tidings. Brother Whitefield has been called to his reward, and I am on my way to acquaint some friends with the news.”

But he was prevailed upon to let his horse have a mouthful of hay and a draught of water, while he stepped into the great hall and drank a glass of milk to refresh him on his journey.

“ You must saddle ‘Gipsy’ for me at once, Horace, and let me ride to Dame Wilberforce; for she is already in sore trouble concerning the removal of little William from her care, and this sad news will almost crush her,” said Lucy when she heard the news.

“ Ah, ah, that is well thought of, good dame; do not neglect old friends even for the good work you are doing here. How many orphans have you in the Lord’s nursery?”

“ Only four at present. We have not room for more until we turn some more rooms out to receive them, and Dame Wilberforce advised that we should be cautious about this.”

"Yes, caution is needful in all things," said Mr. Wesley, but he spoke with a pre-occupied air, and as though he was thinking of something else. Presently he unburdened his mind to his friend. "This will make an end of the error my brother so grievously fell into," he said. "Calvinism will never hold up its head again, and Methodism will be rescued from that deadly peril."

Horace reminded him that the Countess of Huntingdon was still alive, and that many of the clergymen known as Methodists, but still conforming to the rules of the Church of England, as he had done, held this doctrine of predestination. Augustus Toplady, in particular, preached it as vehemently as Whitefield himself had done, and he had said some very hard things of those holding the Wesleyan, or free-grace, views. Horace foresaw something of what did follow shortly afterward, and as he and Lucy rode to Wimbledon that afternoon he told her something of his fears.

"Mr. Wesley thinks that the blasphemous doctrine of predestination will die with Mr. Whitefield, or at least that it will need but a few more sermons to kill it outright," said Horace; "but I fear these few sermons will

awaken all the old bitterness and evil-speaking—”

“What? Evil-speaking among Christian brethren! I thought Mr. Wesley was going to preach Mr. Whitefield’s funeral sermon at the Tabernacle,” exclaimed Lucy, who knew but little of theological differences, and could understand them less.

“Yes, my dear, Mr. Wesley will preach the sermon, and is sorely grieved for the death of Mr. Whitefield. He spoke most highly of his work in America, and how much he had done for the plantations there in preaching the Gospel and rousing men to think of another life, although he had never attempted to form them into a Society, which Mr. Wesley thinks is a mistake,” explained Horace.

At Wimbledon they found Dame Wilberforce in great trouble, not only on account of the death of Mr. Whitefield, but also because her little nephew had been taken from her care, lest he should become a Methodist. To erase from his mind all recollection of the serious subjects taught him by his aunt, his mother had taken him into the gayest society Hull would afford, and the little boy’s last letter to his aunt was an account of the card parties and dancing parties he had been to since his

return home. The poor lady was almost in despair; as she said again and again, "I had such great hopes of him—he is such a promising child."

Lucy comforted her by repeating again the story of John Newton's life, and how his mother's prayers were answered years after she had died. "And who can tell, dear sister, but that the lessons little William learned here will spring up again, though seemingly lost, and bear fruit to the glory of God and the salvation of many souls?"

The friends had a pleasant reminder that all the Wimbledon lessons were not forgotten some little time afterward, for they received a newspaper, published in York, in which was a letter or essay, written by William Wilberforce, protesting against "the odious traffic in human flesh," and enunciating the doctrines he and Lucy had so often talked over together. His aunt was pleased and proud, and well she might be, for the twelve-year-old school-boy wrote in clear, terse language, and his arguments were unanswerable. Lucy was scarcely less proud than Dame Wilberforce herself, and Walter declared it was almost as good as the tract written by his friend, Benezet.

Walter had been living with his sister ever

since her marriage, helping Horace with the students and Lucy with her Sunday-school ; for she had so far overcome the prejudice against the Methodists as to prevail upon some of the village matrons to send their children for the "quality" to teach. Not that they approved of it, or thought that book-learning would be any good to the children ; on the contrary, they viewed the whole proceedings at the Mall with suspicion and distrust, and closely questioned the lads and lasses as to what they saw and heard and learned in the Mall kitchen, ready not only to take them away, but to burn down the Mall if any thing was said or done that did not please them.

This sullen suspicion and distrust was kept up by the parson of the parish, who felt himself personally wronged and insulted by this intrusion of Methodists on his domain, and nothing but the gracious dignity of Lucy, and her kind help and consideration for every man, woman, and child that came within her influence, saved them from the rough treatment too often dealt out to the Methodists in those days.

"She be a lady of quality, and a beautiful one, too ! There aint another in the county as can match our madam of the Mall," the

villagers would say one to the other as they watched her threading her way between the ash and dung heaps and puddles of stagnant water that adorned the village street.

Lucy was trying now, as her uncle had years before in another village, to get these removed ; but she had not prevailed yet, although they would do almost any thing to please the winning, gracious lady, who was so unlike every other lady of quality in her sweet self-forgetfulness and care for other people's comfort. They grew to be proud of her and her majestic beauty, that the prim dress she wore could no more conceal than the summer foliage could hide the sun. They would stand at their doors and look after her as she passed, or put themselves in her way to exchange a pleasant word with her ; for Lucy always had one ready for every body. Horace was accustomed to say that her beauty was no vain thing, but a precious gift from God, endowing her as it did with a power and influence that no one else possessed, and without which their efforts for the good of their neighbors would be well-nigh useless.

Horace Golding's fears regarding the few sermons that were to preach down the doctrine of predestination were speedily verified.

Mr. Whitefield had died at Newburyport, in New England, and, by his own request, his body was buried before the pulpit in the Presbyterian church of that town, in the year 1770; but before its close the fierce theological strife had begun in old England, and became so heated that saintly Mr. Fletcher was requested to retire from Trevecca or give up his connection with Mr. Wesley; and many of the students were compelled to leave for the same reason, it now being made imperative for all to hold the doctrine of predestination, as preached by Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Toplady, or cut themselves off from Lady Huntingdon's Connection. In this strait several of the students came to Whitby Mall to finish their course of study, much to Walter's dismay, for it would involve another postponement of his return to America. His health had been gradually re-established, and, with returning health, had come the old desire to return to his work in the New World, which Mr. Whitefield's death had increased. But the Minutes of the Conference of 1771 seemed to be an insuperable barrier against his return; for it was because they would not fully disavow these antipredestinarian Minutes that the Trevecca students had to retire from their college, and

how could Walter leave with a fresh influx of students to teach? There had been some talk of Mr. Wesley going to America this year, but the storm raised by the Conference Minutes effectually prevented this; but he sent over two others, Richard Wright and Francis Asbury, the latter of whom proved not inferior to himself in zeal, activity, and perseverance. Walter was dreadfully disappointed that he could not go out with Asbury, for the two had already formed a friendship. He came to stay at the Mall for a few days before he sailed, and promised to let his friends know of the progress of Methodism in the plantations.

“If it does but spread there as it has in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the West Indies it will be a mighty power in the land,” said Horace, though it must be confessed he rather wished America had not been heard of; for Walter was so often talking of it and deplored his inability to return to his work there, that Horace was growing tired of the theme.

“Methodism will be as great and grand in America as it is in England,” said Walter warmly; “and I shall never rest until I can return and help in the glorious warfare going on there.”

"Don't talk of warfare out there, Maxwell," said Mr. Asbury. "I have a feeling, or rather a fear, that there may be something like it from what I have heard from one or two lately."

"Why, what have you heard?" asked Walter, eagerly.

"Well, I suppose as you have been there you know that the Americans have been dissatisfied for a long time."

"Of course they were about the Stamp Act, but Pitt repealed it, and commended America for the efforts against the imposition as 'truly glorious,'" said Walter, triumphantly.

"And how about the duties levied on other things about a year afterward?" asked his friend.

"O yes, I remember Walter telling us he had not tasted China tea for more than a year before he came home," put in his sister.

"No one drank it, Dame Lucy. I remember now there were associations formed to protest against these unjust duties and induce people to abstain from the use of all articles thus taxed, and tea, glass, painters' colors, and paper went out of fashion all at once. But have not those duties been removed yet, Asbury?" asked Walter.

"I hear they have taken off all the taxes but that on tea, and it was expected the measure would be received with as much joy as Pitt's repeal of the Stamp Act, but it seems that the colonists are thoroughly dissatisfied, and it is whispered that some even talk of their rights to independence."

"What! be independent of England?" exclaimed Horace. "Take care, brother, how you talk of that, for 'tis nothing less than treason."

"Treason or not, others are talking of it, and in London, too," said Mr. Asbury. "You see," he went on, "that since I have had some thoughts of going to America, I have made it my business to inquire all about it, and have got together a good many scraps of information, and this among them, that there are some rogues over here as busy in fomenting the discontent as they are over there, and things must soon grow better or worse. Pitt's speech against the right of the home Government to impose taxes upon the colonies has done a good deal to set men thinking about this matter of taxation."

"Pitt is a wise statesman, I have little doubt; but 'tis a pity he should ever speak in such a way as that," remarked Horace. "He should

have tried to keep them quiet, not increase their discontent."

"But if these taxes were wrong, what then, Brother Golding? You surely hold with me that the same law of right and wrong, honesty and dishonesty, should prevail with nations as with individuals, and if it is wrong for me to extort money from my brother across the street, it is wrong to rob the pockets of our neighbors across the water."

"Dangerous doctrine, Brother Asbury," said Horace. "What say you, Walter?"

But Walter was not prepared to give an opinion just now. "I would not lightly break God's commandment and fail in honor to the king," he said, "but there is much to be said for the colonists' refusal to pay taxes, and if Mr. Pitt says it is unjust I am willing to say so, too. But do you think the dissatisfaction is really growing serious?" he asked. "Of course I know they have grumbled a great deal—we all do—somebody has called us a nation of grumblers, and if we are, the Americans must be, for they are our own kith and kin. But still a little grumbling hurts nobody and nobody cares for it."

"That's just it, my brother—nobody notices the gathering storm until it is too late. It was

so in the last century. People grumbled at King James and his son, King Charles, until they were quite used to the petitions and remonstrances of Parliament, but there came a time at last when the sword took the place of the petition, and I fear it may be so again if our Government is so unwise as not to heed the grumblers."

"Well, it may be so," admitted Walter. "America is not the few plantations people seem to think it is. New England is worthy of its name, and New Englanders have not forgotten the traditions of their fathers, or the time you have been talking about, when many of them took part in the grumbling and the fighting, too."

"But you don't really think it would ever come to fighting?" said Dame Lucy, looking up from her spinning-wheel, which had taken the place of the more elegant lace and embroidery work.

"I know not what to think, sometimes," said Mr. Asbury, for he had been talking to some friends the day before who saw nothing but disaster ahead in the relation of the home Government to their American colonies.

"It is well for us, Lucy, that we have not the guiding of States in such difficult times,"

said her husband. "This little kingdom of the Mall taxes all our united energies, and we have little time to give to the disputes of nations."

"But I like to hear about America, and Mr. Asbury's talk about the rights and wrongs of taxing other countries may help me out of some difficulty with my neighbors in the village, for it does help us, I think, to decide a difficult point to go back to the root of the matter: the honesty and justice of the thing in dispute."

How often such little disputes arose in Lucy's dealings with the servants, farmers, and cottagers around, her husband did not know. Lucy had undertaken to be her own house-keeper, and cater for the wants of her numerous and heterogeneous family; and she found its duties most difficult and onerous sometimes, but she bore this burden without troubling her husband more than was actually necessary, for she knew that his energies were quite as heavily taxed in other directions. Like a true wife she resolved to lighten and brighten his work as much as possible and not add to its weight and difficulty.

Now this little talk about America and its taxation had helped her to form a rule for her

own guidance in dealing with her neighbors. It should not be custom or expediency, or what Lady Pringle had been used to do, but it should be what was honest and just and true between man and man, as in God's sight, and she would not only do it herself, but use all her influence to induce others to adopt the same rule.

She greatly enjoyed this visit of Mr. Asbury. To see him was to bring back the time when she lay ill at Mrs. Watts', and first began to appreciate the Methodists at their true value. She asked after her old friends at Pedington, and told him how often she had heard his sermons second hand, and wished she might see and talk to him, but had felt ashamed to express it after the hatred and opposition she had always shown to the Methodists—and what trouble this had led her into afterward. Then she told him of her visit to Olney, and that she hoped to go again when the affairs of the Mall were more settled, and she had secured the help of some responsible person who could be left to look after the orphans and servants during her absence. The earnest-hearted evangelist enjoyed his stay at the Mall too. It was a rest from the theological strife that raged so fiercely just now, a strife that was altogether prof-

itless, for neither side could be moved by the hard words hurled at them by the other, and which, by Dame Lucy's request, was seldom mentioned at the Mall; she wisely saying they must work and leave the talking to those who knew how to carry on the dispute better than they did.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

“WALTER, Walter, have you heard the news? All the English missionaries have been obliged to return from America.”

“Nonsense, Lucy. It cannot be true,” said Walter; but he turned pale as he spoke, for after all, late events might make such a calamity possible.

Lucy had been on a visit to Wimbledon, and the news had just reached her there that the preachers sent out by Mr. Wesley had barely escaped with their lives, and she had ridden to the Mall to communicate the fact at once to her brother, for Walter was preparing to go out to the colonies in a few weeks to resume his work with his friend Asbury.

“Lucy, you must make a mistake,” he said, unwilling to believe such sad news, which again overthrew all his hopes. “I know that since the throwing of the tea into Boston harbor something like a war has been going on, but—”

“Something like a war!” repeated Lucy. “Why, there has been more than one battle,

people say, and so it's useless to shut your eyes any longer, for you really cannot go now, Walter."

"Not if Asbury and the rest have come back; but are you sure about it, Lucy?"

"I am sure that most of them have come; but they say Asbury refused to leave a little while ago."

"There, I knew things were not so bad," said Walter triumphantly.

"But you do not think that such men as George Shadford and Thomas Rankin would forsake their posts for a trifle?" said Lucy, who had "mothered" the two evangelists before they went out, adding many little comforts to the stores they took with them.

"No, no, of course not, Lucy; but they have not been there as long as Asbury. Why, let me see, he has been gone nearly six years, and knows the Americans pretty well by this time."

"That may be, but still there has been a violent persecution of the Methodists. Some had been tarred and feathered, and had their houses burned and property destroyed, just because they were Methodists and followers of Mr. Wesley."

"Then, Lucy, it is Mr. John's own doings.

O dear! I was afraid when I read his 'Calm Address to the Americans' it would make mischief there. You know it offended a good many of the colonists' friends over here. I do wish he had not meddled in politics at all. I am sure Mr. Charles' advice was best, that they should take neither side in this quarrel. I remember his words so well the last time I saw him. 'I am of neither side,' he said, 'and yet of both—on the one side of New England, and of Old. We love all, and pray for all with a sincere and impartial love. Faults there may be on both sides, but such as neither you nor I can remedy; therefore let us and all our children give ourselves unto prayer, and so stand still and see the salvation of God.'"

"I have heard Mr. John speak in the same way," said Lucy.

"So have I, but he did not write like that in his 'Calm Address'; and we may be sure how many read that when forty thousand were sold in three weeks. He did not follow Mr. Pitt, but said the Home Government had the right to lay any taxes they liked on the colonies for the good of the whole empire; and we may be sure how this offended the Americans and set them against all the Methodists. O dear, I am so sorry! I wonder what Mr.

Fletcher will think now? for he wrote a letter defending Mr. Wesley and the 'Calm Address.'

Walter could not settle down to his work of teaching now, and presently saddled his horse and rode to London, resolving to see the returned missionaries, if possible, and hear from them all that they knew of American affairs.

Lucy was glad to see her brother go, for she, too, was anxious to hear more particulars, and she knew by past experience that it was impossible for him to settle to his work when any thing had disturbed him; and he and her husband, dear friends as they were, often fretted each other when Walter was in this mood.

So when Walter had ridden off, Lucy sent a message to the lecture-room bidding her husband come to their own nursery as soon as he could leave his class. They had been obliged to make one portion of the house into a home for themselves; for babies had come direct from God into Lucy's arms, making endless complications and anxieties at first, but convincing their parents at last that God's ordinance of family life was the sweetest, divinest, and best, and that the most carefully-arranged and best-conducted phalanstery could

never supersede it. So Lucy and Horace had to bend to circumstances, and confess that they had failed in carrying out their grand idea, as so many others had done. They had worked earnestly and faithfully, sparing neither wealth nor influence, time nor energy; but the best they could produce was not a large, united, happy family, such as they had dreamed of, but a community of discordant atoms, which they resolved now to make the best of, and work faithfully in their appointed spheres. They reserved to themselves the right of establishing a little, sweet, sacred home, where they could retire from the fret and jar of contending rights and claims that were always cropping up for adjustment in their phalanstery.

Lucy's message to her husband brought him direct from the lecture-room to their own little nest in another wing of the house, and here, while she nursed her baby, she told Horace of Walter's journey to London, and the sad news that had brought her in such haste from Wimbledon.

"Poor Walter! it will be a sad blow to him," said Horace; "he made so sure of being able to go to America this year, and has been disappointed so many times and in so many

things. I wonder whether he will go to see the steam-engine that is being exhibited in London now? I should like to see it myself. A man was brought to the hospital yesterday who worked in Mr. Boulton's factory, at Birmingham, and he says that Watt's engine is the most wonderful thing the world has ever seen, and does more work in a day than a hundred men could do in a week. In fact, these engines work so fast that the men don't like them, as they are afraid there will soon be no work left for them to do. I often think it is a pity Walter did not stay at home and carry on the old factory. He would have found out the secret of making wheels go by steam before Watt did, I believe, and might be making engines now instead—”

“O Horace, don't!” interrupted Lucy in a tone of suppressed agony. “You don't know what I feel when I see poor Walter so restless as he often is, for I have spoiled his life. If it had not been my blind hatred against the Methodists we might all be living in the dear old home now, Walter making his engines, enlarging the foundry, employing more men, and teaching them how to be God-fearing Christians as well as skillful workmen. It would have been better than our phalanstery here,

for you could have been the parson and helped Walter with his work-people, and we might have made, between us, a model village that would not have been the failure that our great model home has been; but my willfulness has made all this impossible. The worst of it is, Walter has to suffer most for what is solely my fault."

"My dear Lucy, do not blame yourself too much about this. I am not so sure that Walter would have been content even with a steam-engine. God has given him a passion for missionary enterprise, and I doubt not he has work for him to do, either in America or some other part of the world—not that his time has been wasted here. I believe that God has been using him as an instrument to fire other souls with the same desire to carry the Gospel to the heathen; and whenever the time shall come and the Church of God wakes up to a sense of her duty in this particular, many whom poor disappointed Walter has been teaching here at the Mall will be ready for the Master's service, wheresoever he may call them."

"Then do you think we ought to send preachers out to the West Indies as well as America?" said Lucy.

“To be sure, my dear, and the East Indies, and Africa, too—wherever the heathen dwell who know not God, we ought to send men to teach them; and by and by it will be done, I hope, and Walter’s work will be found not altogether in vain, nor your life altogether a failure, my dear. Since you have asked God to make the best he can of what remains, who knows but he may make it better, nobler, more useful to the world as it is; and since he has found another man that could make the steam-engine, I think we may trust him for all the rest, my Lucy, and our work here—your Sunday-school, and teaching the village wenches to sew and spin, and make clean the brick floors of their cottages. Do not think it will come to nought, for you, too, are helping in God’s battle against the mighty.”

A little talk like this with her husband always cheered and comforted Lucy, although it could never entirely remove the bitter regret that lay at the bottom of her heart, ready to spring up and torment her again and again, for the lost years and opportunities, and the bitter, blind prejudice that had made them so barren.

Walter returned from his visit to London more sad and cast down than when he went

away. All that Lucy had told him had proved but too true. The missionaries had barely escaped with their lives, and the gravest fears were entertained for the safety of Francis Asbury.

"It seems as though Satan, and not God, was the king of the earth now," said Walter, in his fit of bitter despair; "for by the time this war is over Methodism will be well-nigh exterminated from America, where every thing was so hopeful just before this war began."

"Have you seen any of the missionaries?" asked Horace.

"Yes, Shadford and Rankin both. Soon after they went out, a year or two ago, the Americans held their first Conference in Philadelphia, and there were then more than a thousand members in the Society there. I wonder how many there will be by the time this war comes to an end?" asked Walter.

"Come, brother, be of good cheer. God has not given up his throne to the enemy of souls; and who knows the power of his might when the interests of his Church are at stake? Remember Elijah and the seven thousand that had not bowed the knee to Baal, when he thought the land was wholly given to idolatry. Let us pray for our American brethren in this

time of their distress more earnestly, since it is the only way we can help them, and it may be that God will speedily end this war, and bring back the revolted colonies to their allegiance."

"I can't hope for that now. Shadford says the Americans will fight it out to the bitter end, and their General Washington is just the man to do it and make them what they are determined now to be—the 'United Colonies.' "

"Is that the name they have dared to assume?" asked Lucy.

"Yes; they have had a Congress at Philadelphia and elected a President, who is to be something like a king, I understand. Depend upon it, we shall never subdue this rebellion, however many troops we may send out."

"Walter, I do believe you are half an American yourself," said his sister. "What would Mr. John say if he could hear you?"

"We know pretty well what it is likely to be. But, Lucy, I heard one piece of good news from Shadford. Mr. John's 'Address' did not cause all the mischief we thought, for the Americans did not see it. They had heard about it, of course; but when the bundles of pamphlets reached New York a friend of the Methodists seized and destroyed them at once, for he thought it would be dangerous to let

them circulate while they were feeling so bitter against Mr. Wesley and the Methodists. I wish Asbury had come home with the rest. We may never know what happens to him now."

The same wish was often expressed during the next year, for nothing but rumors of battles and defeats came from "The United Colonies," and late in the autumn of this year, 1776, came news that the Congress, meeting in Philadelphia, had issued a formal "Declaration of Independence." The exact words in which this was published puzzled Lucy and a good many Christian people in England, who looked upon the war as a wicked rebellion against God, in the person of his majesty King George the Third, whereas these Americans appealed to God. They said: "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States."

Some expected that an earthquake at least would swallow up those who had been so dar-

ing in their treason and rebellion, for in taking this step the Americans themselves had gone beyond what they at first intended. "They have been driven to take this step by our employing German mercenaries against them, I know," said Walter, by way of excusing this bold "Declaration of Independence;" "and if it would only end the war I don't think I should mind much." But, unfortunately it did not end the war. Independence had to be fought for in many a fierce battle before it could be fairly claimed as won and a secure possession. The French were drawn into it and took sides against the English; but in the midst of reports of battles lost and won came a letter from Asbury to relieve the anxiety of his friends in England. He had been a prisoner among friends for nearly two years, but at last had obtained such credentials from the Governor of Pennsylvania as would enable him to venture upon preaching again in the least-disturbed districts. Methodism had been kept alive, he said, by two American preachers, Freeborn Garretson and Benjamin Abbot, and had even made some progress, he hoped, although in the present disturbed state of the country it was difficult to decide very precisely what had been done.

That Asbury was alive and well was a source of great joy to all English Methodists, and in praying for him they did not forget their brethren, who were still exposed to many dangers. The months rolled on after this, bringing varying success, but few letters from Asbury. Amid the blare of war-trumpets who could think of Methodist prayer-meetings and Methodist preachers? And yet the hands of these feeble ones were upheld by the constant, earnest prayer of their English brethren, and they grew and increased mightily.

The difficulties of England increased as the war went on with her colonies. Spain was up in arms and threatened to seize Gibraltar, while France collected an army on the coast ready to invade her shores. In 1780, to add to the complications and disasters, a riot, under the leadership of Lord George Gordon, directed against the Roman Catholics, threatened to destroy London. Churches were burned, prisons thrown open, and the city fired in thirty-six places at once. Of course many were killed and wounded before quiet could be restored, and not a few of the innocent sufferers, fearful lest they should be accused of taking part in the riot if it were known that they were wounded, were conveyed by

their friends to Whitby Mall to be nursed, and tended, and kept out of the way until the panic had ceased ; for these excesses were committed in the name of the Dissenters, and under the cry of “ No Popery ! ” so that Methodists were specially liable to be accused of participation in these outrages.

But if this year, 1780, was a year of gloom and calamity to the whole nation, it was, at the same time, the birth-year of the proudest Christian enterprise the world has ever seen. Dame Lucy had begun her little Sunday-school at the Mall a year or two before, and others had made similar efforts, the gifted Hannah More and her sisters being of the number ; but this year, while London was in a convulsion of terror almost unprecedented, through the ignorant zeal of a lawless mob, Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, was taking the most effectual means of preventing a recurrence of such scenes by gathering the poor outcast little pinmakers of that city into Sunday-schools. He, with his friend Mr. Stock, the minister of the parish, began with ninety children, who were placed under the care of four persons, who were paid to teach them a stated number of hours every Sunday. If this had been all that Mr. Raikes had done we could

scarcely claim for him the honor of being the founder of Sunday-schools, but no sooner were these begun in Gloucester, than he used his much-esteemed and widely-circulated newspaper, the "Gloucester Journal," to make known and advocate the establishment of Sunday-schools throughout the land.

Walter still kept up a desultory correspondence with his friend, and the Mall was favored with the first news of this Sunday-school movement, and Lucy wrote asking advice for the conduct of hers, and stating the difficulties that were so often cropping up to hinder it. Mr. Wesley happened to be on a visit to the Mall when the "Gloucester Journal" arrived, and such important news as it contained this time was not to be kept from him, nor was he slow to perceive the mighty influence such an institution as this would have upon the world if the Church of Christ would but follow the lead of Robert Raikes and establish Sunday-schools in connection with churches, chapels, and meeting-houses. The Methodists were not slow in any good work recommended by their Founder, but the establishment of Sunday-schools was slow, up-hill work everywhere; for suspicion and distrust was not confined to the village of Whitby, and while the

poor said they could do as well without book-learning as their fathers did, the upper classes opposed it as being likely to give the poor notions above their station ; but in spite of all opposition Robert Raikes wrote, and worked, and prayed, and one Sunday-school after another sprang up in towns and villages, and when at last the ill-starred war with America came to an end, the evangelists who were ready to go out again could carry with them the Sunday-school plan as a valuable auxiliary to the growth of Methodism.

It was not until 1783 that peace was signed between the contending parties, and by the "Treaty of Versailles" the independence claimed by the United States seven years before was ratified—a most humiliating defeat to the boasted power of England, and one that the nation could ill digest.

Walter was growing to be a middle-aged man by the time that war came to an end, but he was none the less anxious to go to America as soon as it was safe for him to do so. Brave Mr. Asbury, the noble standard-bearer of Methodism all through the perils of the war, was still at his post, hale and hearty, and gathering the Society together again. How ashamed Walter felt when he heard that in-

stead of Methodism being dead, it was stronger than ever, and its muster-roll, that showed but one thousand just before the war, could show its seven thousand names now—seven thousand who had dared to brave difficulty and danger, and call themselves Methodists, when the very name exposed them not only to the opposition and persecution of the worldly, but to the suspicion and distrust of their fellow-Christians of other denominations. This was carried to such a length that they one and all refused to baptize the children or administer the communion to Methodists unless they would break off their connection with Mr. Wesley. He had always taught his followers to obtain these at the hands of ordained clergymen, but these had all fled during the war, and two young Americans, who applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury for ordination, were told that they could not be ordained unless they took the oath of allegiance to King George. As this was impossible, it was no slight difficulty to Mr. Wesley, when Asbury sent over soon afterward, to know what he should do under such unheard-of circumstances.

America was free now—free both as to Church and State, and it would not do to entangle her with either in the mother country.

She must have a free Church as well as a free State—Bishops who could exercise all the rights and functions of a Bishop, and as the Archbishop could not ordain these without the oath of allegiance to the king, Mr. Wesley decided to do it himself, he being a duly ordained minister, and, therefore, as he concluded after much reading and thought, able to do it. But it was not hastily decided, but carefully and prayerfully, and after much anxious study given to the whole question. “As our American brethren are now totally disentangled,” he said, “both from the State and the English hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again either with the one or the other. They are now at full liberty simply to follow the Scriptures and the primitive Church, and we judge it best that they should stand fast in that liberty wherewith God has so strangely made them free.”

Having at last decided how to act, Mr. Wesley communicated his determination to Dr. Coke, and proposed that he as a Presbyter, which he regarded as of the same significance as Bishop, should invest him (Dr. Coke) with the rights and powers of a Bishop, that he might proceed to America and take the oversight of the Society there, thus elevating it at

once into an Episcopal Methodist Church, and not a mere sect of Dissenters, as it must forever remain in England, however it might increase in power and influence. It was the only way out of the difficulty, and there were grave reasons for its adoption, which Mr. Wesley stated in their defense.

“By a very uncommon train of providences,” he said, “many of the provinces of North America are totally disjoined from the mother country and erected into independent States. The English Government has no authority over them, either civil or ecclesiastical, any more than over the States of Holland. A civil authority is exercised over them partly by the Congress and partly by the provincial assemblies, but no one either exercises or claims any ecclesiastical authority at all. In this peculiar situation some thousands of the inhabitants of these States desire my advice.”

Then asserting his opinion that Bishops and Presbyters were the same order, and consequently had the same right to ordain, he said, that for many years he had been importuned, from time to time, to exercise this right, by ordaining part of the traveling preachers, and that he had still refused for peace’ sake, and

because he was determined as little as possible to violate the established order of the national Church to which he belonged. "But the case," he continued, "is widely different between England and North America. Here there are Bishops who have a legal jurisdiction. In America there are none, neither any parish ministers, so that for some hundreds of miles together there is none either to baptize or to administer the Lord's Supper. Here, therefore, my scruples are at an end, and I conceive myself at full liberty, as I violate no order and invade no man's right by appointing and sending laborers into the harvest."

Dr. Coke was ordained at Bristol as the first Bishop of the American Episcopal Methodist Church; and as elders, Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey. To Dr. Coke, Mr. Wesley gave letters of ordination under his hand and seal, in these words:

"To all to whom these presents shall come, John Wesley, late Fellow of Lincoln College in Oxford, Presbyter of the Church of England, sendeth greeting:

"Whereas many of the people in the southern provinces of North America, who desire to continue under my care, and still adhere

to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, are greatly distressed for want of ministers to administer the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, according to the usage of the same Church; and whereas there does not appear to be any other way of supplying them with ministers:

“ Know all men, that I, John Wesley, think myself to be providentially called, at this time, to set apart some persons for the work of the ministry in America. And, therefore, under the protection of almighty God, and with a single eye to his glory, I have this day set apart as a superintendent by the imposition of my hands, and prayer, (being assisted by other ordained ministers,) Thomas Coke, doctor of civil law, a presbyter of the Church of England, and a man whom I judge to be well qualified for that great work. And I do hereby recommend him to all whom it may concern as a fit person to preside over the flock of Christ. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four. JOHN WESLEY.”

Who could despise Methodism after the founding of the American Methodist Church?

What other body of Christian people--what other man except Luther, since the days of the apostles, had done such a noble work for the world and the Church of Christ as the first Methodist—John Wesley? The direct work that he did in the founding of Methodism was much, but the indirect work to which he gave an impetus was far more, for the Church of England, dead in sloth, ignorance, and indolence, was roused into new life, and those who founded the famous Clapham Sect could, in almost every case, trace their conversion to Wesley or his disciple Whitefield. Newton and Venn, Simeon and Cecil, Wilberforce and Sharpe, had all received their inspiration from Methodists, and these were the fathers of the great evangelical revival that ushered in our nineteenth century. These were the men who fought like giants for twenty years, in Parliament and out, until they had gained the abolition of the slave-trade. These were the founders of the Bible Society, the Missionary Societies, the noble followers of Robert Raikes in his Sunday-school work, and the pioneers of many a work of mercy and benevolence. Ashamed to be called a Methodist!

Lucy lived to see all these great works organized and took an active part in many—the

slave question especially—only regretting that her dear friend, Dame Wilberforce, had not lived to see her nephew, the great and noble statesman and devoted Christian philanthropist, making the world and the Church better, purer, and happier, through the influence of his life and example.

Lucy gloried in being a Methodist now. She joined in all the revival movements of the “Clapham Sect,” but never forgot that she was a Methodist, or the debt of gratitude that they and she owed to the life and labors of Mr. John Wesley, or ceased to regret that she had not earlier yielded herself to its influence.

Walter paid several visits to England, bringing news of the growing power and influence of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, but he never stayed more than a few weeks or months at the most. America was the land of his adoption and he never seemed happy away from it. To carry the good news of salvation to the out-lying districts where there were no means of grace but such as the Methodists could send, this was Walter’s delight and chosen work, and in this he spent the remainder of his life, less known and less honored, as men count honor, than if

he had discovered the secret of the steam engine, but owned and honored and crowned with glory by the Master, who, by his servant Daniel, has said, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

THE END.

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